

PENTECOSTAL HYMNS
NUMBER THREE

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PENTECOSTAL HYMNS No. 3

THIS new and winnowed collection of sacred songs for use in Evangelistic Services, Sunday Schools, and Young People's meetings, is one of the best, largest, and cheapest of its class ever issued. Including responsive scripture readings, there are 343 pieces by 150 writers and 100 composers. It contains 288 pages, and is furnished in two styles of binding, and in round and shaped notes. The latter notation is only sent when ordered.

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Chicago.

Dec 1902.
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Kindly note the fact that there are 288 pages, and, including responsive readings, 343 pieces. The style of binding is not only attractive but durable. When an order comes direct to us for not less than 25 copies we will invoice the books at a special introductory price of 24 cents. List price \$30 per 100. An edition is issued in flexible muslin at 20 cents net.

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Pentecostal Hymns

Number Three

A WINNOWNED COLLECTION FOR
EVANGELISTIC SERVICES, YOUNG
PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES AND SUN-
DAY SCHOOLS



SELECTED BY

HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

E. A. HOFFMAN T. C. O'KANE W. W. BENTLEY

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY

228 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

PREFATORY

PENTECOSTAL HYMNS No. 3 is a winnowed collection of upwards of 300 pieces by 150 writers and 100 composers. It contains 288 pages, and is larger by 64 pages than either of the books that preceded it, whose sales ran into the hundreds of thousands. The aim has been to provide a book that would be broad enough in its scope to accommodate the needs of all departments of Church and Sunday-School work, except those that are met by an authorized Hymnal. The latter book should always have the pre-eminence. The peculiar needs of the Sunday School, the Young People's Prayer Meeting, and the Mid-Week Devotional Service have been most carefully considered. The songs of an evangelistic character are a host. The classics, for which there are no substitutes in modern Hymnody, have not been overlooked. For every number there will be found an appropriate tune. Many choice songs appear for the first time in this collection.

Henry Date.

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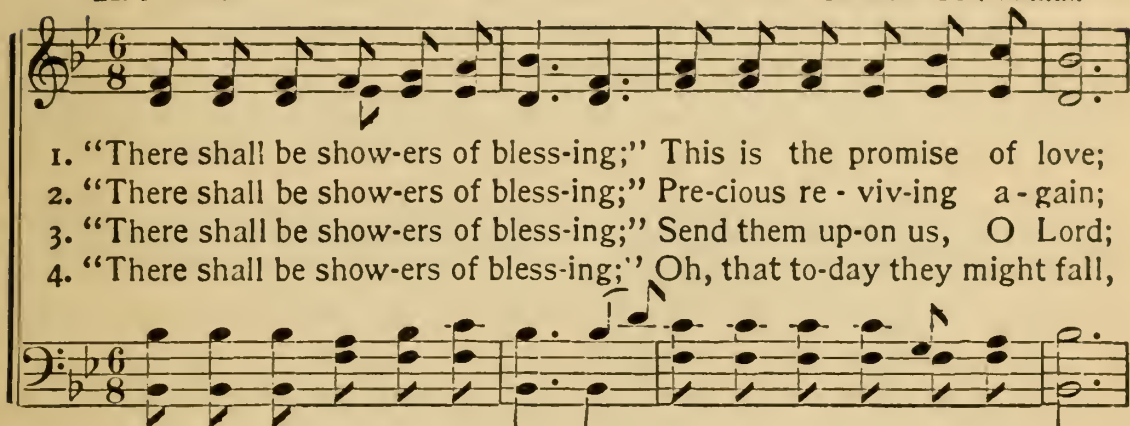
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Pentecostal Hymns, No. 3.

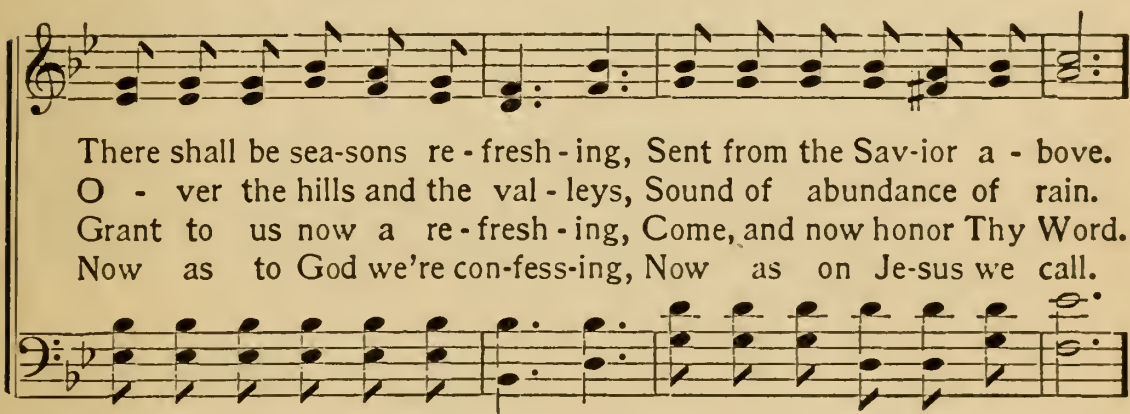
I There Shall be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

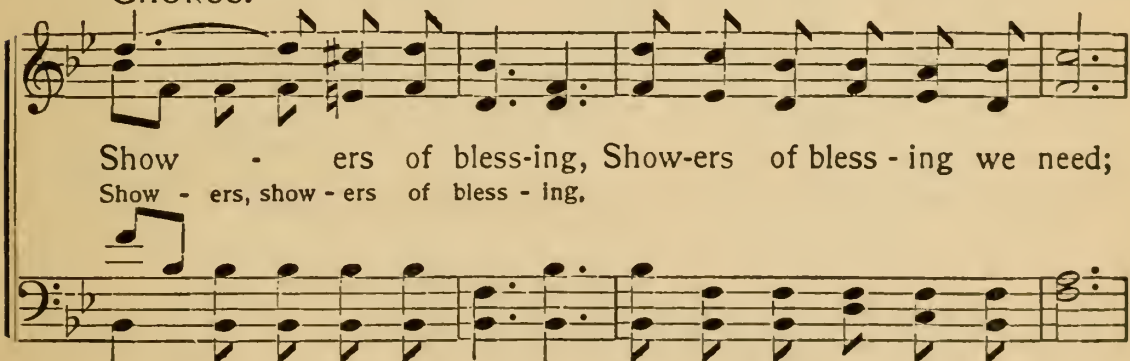


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Pre-cious re - viv-ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now honor Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call.

CHORUS.



Show - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless - ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing,

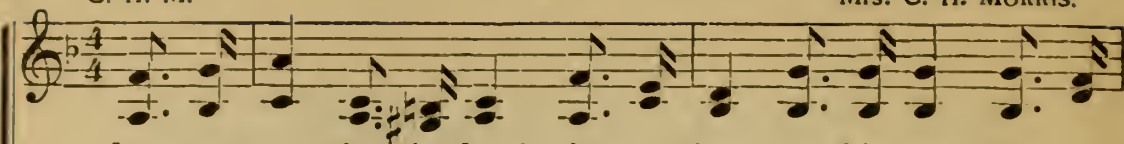


Mer-cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

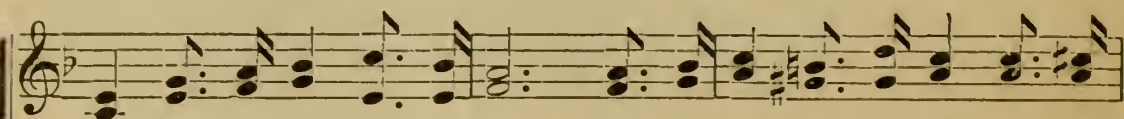
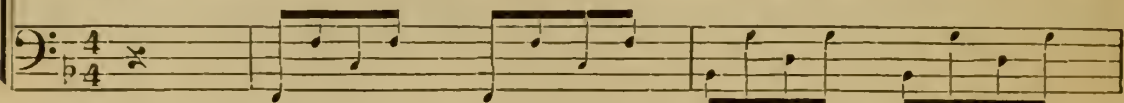
Doing His Will.

C. H. M.

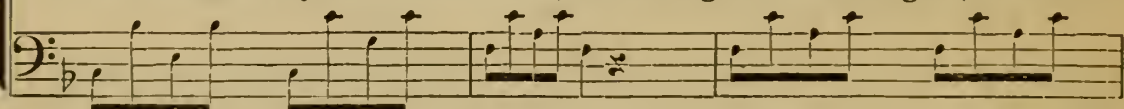
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



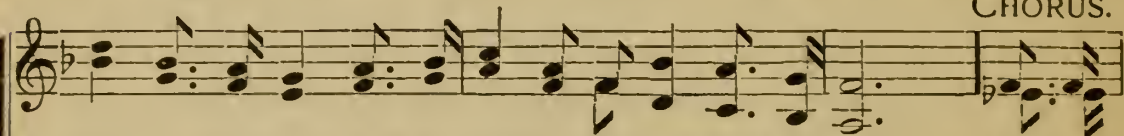
1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've



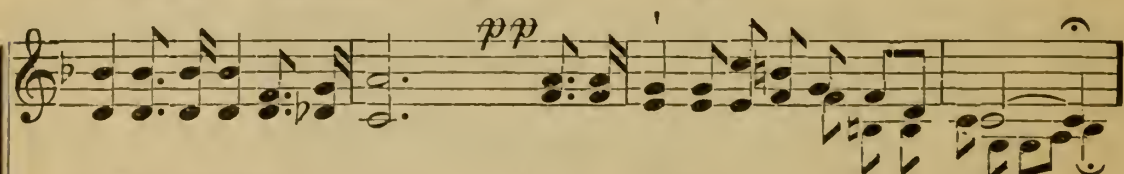
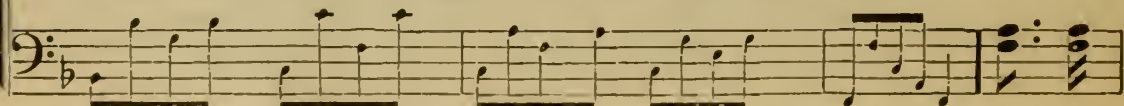
feel I am his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with his
 feel that the Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to
 Je-sus for my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a



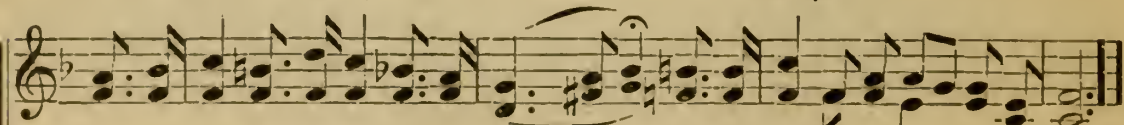
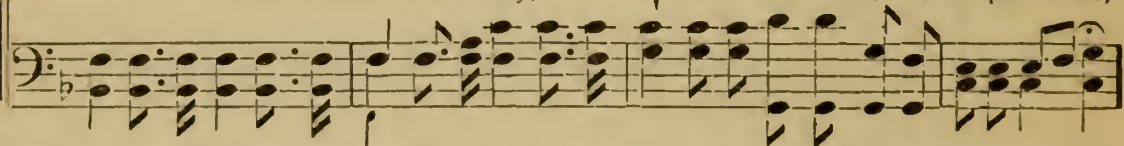
CHORUS.



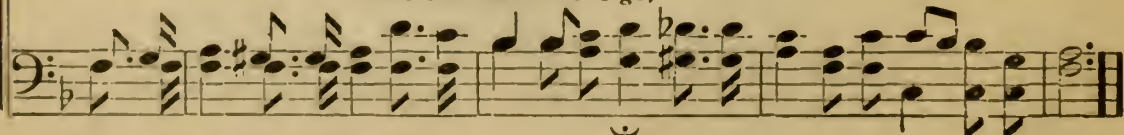
Spir-it to guide, Just to fol-low where he leads the way. Just to
 trust and be still, Just to lean on his bo-som and rest.
 friend to ob-tain, True and faithful he'll be to the end.



say what he wants me to say, And be still when he whispers to me;.....
 what he wants me to say, when he whispers to me;

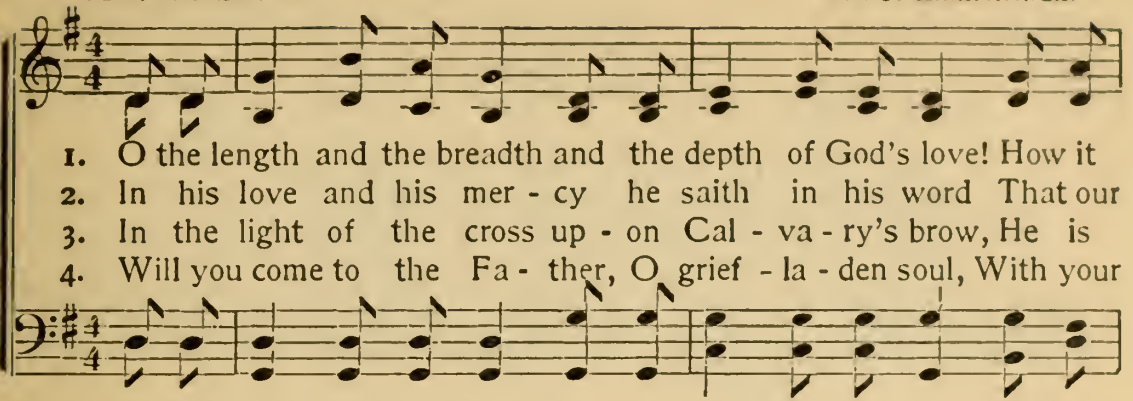


Just to go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
 where he wants me to go,

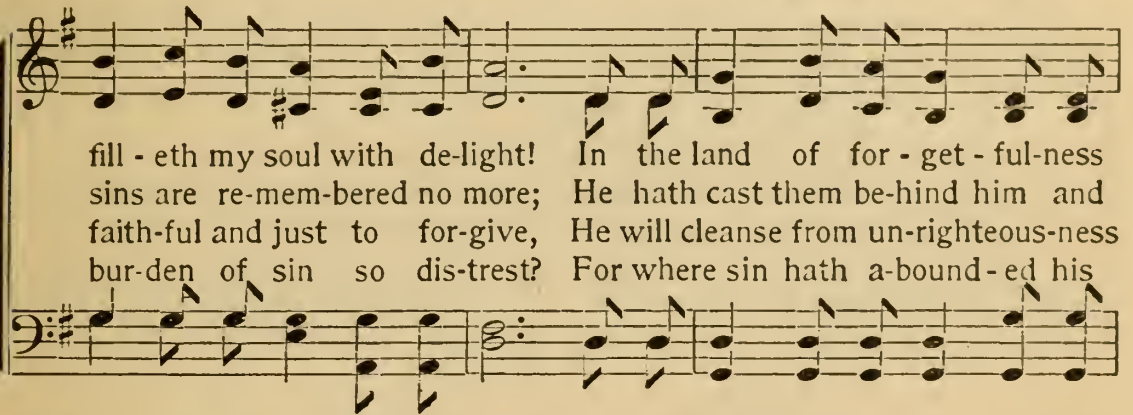


FLORA KIRKLAND.

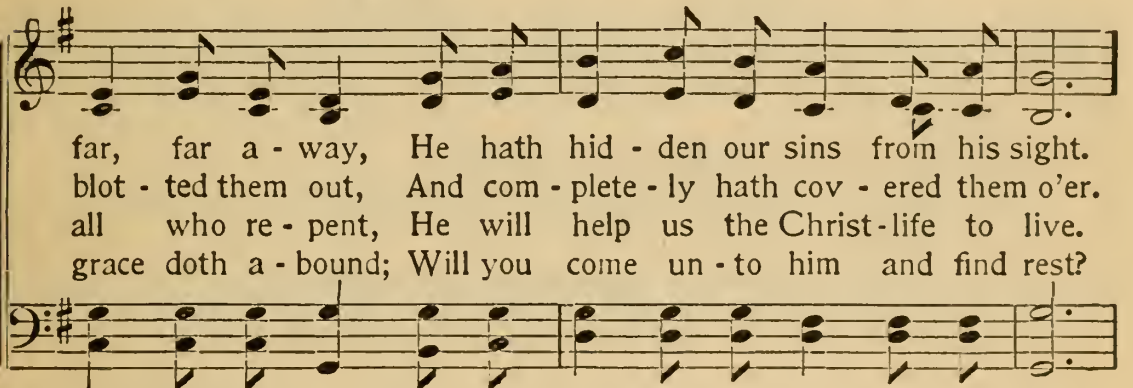
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O the length and the breadth and the depth of God's love! How it
 2. In his love and his mer - cy he saith in his word That our
 3. In the light of the cross up - on Cal - va - ry's brow, He is
 4. Will you come to the Fa - ther, O grief - la - den soul, With your

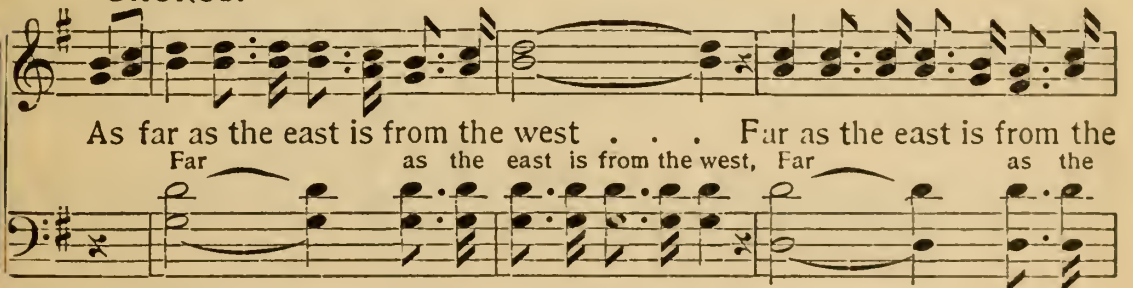


fill - eth my soul with de-light! In the land of for - get - ful-ness
 sins are re-mem-bered no more; He hath cast them be-hind him and
 faith-ful and just to for-give, He will cleanse from un-righteous-ness
 bur-den of sin so dis-trest? For where sin hath a-bound-ed his

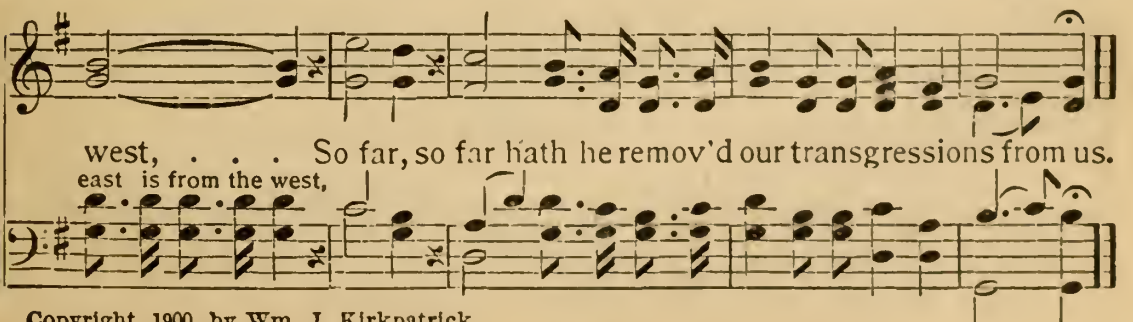


far, far a - way, He hath hid - den our sins from his sight.
 blot - ted them out, And com - plete - ly hath cov - ered them o'er.
 all who re - pent, He will help us the Christ-life to live.
 grace doth a - bound; Will you come un - to him and find rest?

CHORUS.



As far as the east is from the west . . . Far as the east is from the
 Far as the east is from the west, Far as the

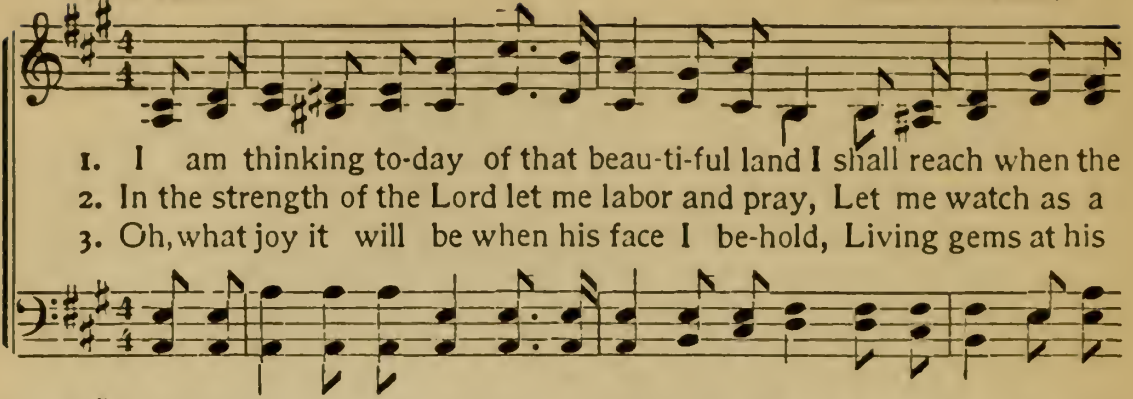


west, . . . So far, so far hath he remov'd our transgressions from us.
 east is from the west,

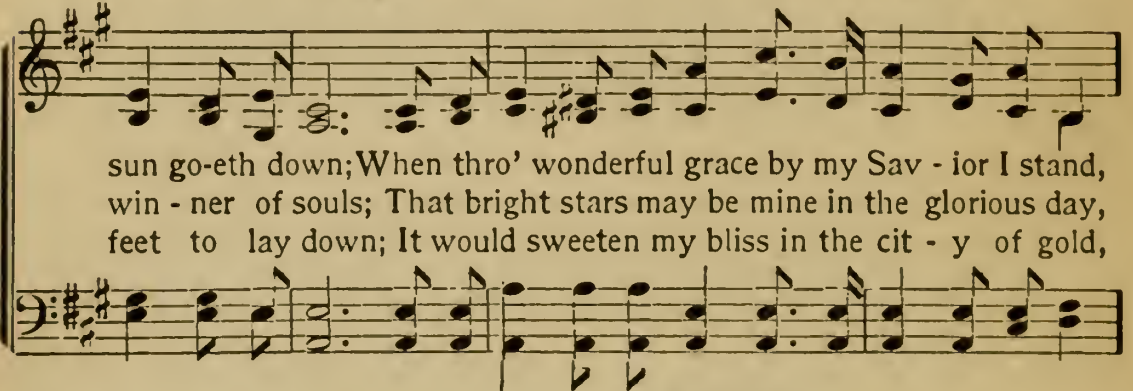
Will there be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

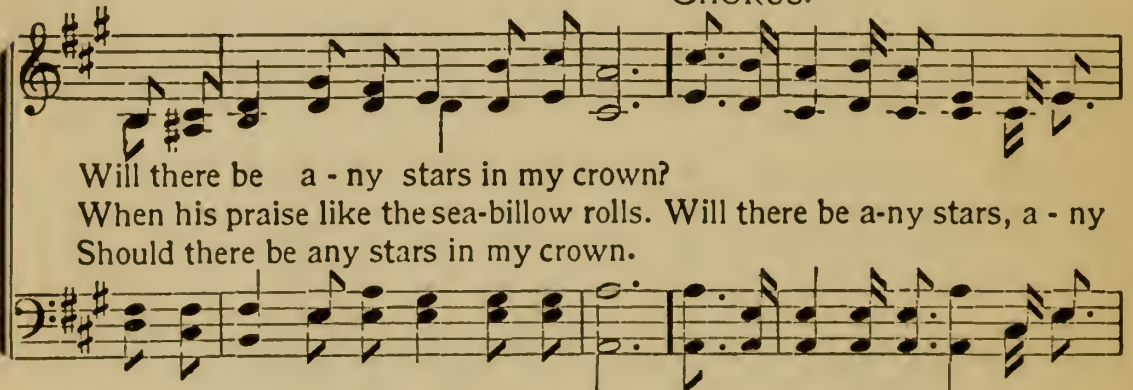


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when his face I be-hold, Living gems at his

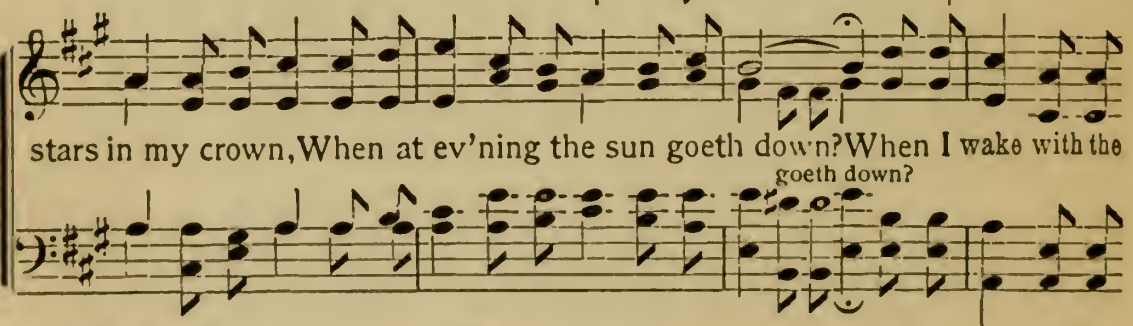


sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
 win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

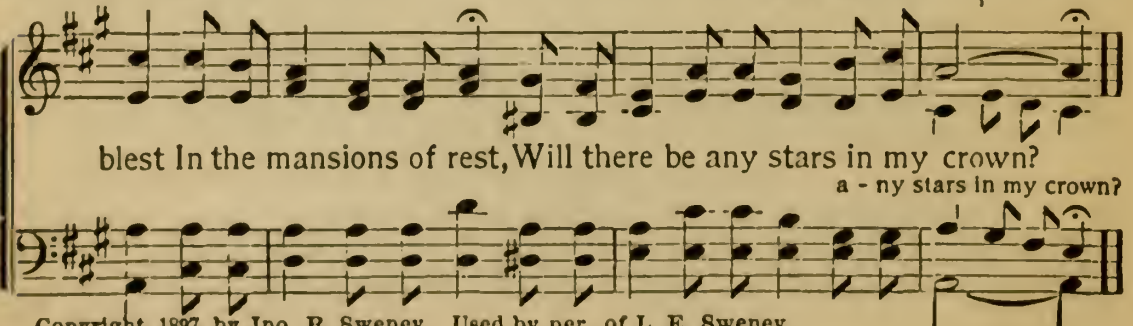
CHORUS.



Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
 When his praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a - ny
 Should there be any stars in my crown.



stars in my crown, When at ev'ning the sun goeth down? When I wake with the
 goeth down?



blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
 a - ny stars in my crown?

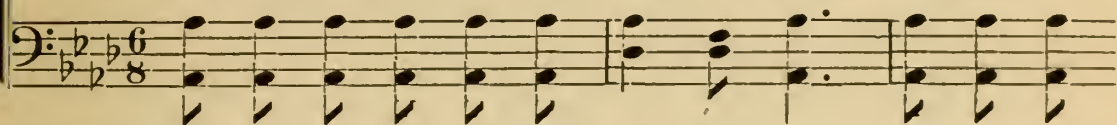
An Unseen Friend.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

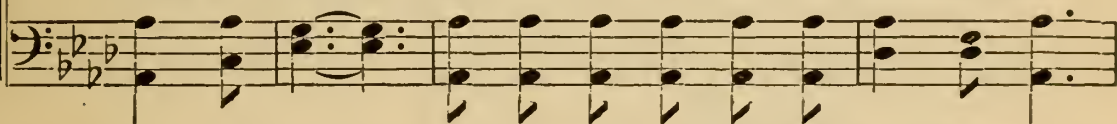
B. FRANK BUTTS.



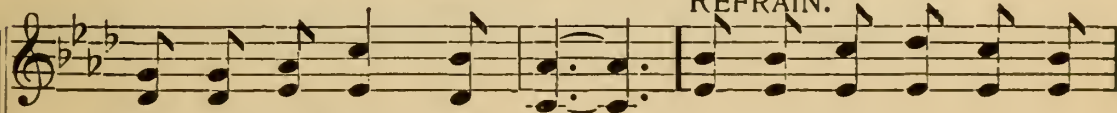
1. Close by your side stands an Un - seen Friend, Call-ing from
2. List to the voice of this Un - seen Friend, Heed-ing his
3. O - pen your heart to this Un - seen Friend, Tell him your
4. Trust all your days to this Un - seen Friend Path-ways of



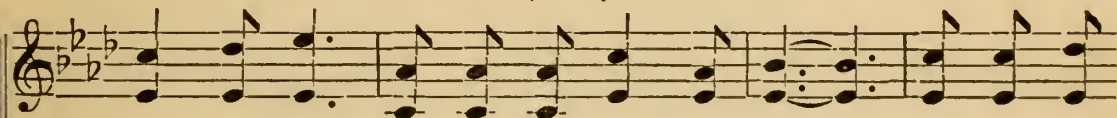
sin a - way; One who can make of your guilt an end;
 word to you; Sor - est of heart-aches he'll quick-ly mend;
 guilt and woe, Ask him his aid in your cause to lend;
 peace he'll show; Glad in his serv - ice your mo-ments spend;



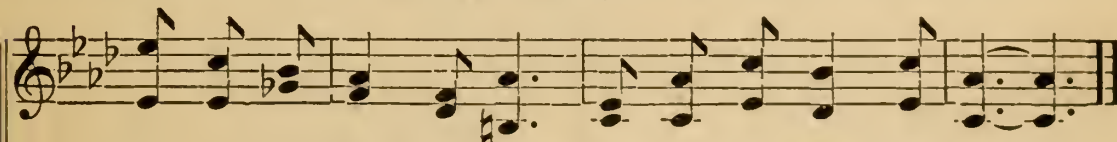
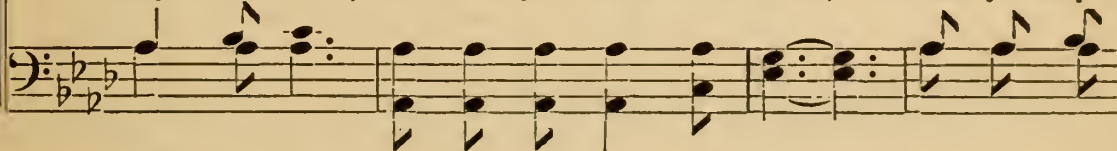
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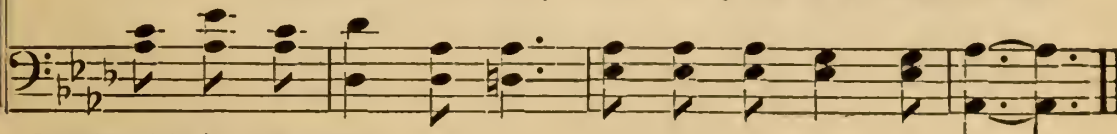
Hear him now sweet - ly say:
 Do as he bids you do. "Seek ye the Lord while he
 Mer - cy he will be - stow.
 Go where he bids you go.



may be found," He will your soul de - fend; "Call ye up-



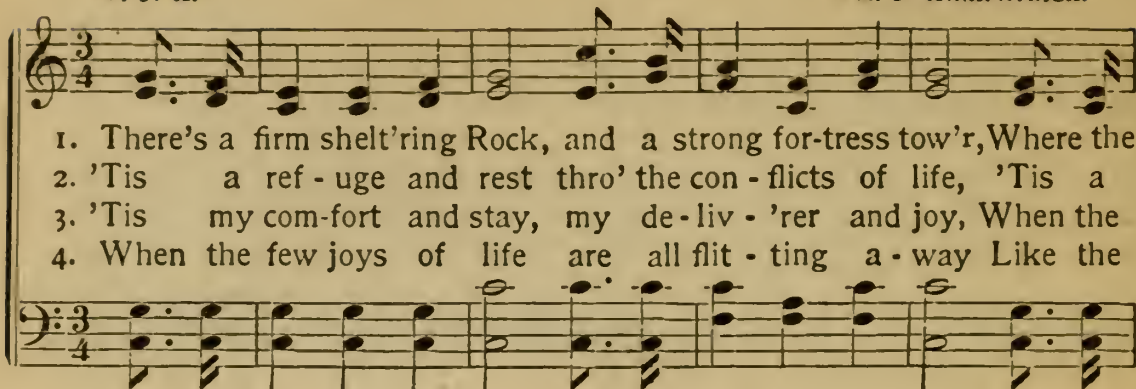
on him while he is near," He is your Un - seen Friend.



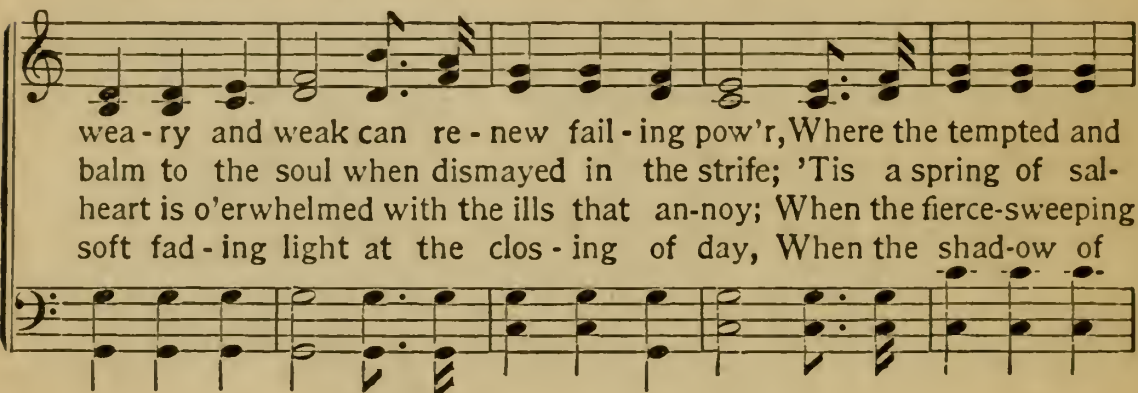
The Sheltering Rock.

W. J. K.

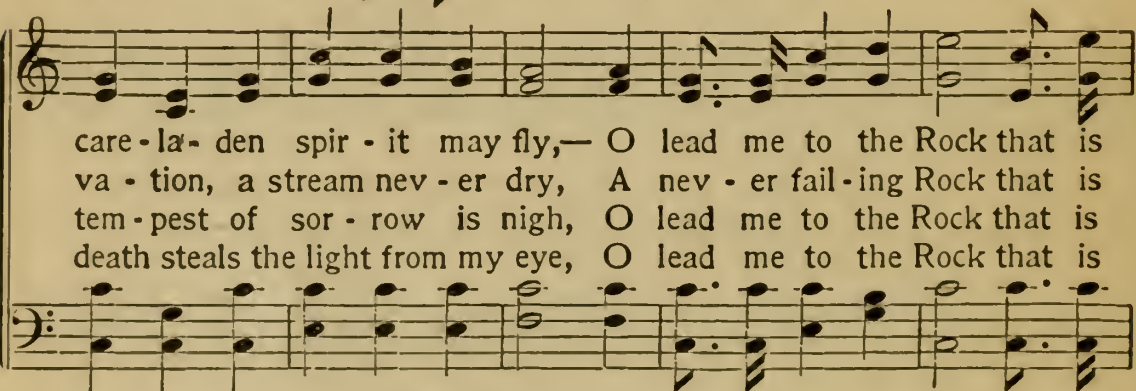
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There's a firm shelt'ring Rock, and a strong for-tress tow'r, Where the
 2. 'Tis a ref-uge and rest thro' the con-flicts of life, 'Tis a
 3. 'Tis my com-fort and stay, my de-liv-'rer and joy, When the
 4. When the few joys of life are all flit-ting a-way Like the

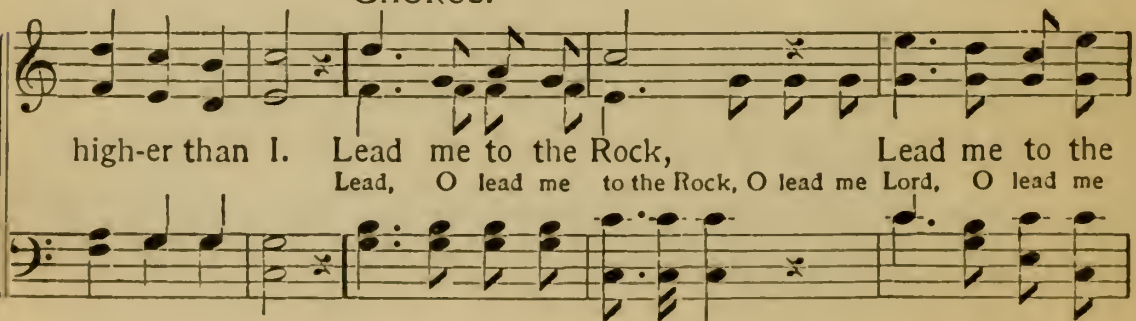


wea-ry and weak can re-new fail-ing pow'r, Where the tempted and
 balm to the soul when dismayed in the strife; 'Tis a spring of sal-
 heart is o'erwhelmed with the ills that an-noy; When the fierce-sweeping
 soft fad-ing light at the clos-ing of day, When the shad-ow of

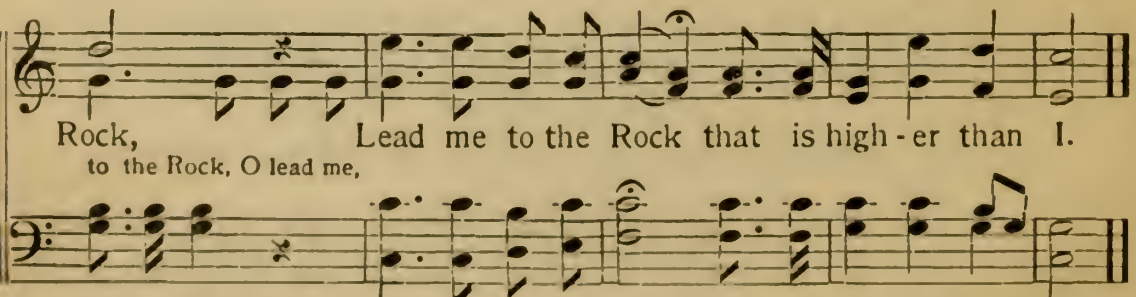


care-la-den spir-it may fly,— O lead me to the Rock that is
 va-tion, a stream nev-er dry, A nev-er fail-ing Rock that is
 tem-pest of sor-row is nigh, O lead me to the Rock that is
 death steals the light from my eye, O lead me to the Rock that is

CHORUS.



high-er than I. Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the
 Lead, O lead me to the Rock, O lead me Lord, O lead me



Rock, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 to the Rock, O lead me,

It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at-tend-eth my way, When sorrows, like
 2. Tho' Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest as-
 3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't— My sin— not in
 4. O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea bil - lows roll: What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
 sur-ance con-trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my help-less es-
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de-

CHORUS.

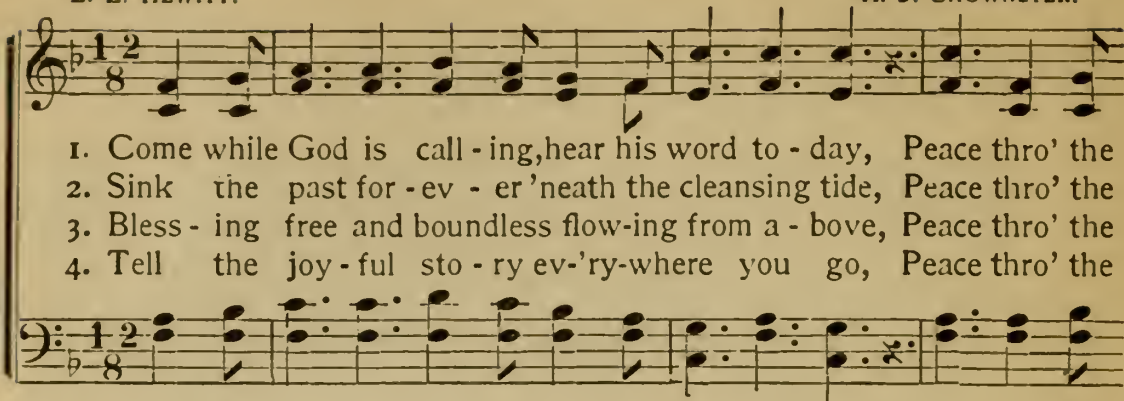
say It is well, it is well with my soul.
 tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul. It is
 scend, "Ev-en so"—It is well with my soul.

. . . . with my soul It is well, it is well with my soul.
 well, with my soul

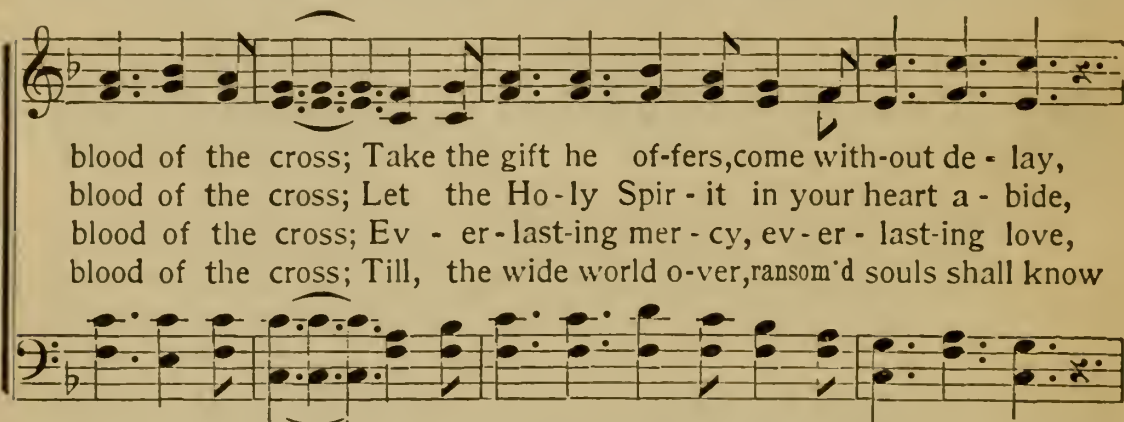
Peace through the Blood.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

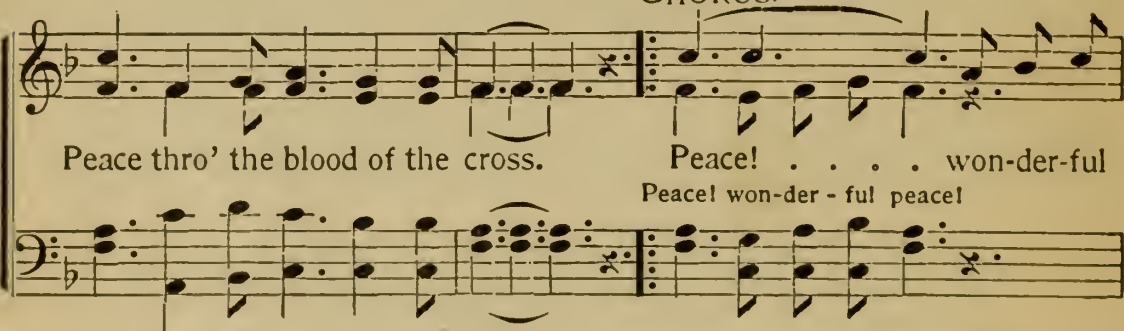


1. Come while God is call - ing, hear his word to - day, Peace thro' the
 2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the
 3. Bless - ing free and boundless flow - ing from a - bove, Peace thro' the
 4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev - 'ry - where you go, Peace thro' the

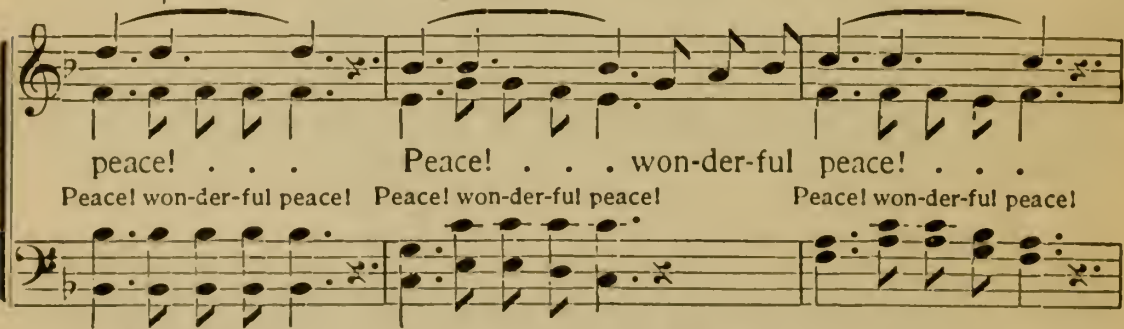


blood of the cross; Take the gift he of - fers, come with - out de - lay,
 blood of the cross; Let the Ho - ly Spir - it in your heart a - bide,
 blood of the cross; Ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, ev - er - last - ing love,
 blood of the cross; Till, the wide world o - ver, ransom'd souls shall know

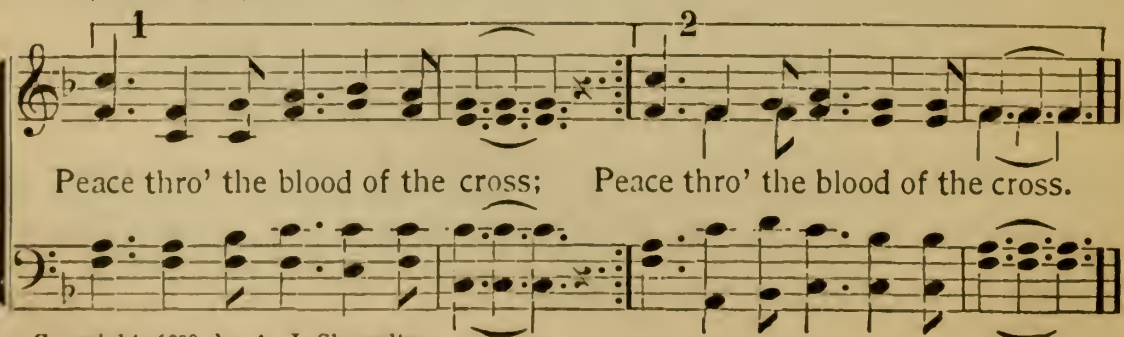
CHORUS.



Peace thro' the blood of the cross. Peace! . . . won - der - ful
 Peace! won - der - ful peace!



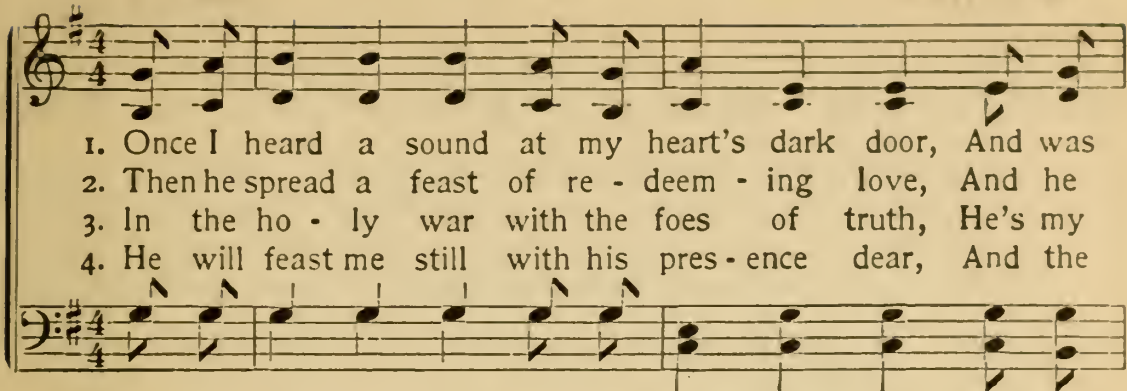
peace! . . . Peace! . . . won - der - ful peace! . . .
 Peace! won - der - ful peace! Peace! won - der - ful peace! Peace! won - der - ful peace!



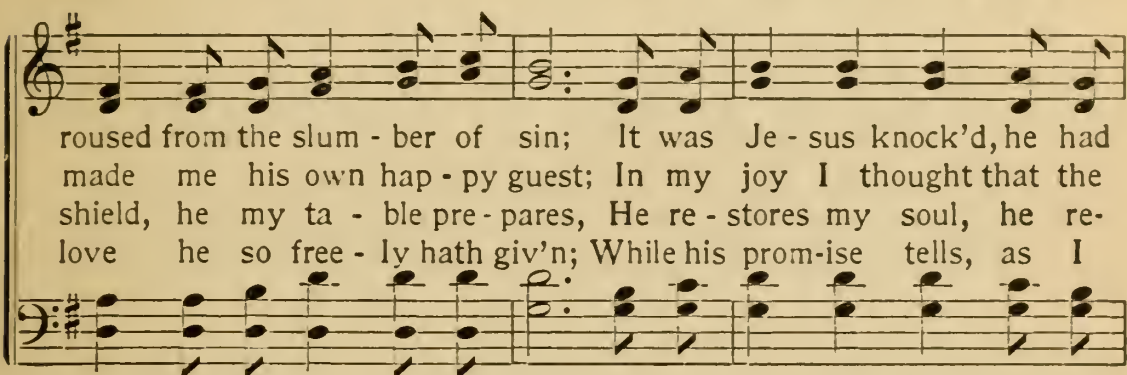
1 Peace thro' the blood of the cross; 2 Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

S. D. PHELPS.

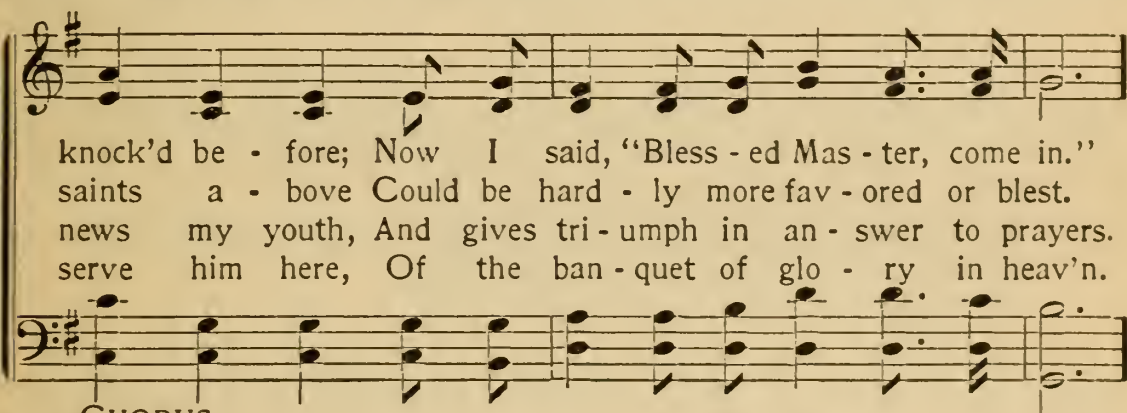
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was
 2. Then he spread a feast of re - deem - ing love, And he
 3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my
 4. He will feast me still with his pres - ence dear, And the

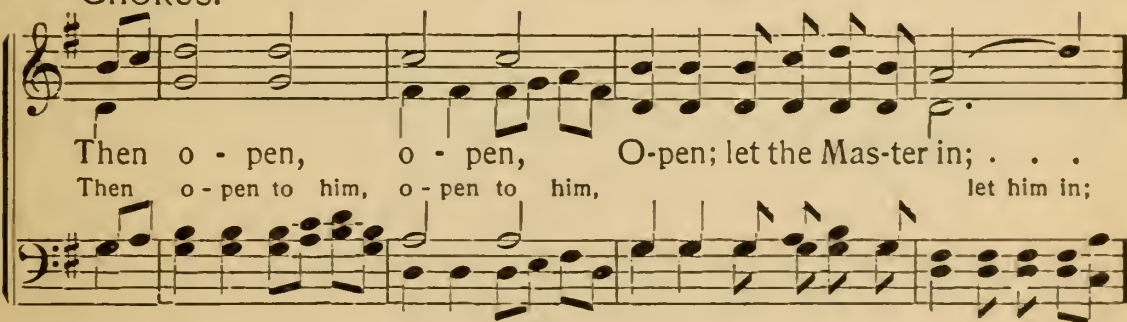


roused from the slum - ber of sin; It was Je - sus knock'd, he had
 made me his own hap - py guest; In my joy I thought that the
 shield, he my ta - ble pre - pares, He re - stores my soul, he re -
 love he so free - ly hath giv'n; While his prom - ise tells, as I

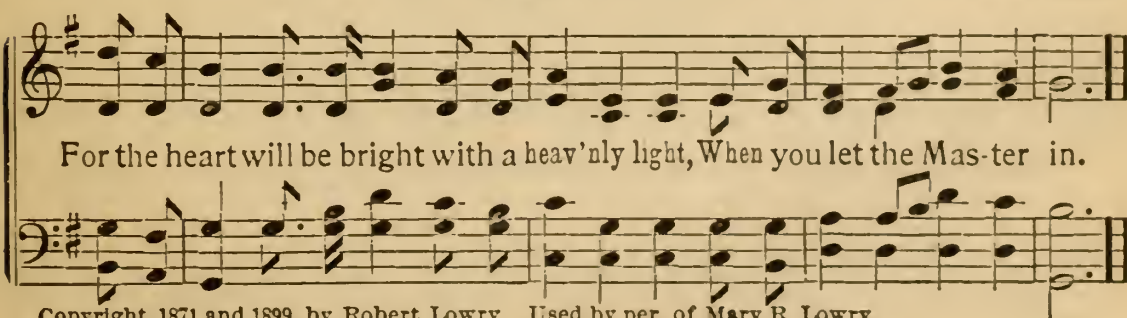


knock'd be - fore; Now I said, "Bless - ed Mas - ter, come in."
 saints a - bove Could be hard - ly more fav - ored or blest.
 news my youth, And gives tri - umph in an - swer to prayers.
 serve him here, Of the ban - quet of glo - ry in heav'n.

CHORUS.



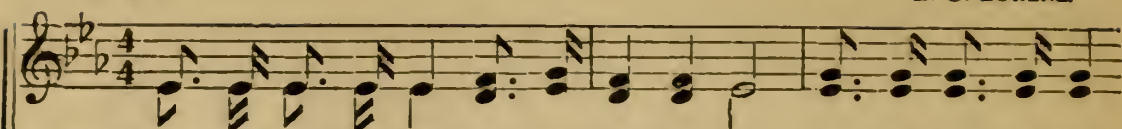
Then o - pen, o - pen, O - pen; let the Mas - ter in; . . .
 Then o - pen to him, o - pen to him, let him in;



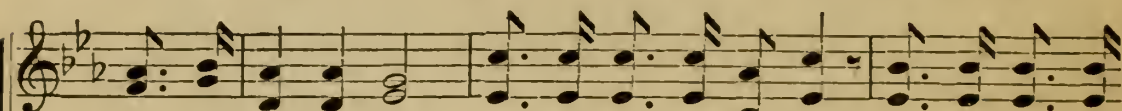
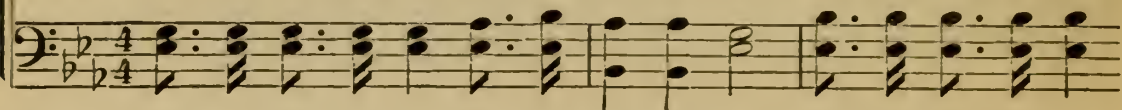
For the heart will be bright with a heav'nly light, When you let the Mas - ter in.

E. S. L.

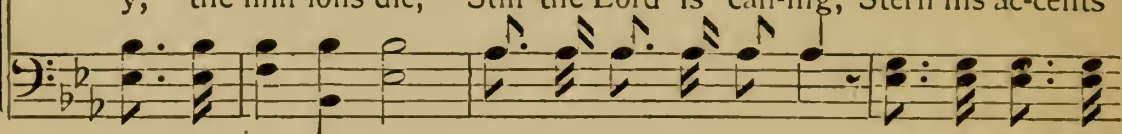
E. S. LORENZ



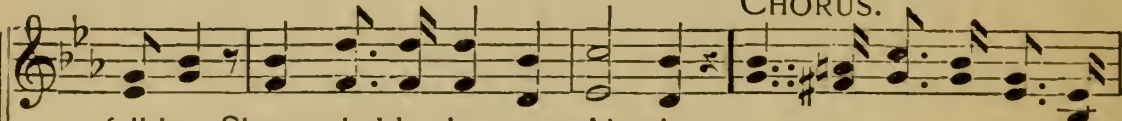
1. You have heard the message of peace and love, In your heart is hope
2. If with love and zeal now your heart is filled, If the Master's voice
3. Hearts are full of grief in your dai-ly path, Filled with dark despair
4. O'er the o-cean wide lands in darkness lie, Sin and death are bus-



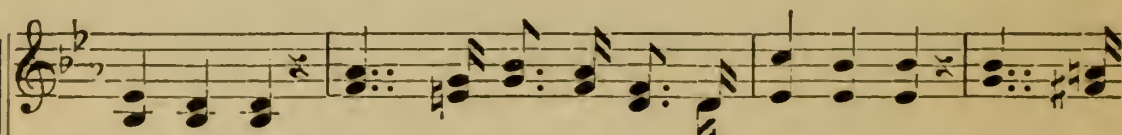
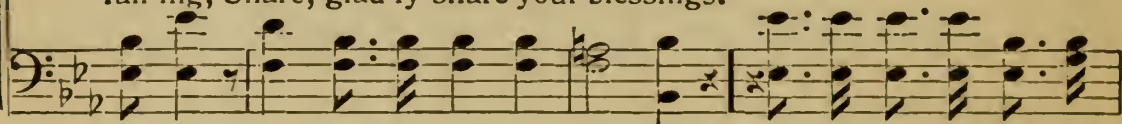
of a home above; Now the Lord is call-ing, Clear his ac-cents
all your soul has thrilled, If the light is shin-ing, All your life re-
they a-wait God's wrath; Tell of sins for-giv-en, Cheer with hope of
y, the mill-ions die; Still the Lord is call-ing, Stern his ac-cents



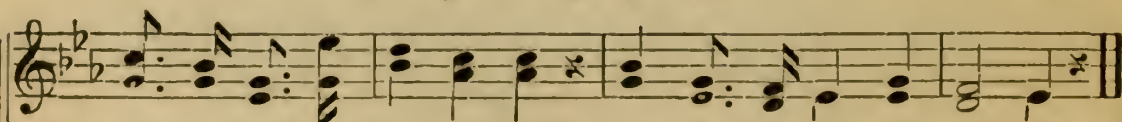
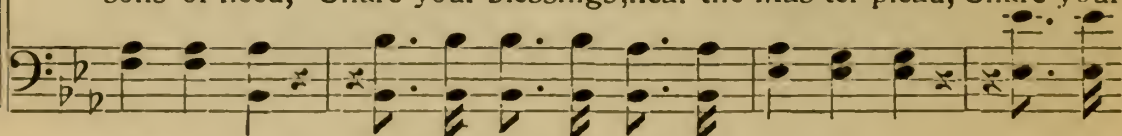
CHORUS.



fall-ing, Share, glad-ly share your blessings.
fin-ing, Share, glad-ly share your blessings. Share your blessings with the
heaven, Share, glad-ly share your blessings.
fall-ing, Share, glad-ly share your blessings.



sons of need, Share your blessings, hear the Mas-ter plead, Share your



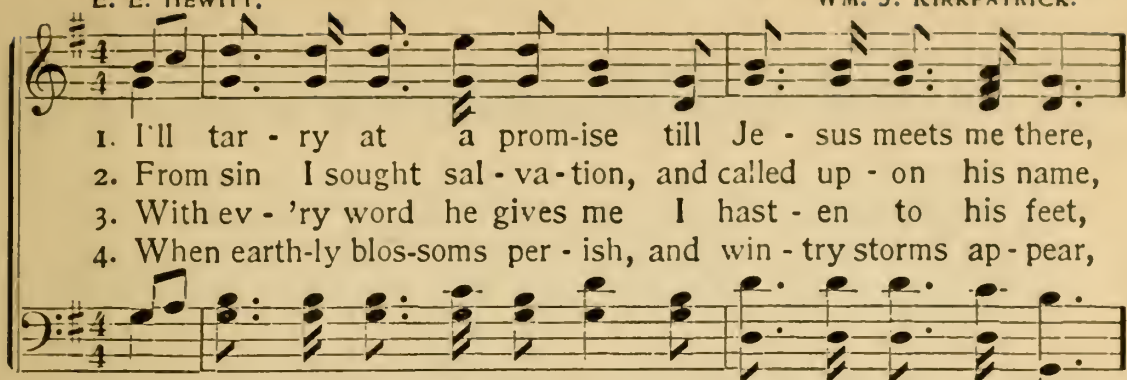
blessings, help with word and deed, Share, gladly share your blessings.



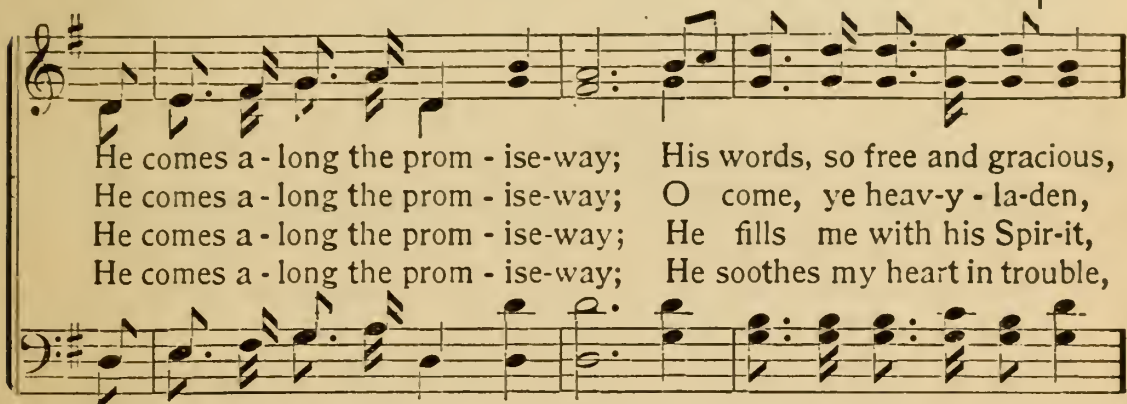
The Promise-Way.

E. E. HEWITT.

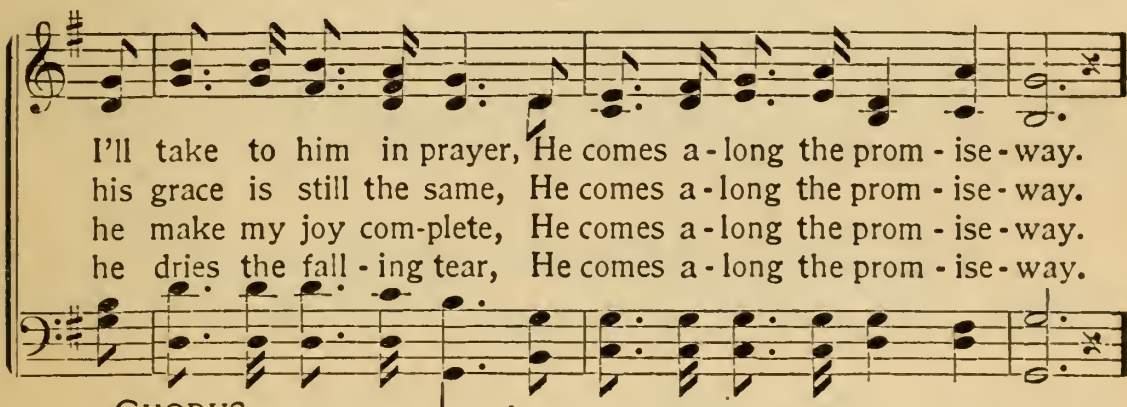
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I'll tar - ry at a prom - ise till Je - sus meets me there,
 2. From sin I sought sal - va - tion, and called up - on his name,
 3. With ev - 'ry word he gives me I hast - en to his feet,
 4. When earth - ly blos - soms per - ish, and win - try storms ap - pear,

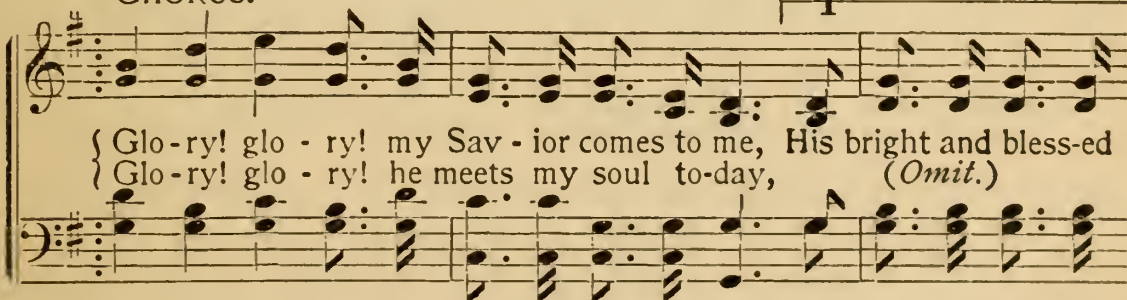


He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; His words, so free and gracious,
 He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; O come, ye heav - y - la - den,
 He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; He fills me with his Spir - it,
 He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; He soothes my heart in trouble,

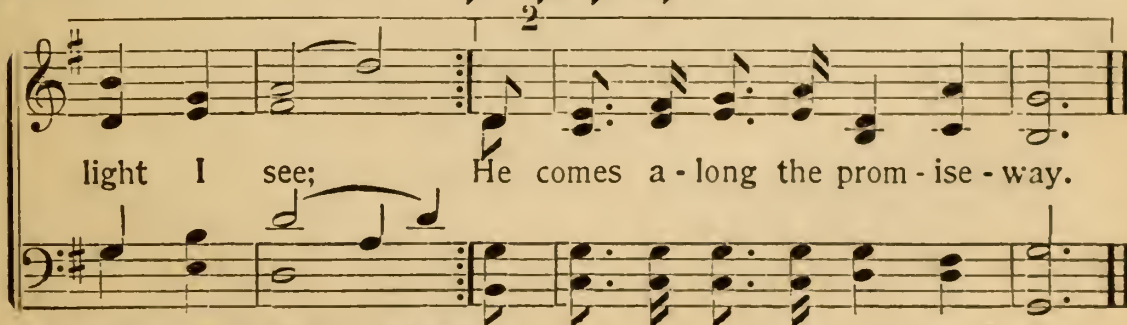


I'll take to him in prayer, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
 his grace is still the same, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
 he make my joy com - plete, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
 he dries the fall - ing tear, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

CHORUS.



{ Glo - ry! glo - ry! my Sav - ior comes to me, His bright and bless - ed
 { Glo - ry! glo - ry! he meets my soul to - day, (Omit.)



light I see; He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Hear the gos-pel in - vi - ta - tion, All ye wea-ry, tem-pest-tossed;
 2. Hope and joy he free-ly giv - eth, Peace and rest for pain and strife;
 3. Je - sus died for your re-demp-tion, All your sins he free-ly bore;
 4. Noth-ing having, nothing bring-ing But an hum-ble con-trite heart,

Christ now of - fers you sal - va - tion Purchased at tremendous cost.
 He that on the Son be - liev - eth Now hath ev - er-last-ing life.
 Come and hear his words of par-don, Go in peace, and sin no more.
 Sim - ply to his prom-ise cling-ing, He sal-va-tion will im - part.

CHORUS.

Christ is a - ble, read - y too, Christ is
 Christ is a - ble, he is read - y too,

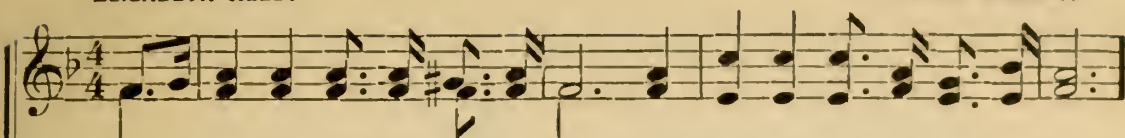
will - ing, soul, are you? He will cleanse you
 Christ is will - ing, way - ward soul, are you? He will cleanse you

through and through, cleanse and save . . . you now. . . .
 through, yes, through and through, cleanse and save you now, just now.

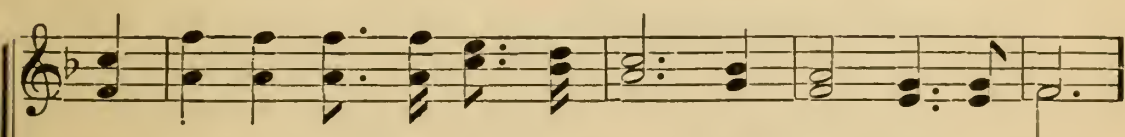
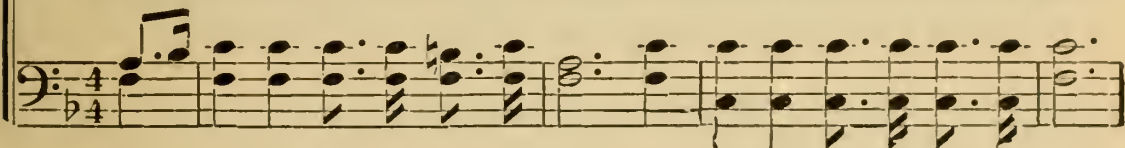
O Why Not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED.

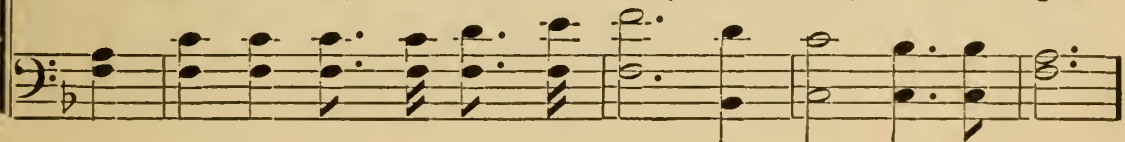
J. CALVIN BUSHBY.



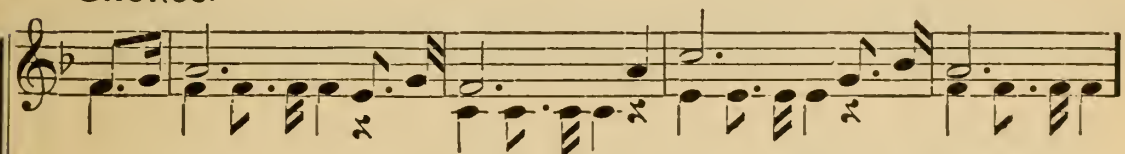
1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may never rise, To bless thy long deluded sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus - es none Who would to him their souls unite;



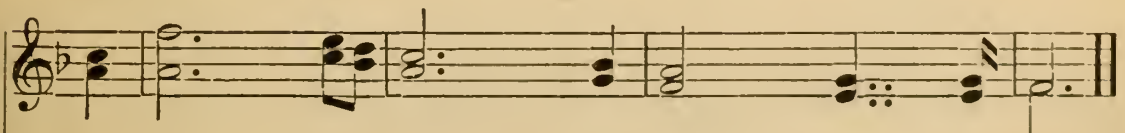
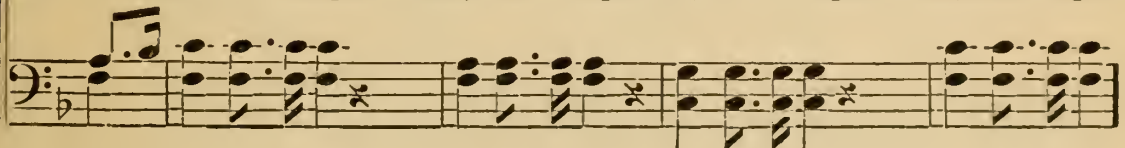
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



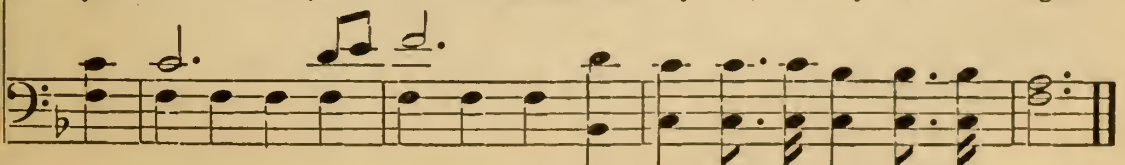
CHORUS.



O why not to - night? O why not to - night?
 O why not to - night? why not to - night? why not to - night? why not to - night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to - night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to - night?



On To Victory!

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat-tles we must win;
 2. There are hosts of sin be-fore us That ex-tend from sea to sea;
 3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy-ing, They are fall-ing ev-'ry-where;

There are lands that must be tak-en, That are go-ing down to sin,
 There are ma - ny still in bond-age, There are slaves that must be free;
 Let us brave-ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care.

Let us en-ter in the strug-gle, Ev-er march up-on our way,
 Let us all be up and do-ing, Ev-er found with-in the fray,
 Fall in line, pre-pare for bat-tle, Let us fight as well as pray;

We must take the world for God and win the day.

CHORUS.
 On..... to vic-to-ry! on..... to vic-to-ry! On..... to vic-to-ry! the

On to Victory.

foe must die! On to vic-to-ry! we'll conquer by and by.

15

Give Me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com-fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In his cross my trust shall be;

FINE.

But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - ior watching o'er me, I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll.
 Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, bright-er vis-ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

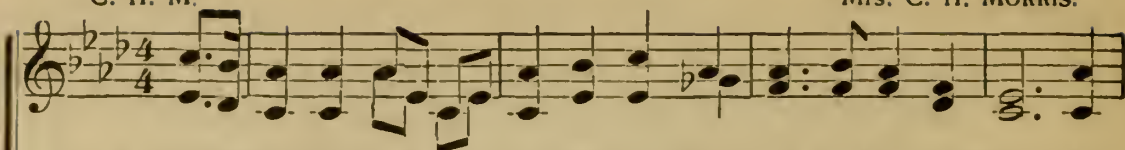
D. S.—Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a-bove!

CHORUS. *D. S.*

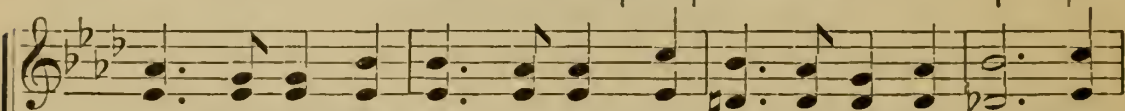
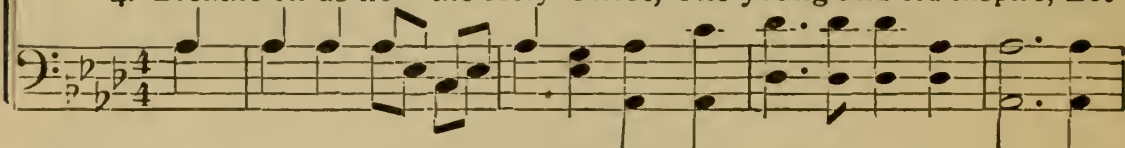
Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

C. H. M.

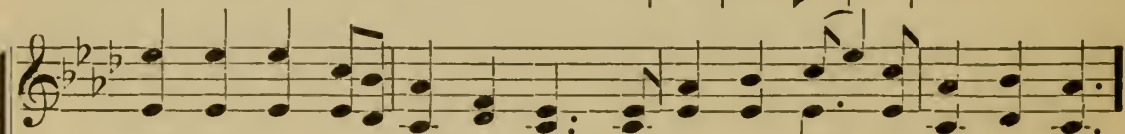
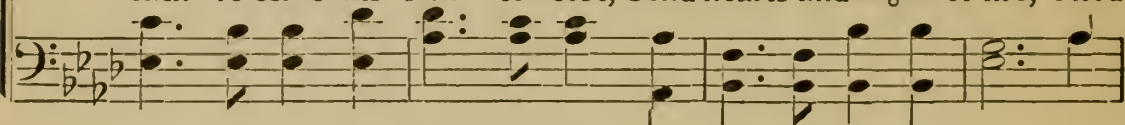
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



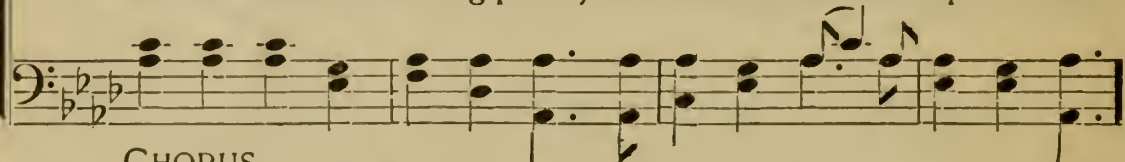
1. The pow'r that fell at Pen-te-cost, When in that up-per room, Up-
2. "Ye shall have pow'r," said Jesus "when The Holy Ghost is come;" Your
3. The wav'ring shall steadfast become; The weak in faith be strong; With
4. Breathe on us now the Holy Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let



on the watching, wait - ing ones, The Ho-ly Ghost had come, Re-
loosened tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb; The
ho - ly bold-ness go - ing forth, De-nounc-ing sin and wrong, With
each re-ceive his Pen - te - cost, Send hearts and tongues of fire; Thou



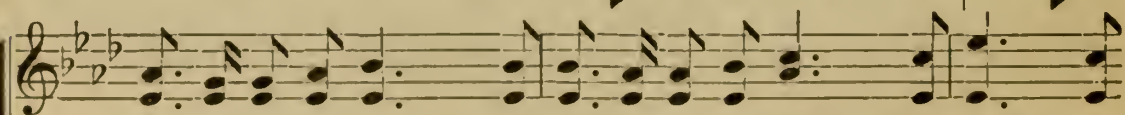
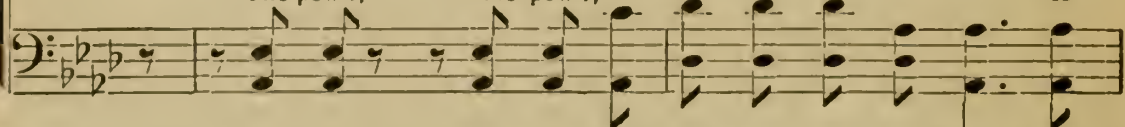
main-eth ev - er - more the same, Unchanging still, O praise his name!
tim - id, shrink-ing ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save.
burn-ing zeal each heart a - flame, A whole sal-va - tion to pro-claim.
won-der - ful transforming pow'r, Come now in this ac - cept-ed hour.



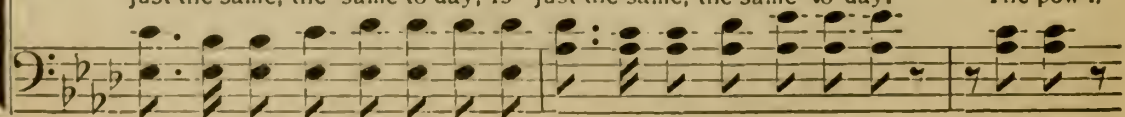
CHORUS.



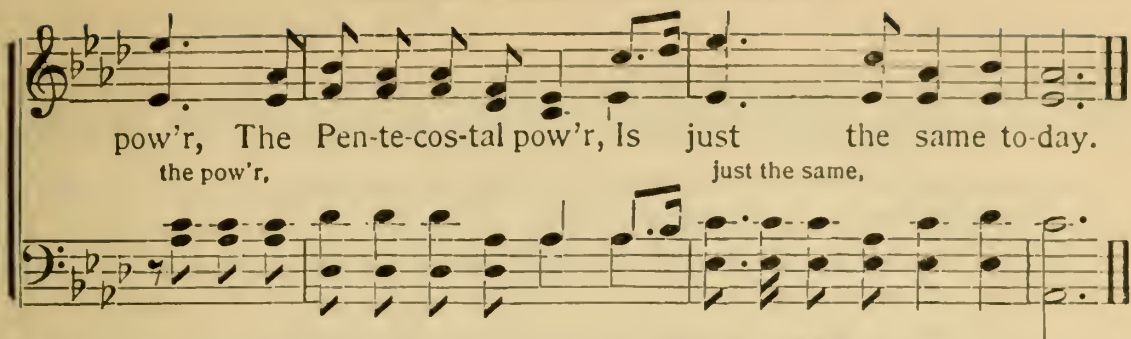
The pow'r, the pow'r the Pen - te - cost - al pow'r, Is
The pow'r, the pow'r, Is



just the same to-day, Is just the same to-day, The pow'r, the
just the same, the same to-day, Is just the same, the same to-day. The pow'r,



The Pentecostal Power.



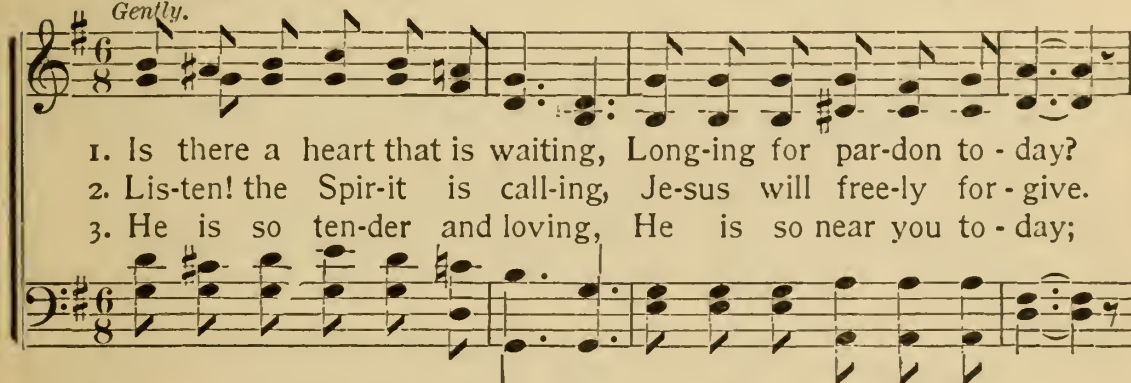
pow'r, The Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, Is just the same to-day.
the pow'r, just the same,

17 Jesus is Passing This Way.

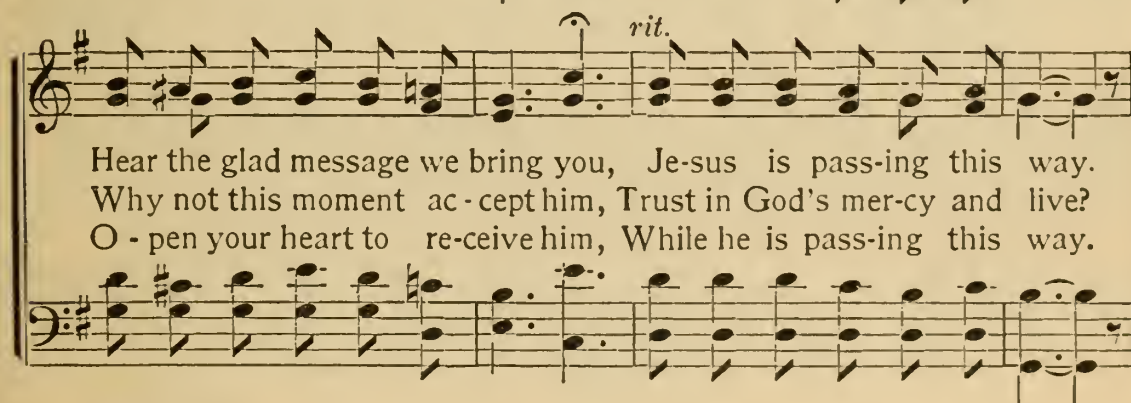
ANNIE L. JAMES.

W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

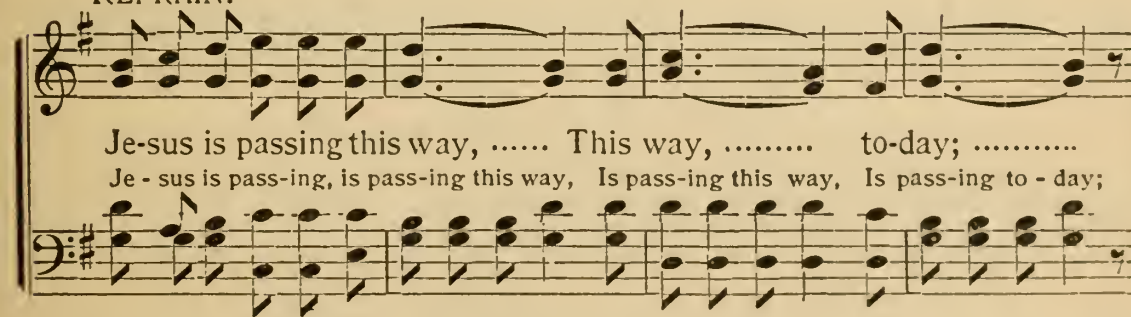


1. Is there a heart that is waiting, Long-ing for par-don to-day?
2. Lis-ten! the Spir-it is call-ing, Je-sus will free-ly for-give.
3. He is so ten-der and loving, He is so near you to-day;

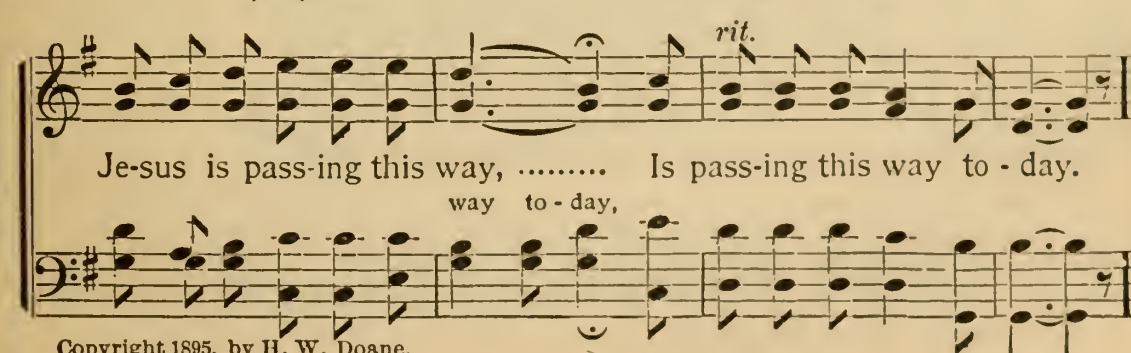


Hear the glad message we bring you, Je-sus is pass-ing this way.
Why not this moment ac-cept him, Trust in God's mer-cy and live?
O - pen your heart to re-ceive him, While he is pass-ing this way.

REFRAIN.



Je-sus is pass-ing this way, This way, to-day;
Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing to - day;

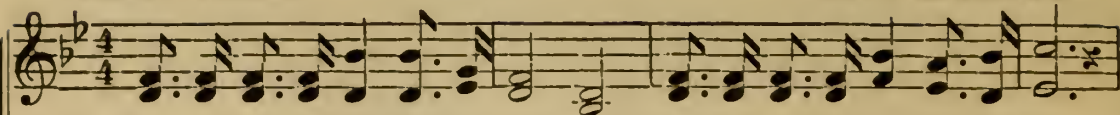


Je-sus is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way to - day.
way to - day,

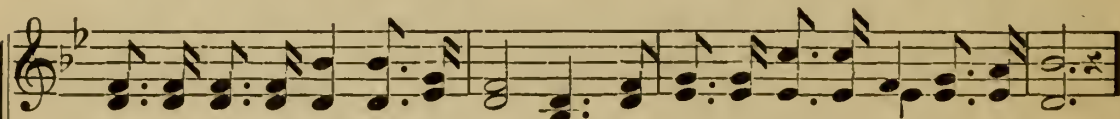
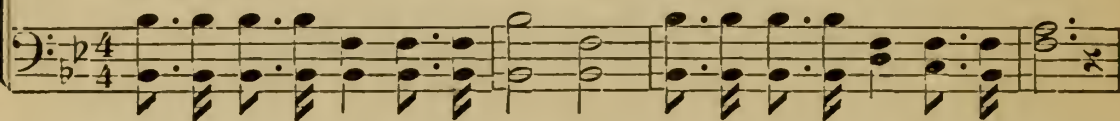
Gathering Out of Tears.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

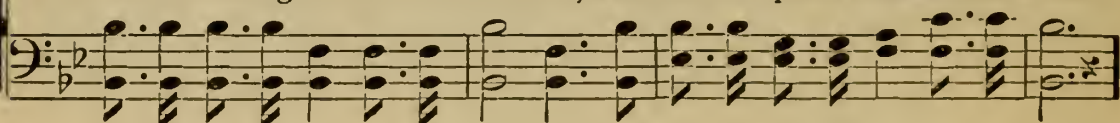
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



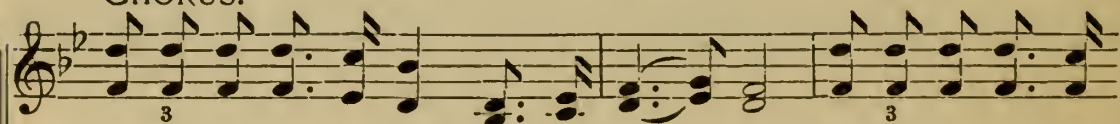
1. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
2. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, On with-out a fear let us go;
3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;
4. Soft the winds that blow from the homeland, Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore;



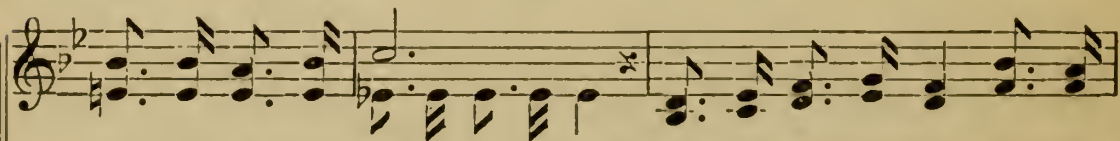
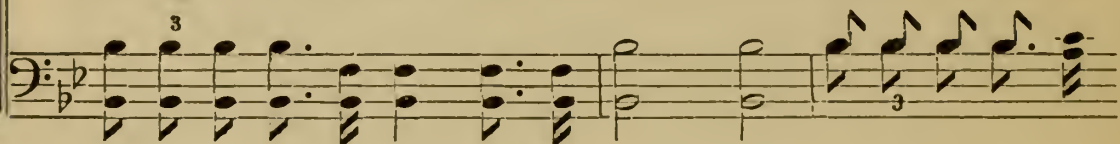
Think of all the friends that await us, When anchor'd safely there we shall be.
 When the port of peace we are nearing, The blessed harbor lights we shall know.
 There to him who lov'd and redeem'd us, Our joyful, joyful praise we will sing.
 Soon we'll meet again our belov'd ones, Where sorrow's plaintive moan comes no more.



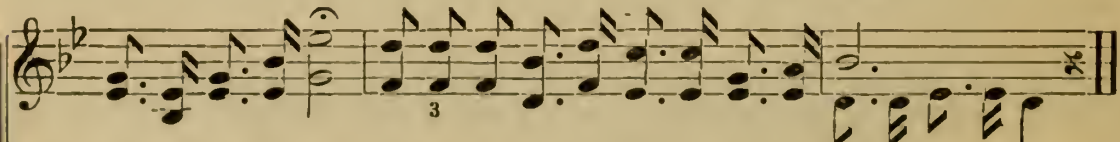
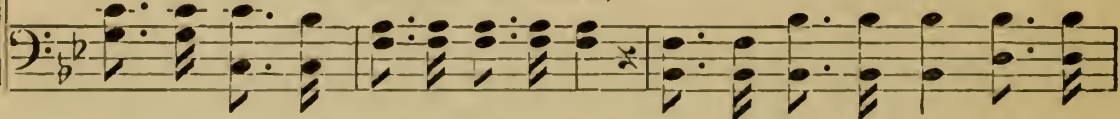
CHORUS.



Gath-er-ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gath-er-ing out of

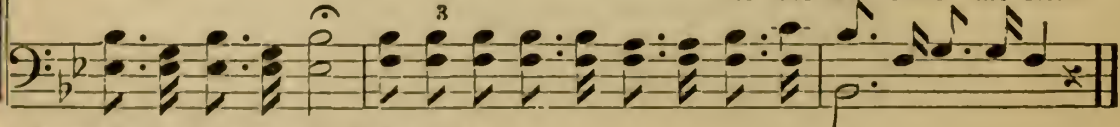


la - bor in - to rest; Hear the ransom'd throng shouting
 out of la - bor in - to rest;



forth their joy in song, Gathering to the mansions of the blest.

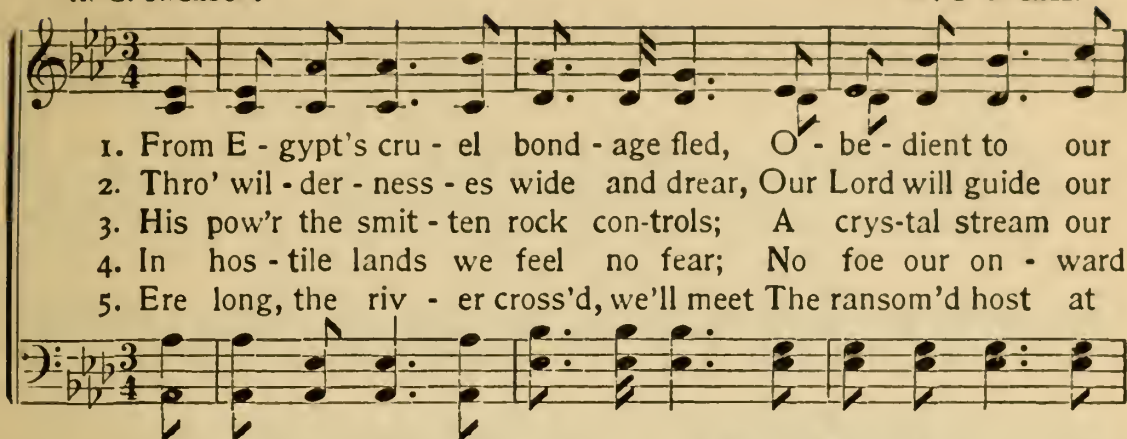
to the mansions of the blest.



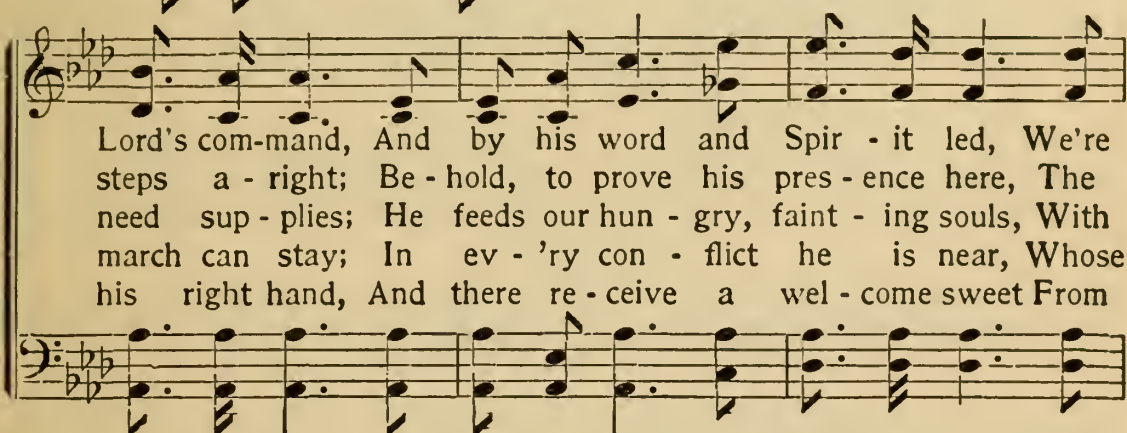
19 We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.

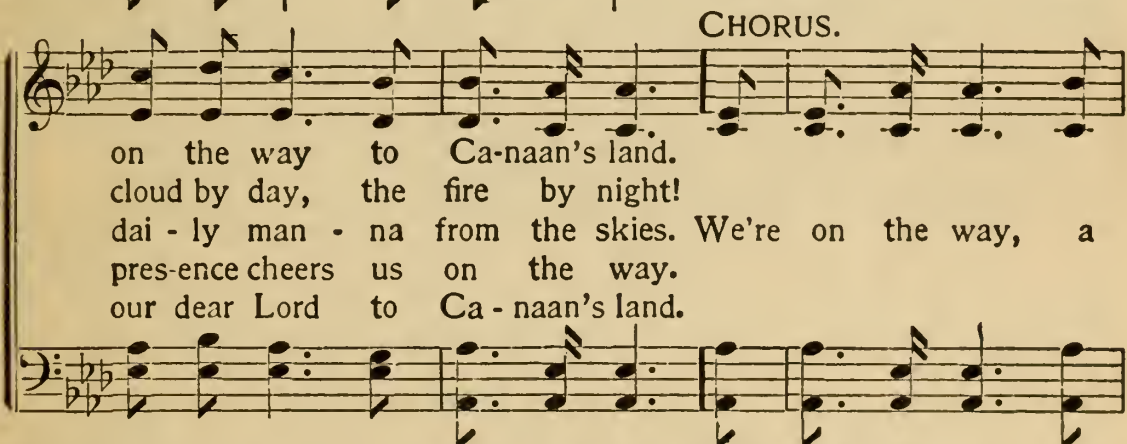


1. From E - gypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be - dient to our
 2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
 3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con-trols; A crys-tal stream our
 4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
 5. Ere long, the riv - er cross'd, we'll meet The ransom'd host at

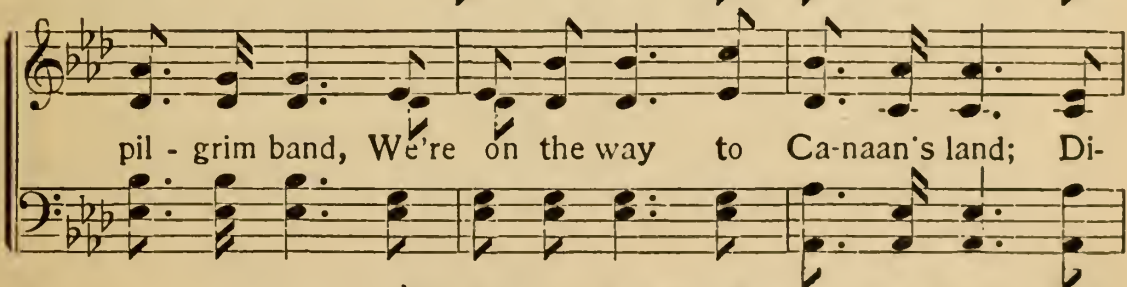


Lord's com-mand, And by his word and Spir - it led, We're
 steps a - right; Be - hold, to prove his pres - ence here, The
 need sup - plies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With
 march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict he is near, Whose
 his right hand, And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet From

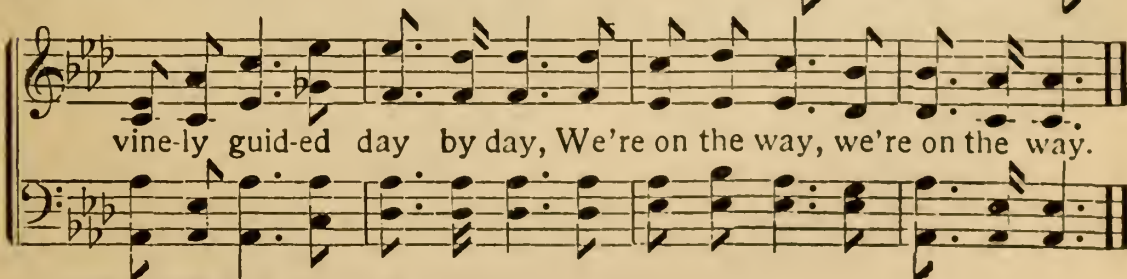
CHORUS.



on the way to Ca-naan's land.
 cloud by day, the fire by night!
 dai - ly man - na from the skies. We're on the way, a
 pres-ence cheers us on the way.
 our dear Lord to Ca - naan's land.



pil - grim band, We're on the way to Ca-naan's land; Di-



vine-ly guid-ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

1. There is par-don full and free At the cross, What-so-e'er our
 2. There's a peace that none can tell At the cross, In the Sav-ior's
 2. There's a joy that all may feel At the cross, If in hum-ble
 4. There's a hope that will en-dure At the cross, It is like an

at the cross,

sins may be, At the cross; Let us now the Lord entreat With our
 "All is well!" At the cross; Let us seek that peace to prove That is
 faith they kneel At the cross; Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
 an-chor sure, At the cross; Let us now that hope obtain That shall

at the cross;

burden'd souls to meet, And bestow that pardon sweet At the cross.
 shower'd from a-bove, Thro' the Master's dying love At the cross.
 be for us too late, Mer-cy will not al-ways wait At the cross.
 nev-er prove in vain, While be-liev-ing we re-main At the cross.

at the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, At the cross, There's redemption
 There's re-demp-tion there for thee, There's re-demp-tion there for thee,

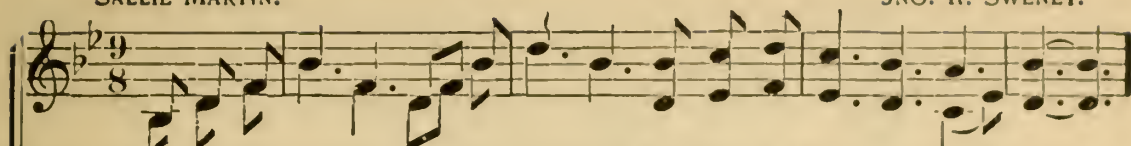
1 2

there for me, At the cross; there for me, At the cross.
 at the cross; at the cross.

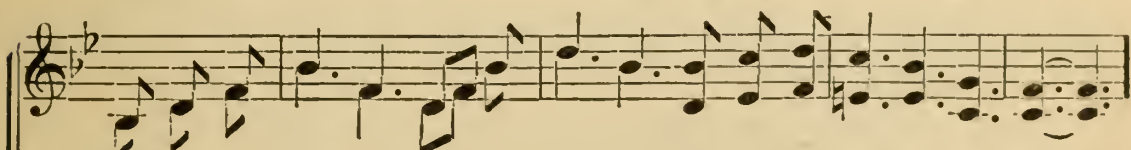
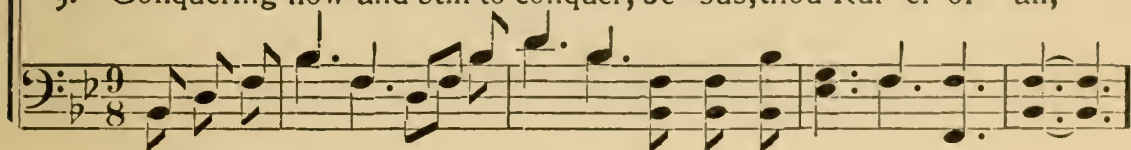
Victory through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN.

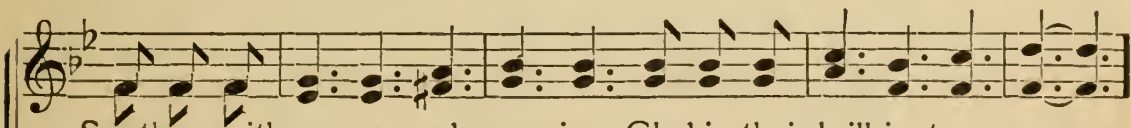
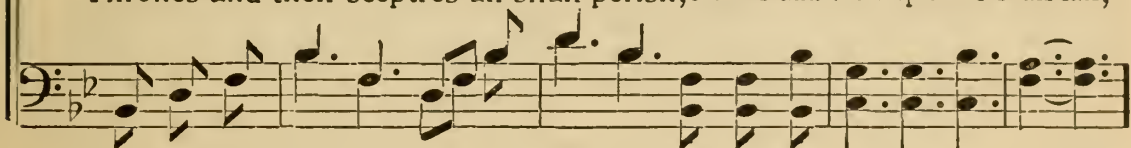
JNO. R. SWENEY.



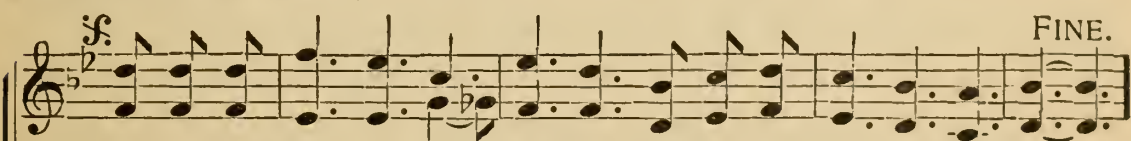
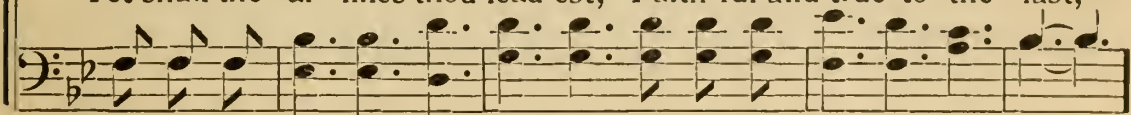
1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rid-eth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je - sus, thou Rul - er of all,



Leading the host of all the faith - ful In - to the midst of the fight;
 Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo-ry they sing?
 Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

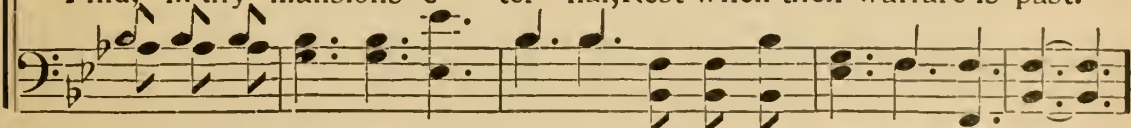


See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brill-iant ar - ray,
 He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di - vine,
 Yet shall the ar - mies thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,



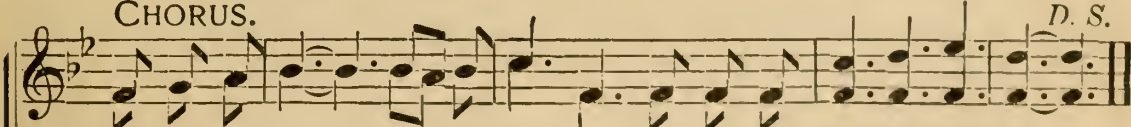
FINE.

Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing - ly say:
 They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his king-dom will shine.
 Find, in thy mansions e - ter - nal, Rest when their warfare is past.

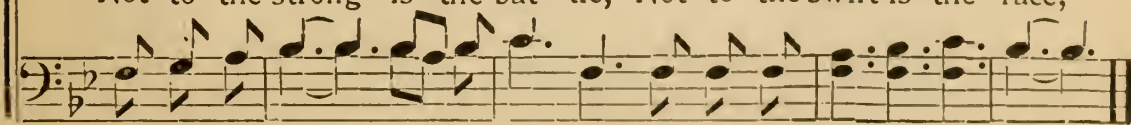


D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is promised thro' grace.

CHORUS.

D. S.

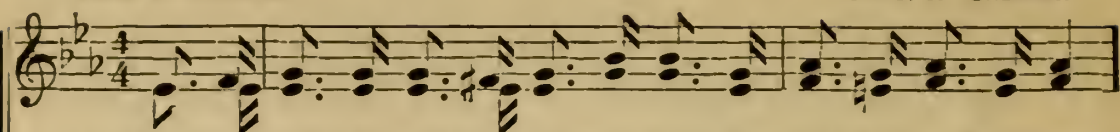
Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,



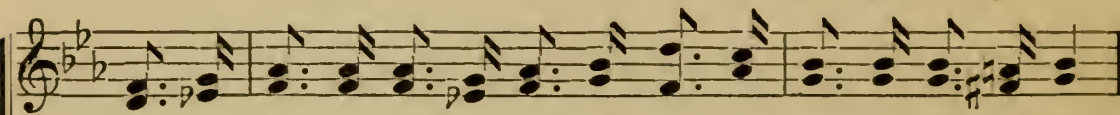
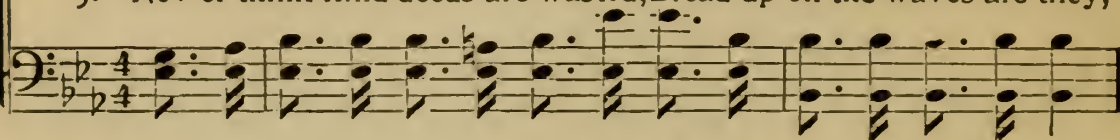
Scatter Sunshine by the Way.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

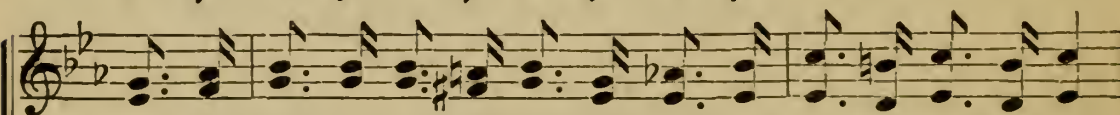
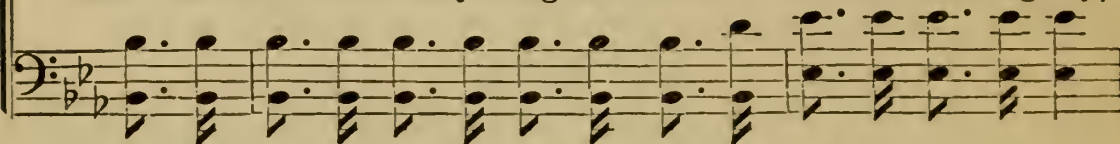
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



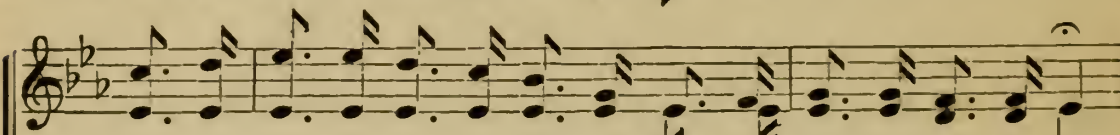
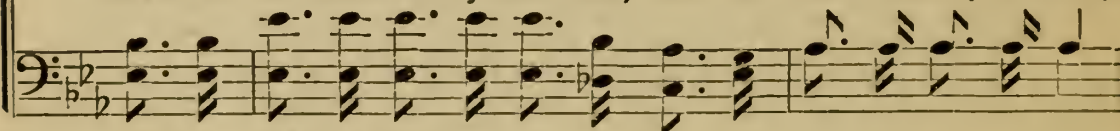
1. Do you know a heart that hun-gers For a word of love and cheer?
2. It may be that some one fal-ters On the brink of sin and wrong,
3. Nev-er think kind deeds are wasted, Bread up-on the waves are they;



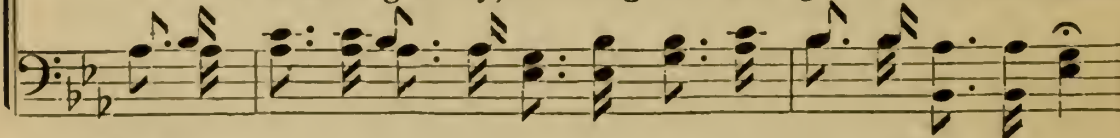
There are ma-ny, you may find them In the by-ways far and near;
Just a word from you might save him, Make the falt'ring brother strong.
And the tides of God may bring them Back to us some com-ing day,



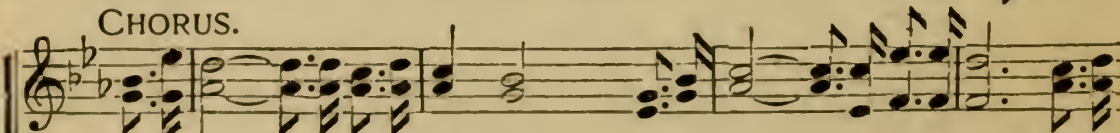
And to weak, discourag'd comrades Speak the word that's need-ed so,
Then be earn-est! look a-bout you! What a sin is yours and mine,
Back to us when sore-ly need-ed, In a time of sharp distress,



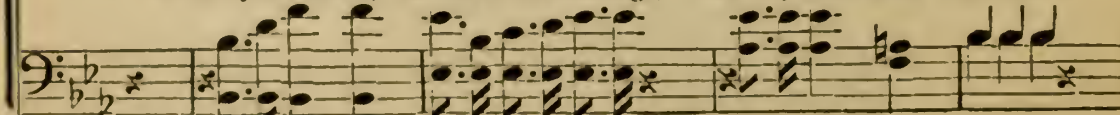
And your own heart will be strengthen'd By the help that you be-stow.
If we see that help is need-ed, And we give no friend-ly sign.
So let's do them glad-ly, know-ing Gift and giv-er God will bless.



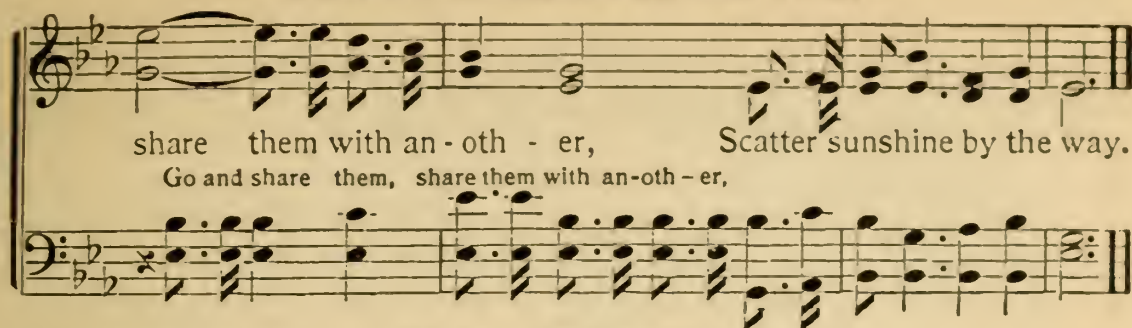
CHORUS.



Would you doub - le all the bless-ings, As they come from day to day? Go and
Would you doub-le, double all the blessings, As they come from day to day?



Scatter Sunshine by the Way.



share them with an-oth - er, Scatter sunshine by the way.
Go and share them, share them with an-oth - er,

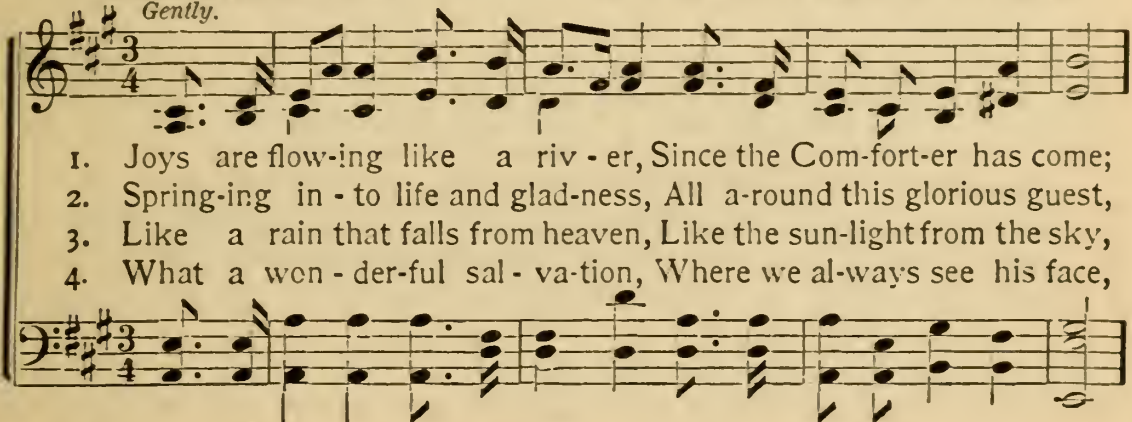
23

Holy Quietness.

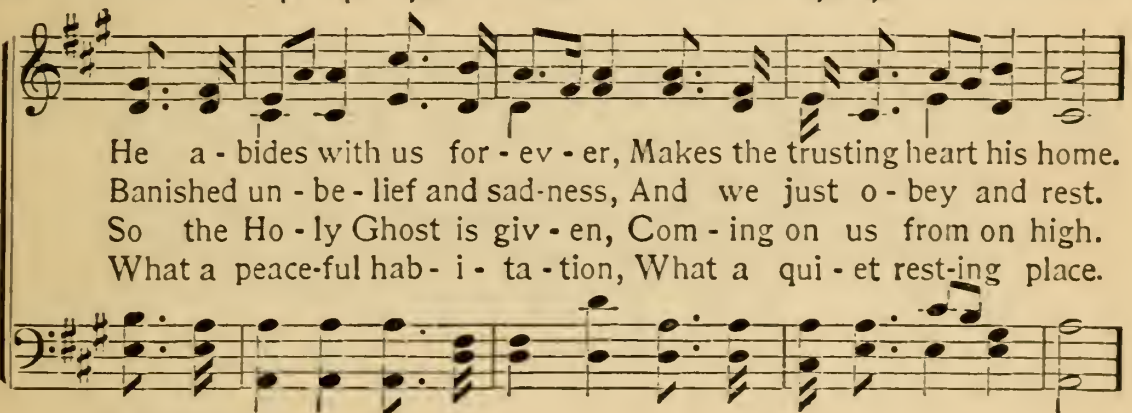
MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

W. S. MARSHALL. Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.

Gently.

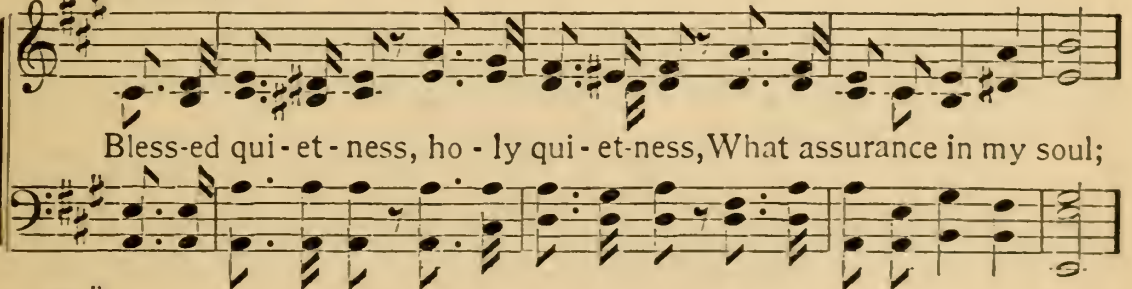


1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to life and glad-ness, All a-round this glorious guest,
3. Like a rain that falls from heaven, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. What a won - der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we al-ways see his face,

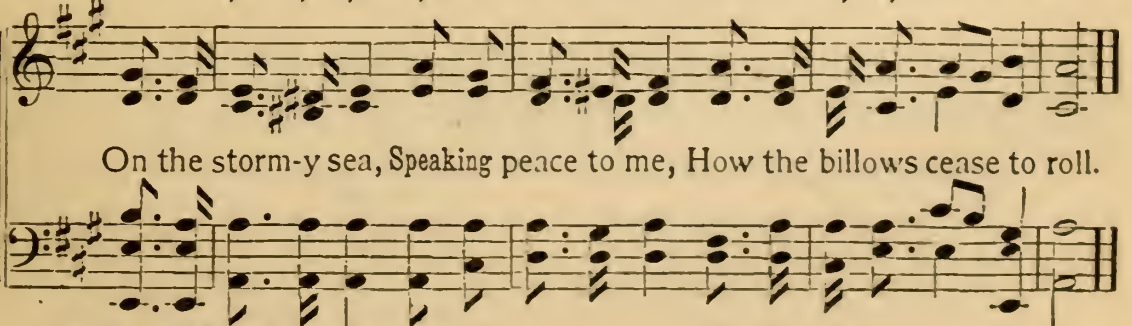


He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart his home.
Banished un - be - lief and sad-ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.



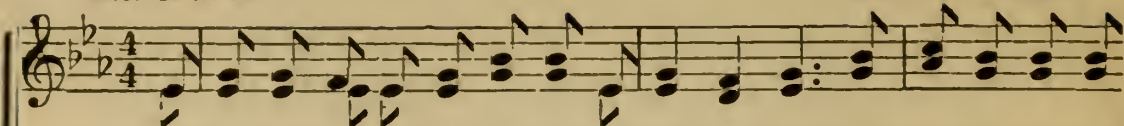
Bless-ed qui-et-ness, ho - ly qui-et-ness, What assurance in my soul;



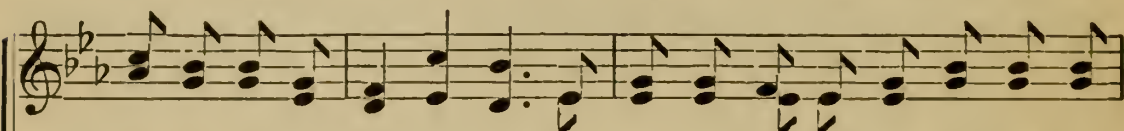
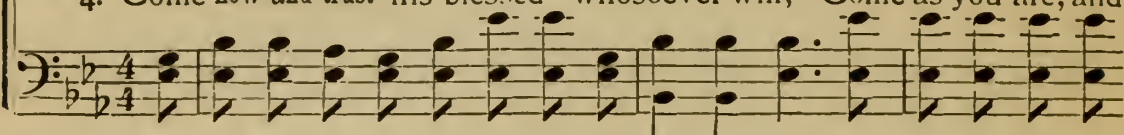
On the storm-y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.

Mrs. C. H. M.

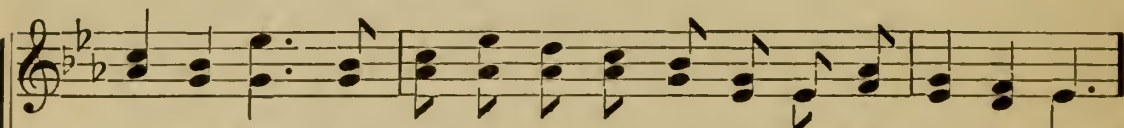
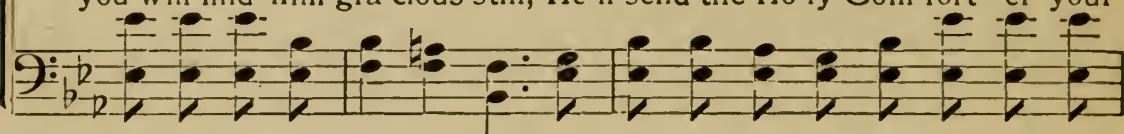
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



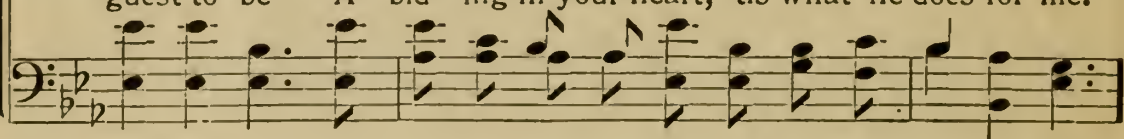
1. Come, burden'd one, to Jesus Christ with all your guilt; To save a world of
2. Still more of grace the loving Savior would bestow, There's sancti-fy-ing
3. If heavy is your burden, rough and steep the road, With no one near to
4. Come now and trust his blessed "whosoever will;" Come as you are, and



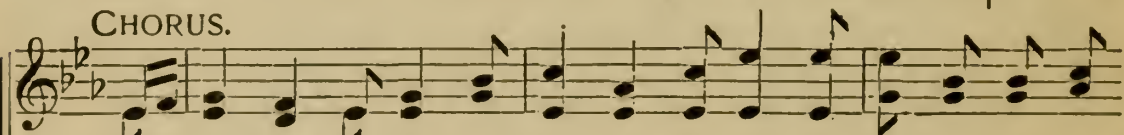
sin-ners lost his blood was spilt; Your guilt-y soul with sin may red like
pow'r in Calv'ry's crimson flow, From ev-'ry sin he'll cleanse your heart and
cheer your heart or share your load, Cast all your cares at Je-sus' feet, and
you will find him gra-cious still; He'll send the Ho-ly Com-fort - er your



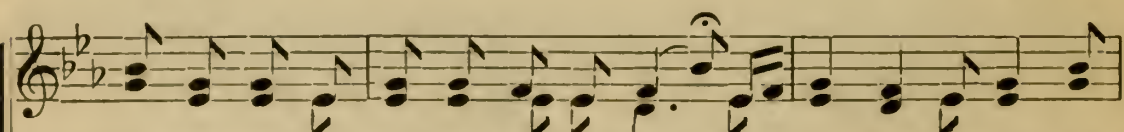
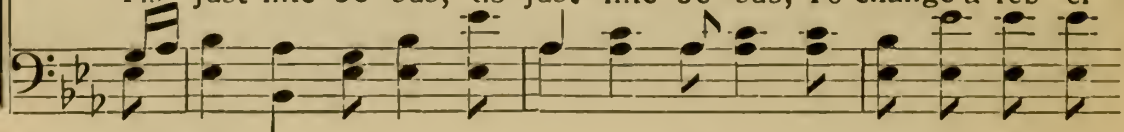
crim-son be, He'll make it white as wool, 'tis what he did for me.
set you free, For this, oh, praise his name! is what he did for me.
you will see He'll lift you and your bur-dens too; he does for me.
guest to be A - bid - ing in your heart, 'tis what he does for me.



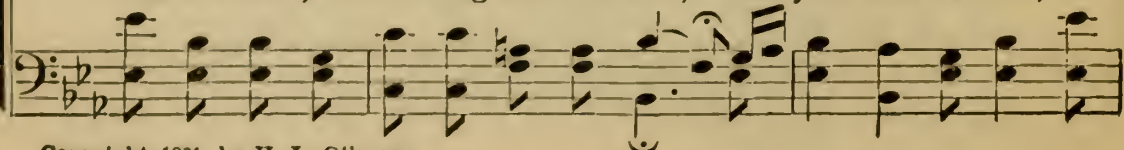
CHORUS.



'Tis just like Je-sus, 'tis just like Je-sus, To change a reb-el



sinner's heart, from bondage set him free; 'Tis just like Je-sus, 'tis



It is Just Like Jesus.

just like Je-sus, His full sal-va-tion to im-part, 'tis what he did for me.

25

Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed from sin;
 2. Day by day, hour by hour, Bless-ings are sent to me;
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day;
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin;

But to be free from dross, Still I would en-ter in.
 But for more of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be.
 What I ask he will give, So then with faith I pray.
 But to pray I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

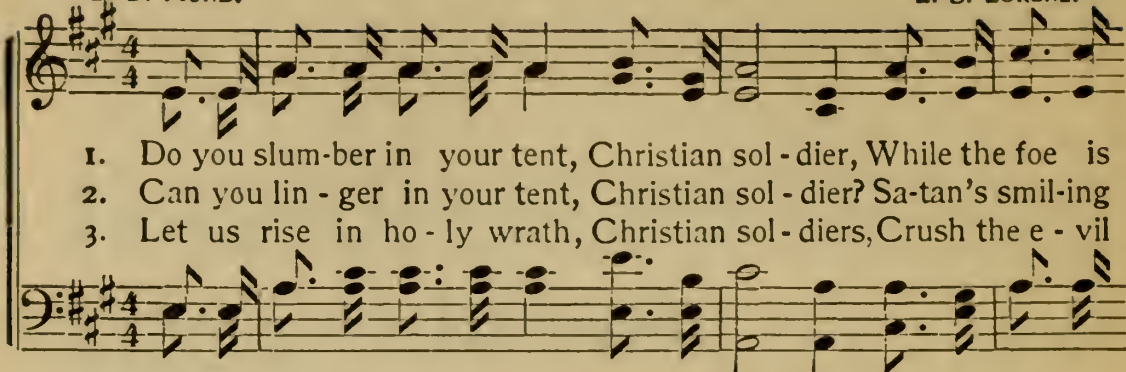
CHORUS.

Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, In-to the crim-son flood;

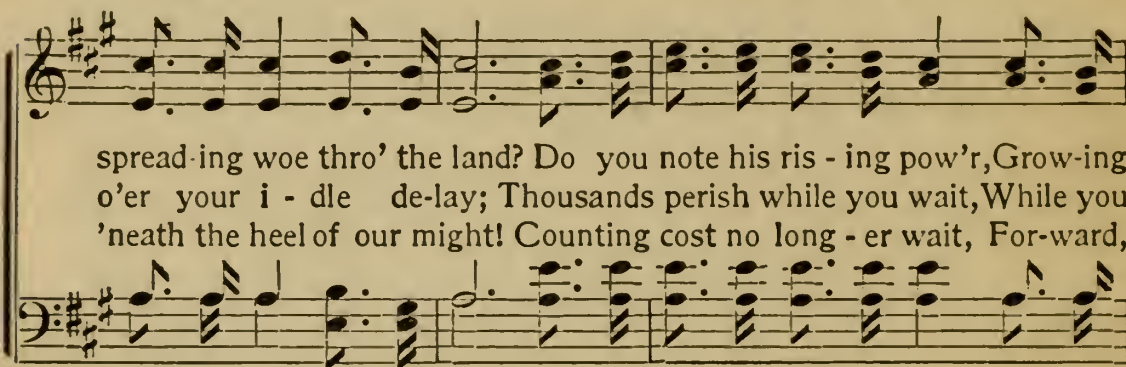
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

E. D. MUND.

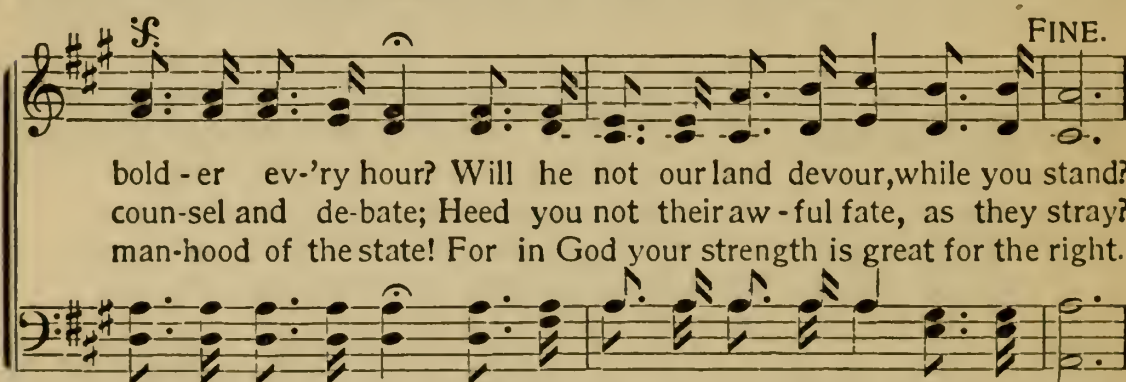
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Do you slum-ber in your tent, Christian sol-dier, While the foe is
 2. Can you lin-ger in your tent, Christian sol-dier? Sa-tan's smil-ing
 3. Let us rise in ho-ly wrath, Christian sol-diers, Crush the e-vil



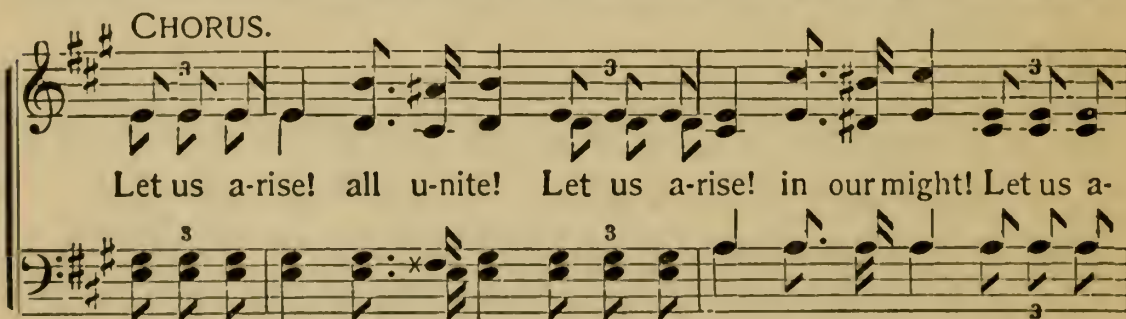
spread-ing woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris-ing pow'r, Grow-ing
 o'er your i-dle de-lay; Thousands perish while you wait, While you
 'neath the heel of our might! Counting cost no long-er wait, For-ward,



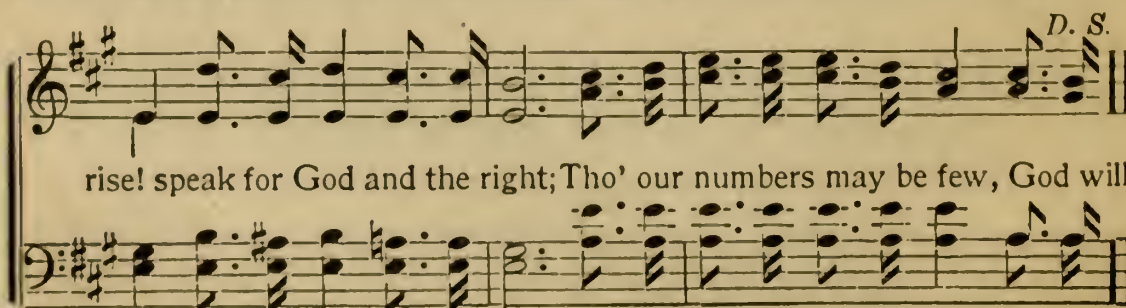
bold-er ev-'ry hour? Will he not our land devour, while you stand?
 coun-sel and de-bate; Heed you not their aw-ful fate, as they stray?
 man-hood of the state! For in God your strength is great for the right.

D.S.—lead us safely through, And our arms with strength endue by his might.

CHORUS.



Let us a-rise! all u-nite! Let us a-rise! in our might! Let us a-

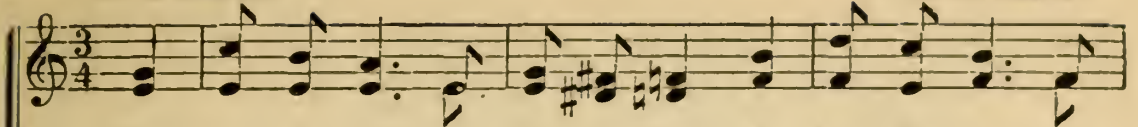


rise! speak for God and the right; Tho' our numbers may be few, God will

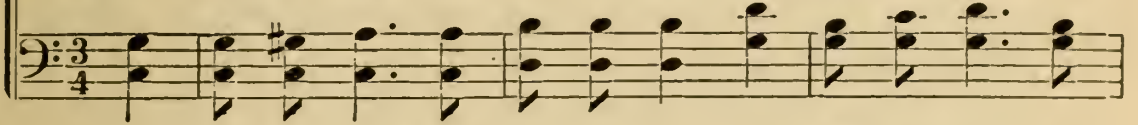
The Name of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN.

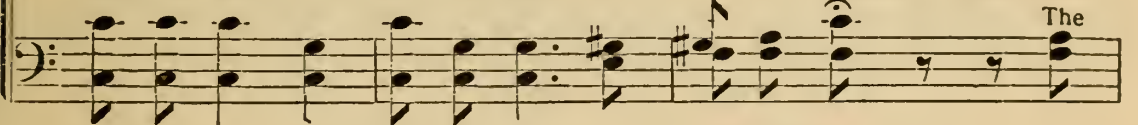
E. S. LORENZ.



1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love it's mu - sic
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I



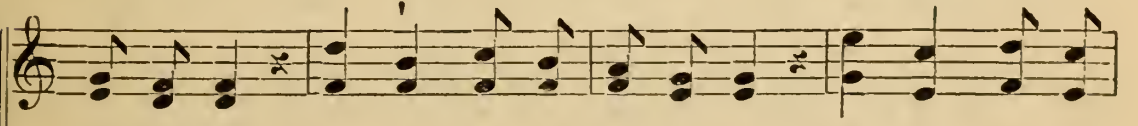
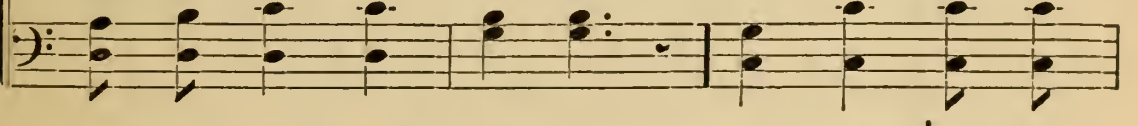
to re - peat; It makes my joys full and com - plete, The pre - cious
bears a part; Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part— I love the
heart to cheer, It's mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the
love so well, Oh, let it's prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the



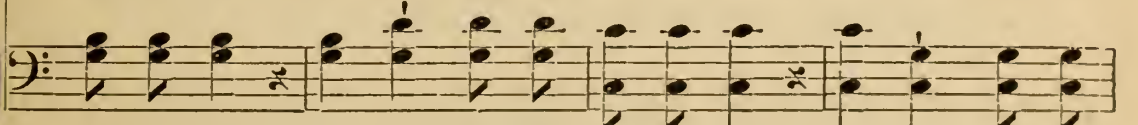
CHORUS.



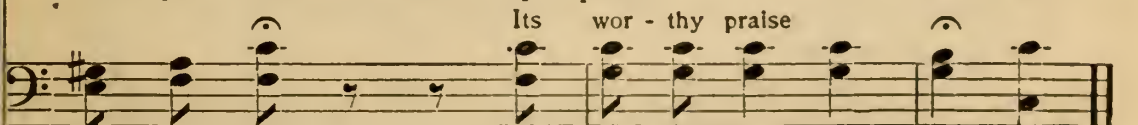
name, of Je - sus. "Je - sus," oh, how
pre - cious name



sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all



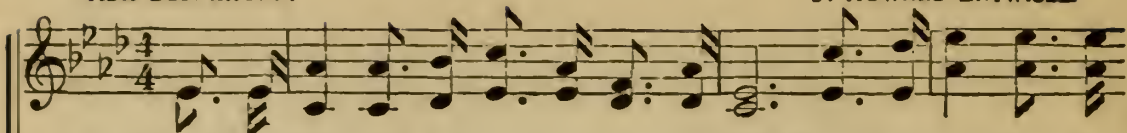
saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.



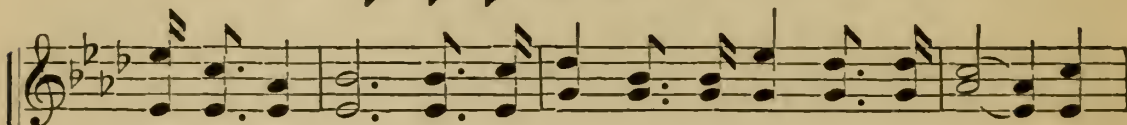
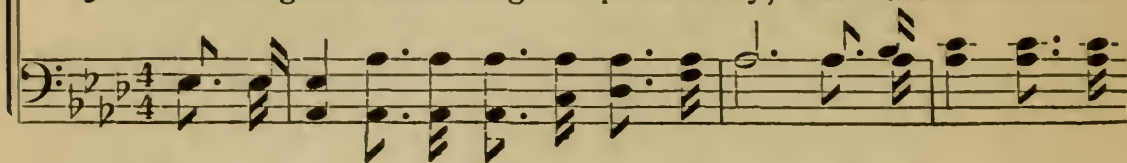
28 Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



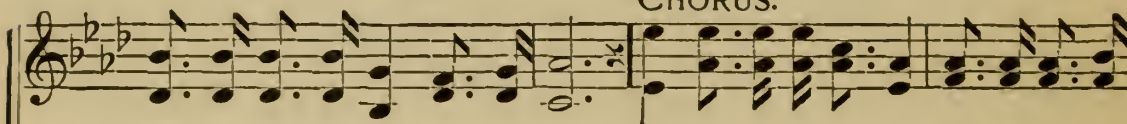
1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the moments be



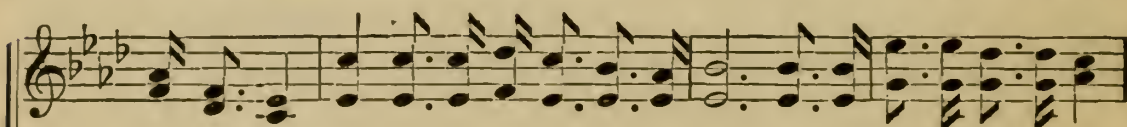
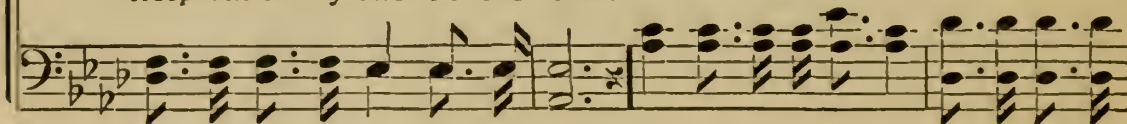
sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The
cherished so dear, Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav-ior al - way, Who



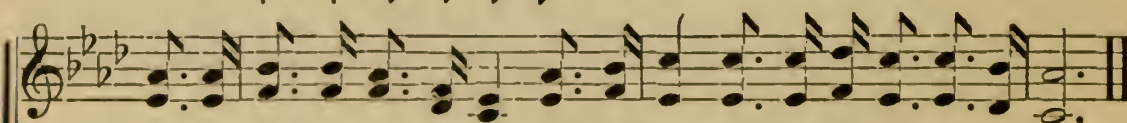
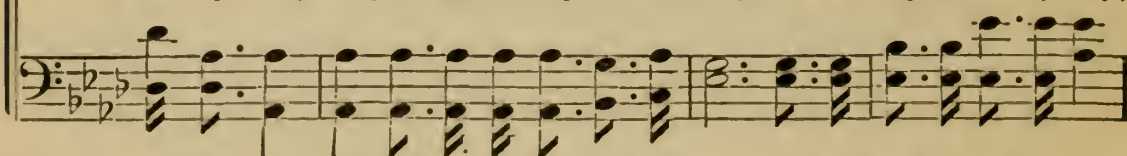
CHORUS.



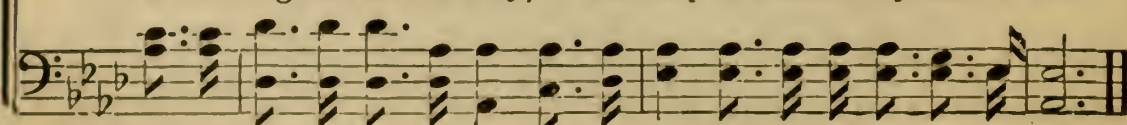
sun-ny side we al - so may view.
sun a-gain will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep-eth ev-'ry one in his care.



sunny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,



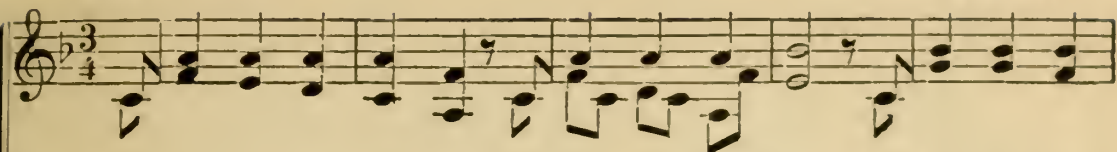
It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life:



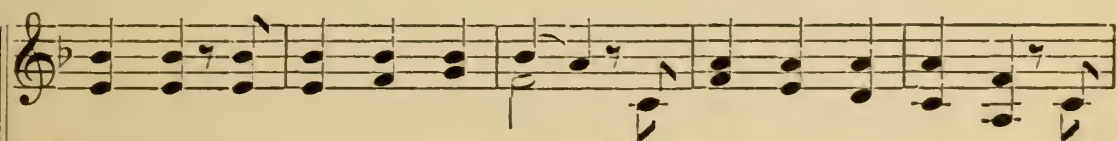
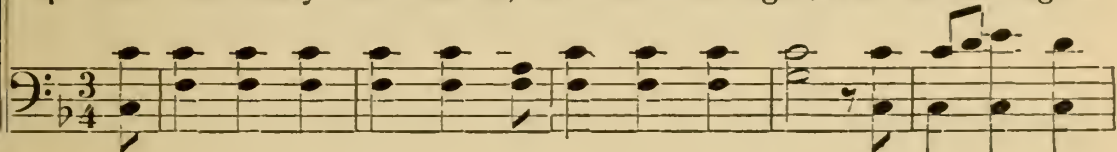
The Lord is Our Leader.

JOHN N. DARBY.

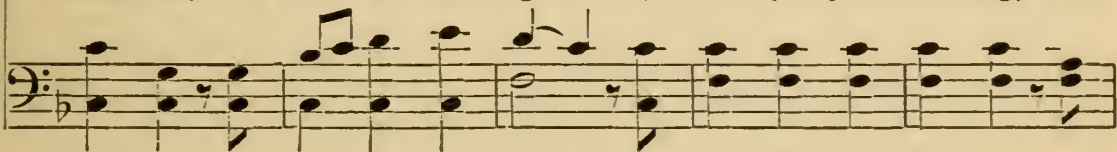
THOS. KOSCHAT.



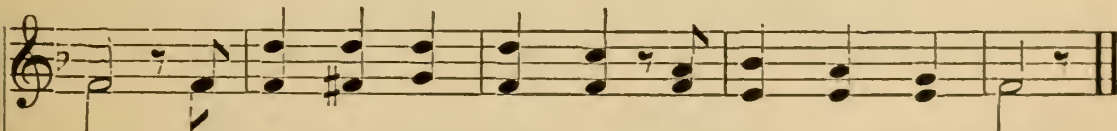
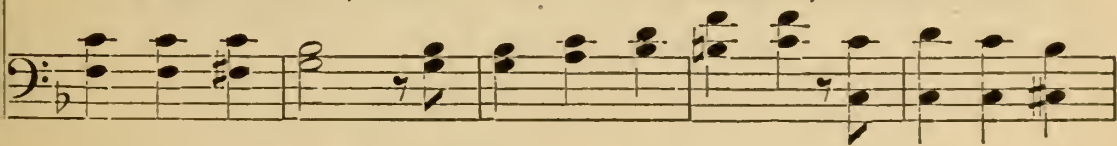
1. Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, he cheer-eth the faint; The weak and op-
3. And to his green pas-tures our foot-steps he leads: His flock in the
4. Tho' clouds may sur-round us, our God is our light; Tho' storms rage a-



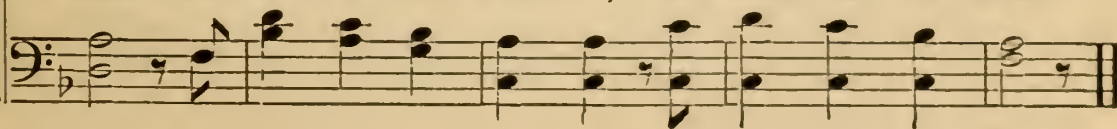
Lead - er, his word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring, and sor-row, and
 press'd, he will hear their complaint; The way may be wea - ry, and
 des - ert how kind - ly he feeds! The lambs in his bos - om he
 round us, our God is our might; So, faint yet pur - su - ing, still



tri - al be near, The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we
 thorny the road, But how can we fal - ter? our help is in
 ten - der - ly bears, And brings back the wand'ers all safe from the
 on-ward we come; The Lord is our Lead-er, and heav-en our



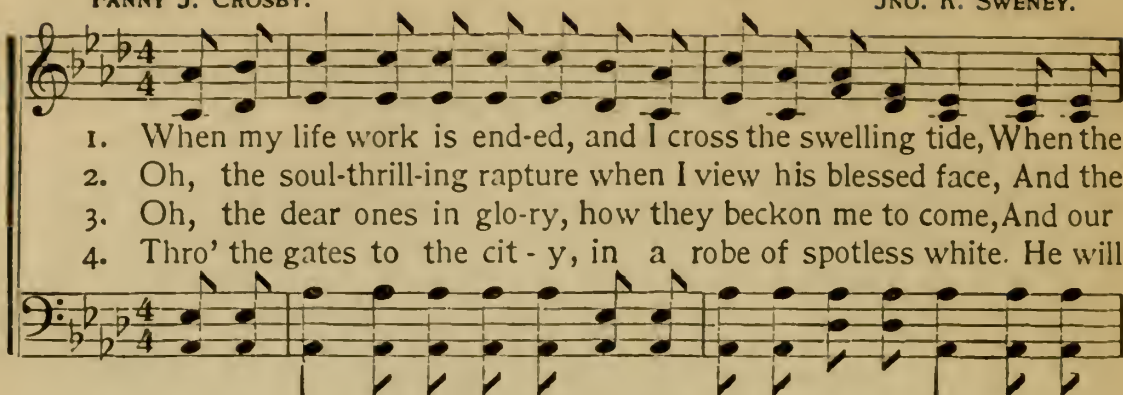
fear? The Lord is our Ref - uge, and whom can we fear?
 God! But how can we fal - ter?—our help is in God!
 snares, And brings back the wand'ers all safe from the snares.
 home! The Lord is our Lead - er, and heav - en our home!



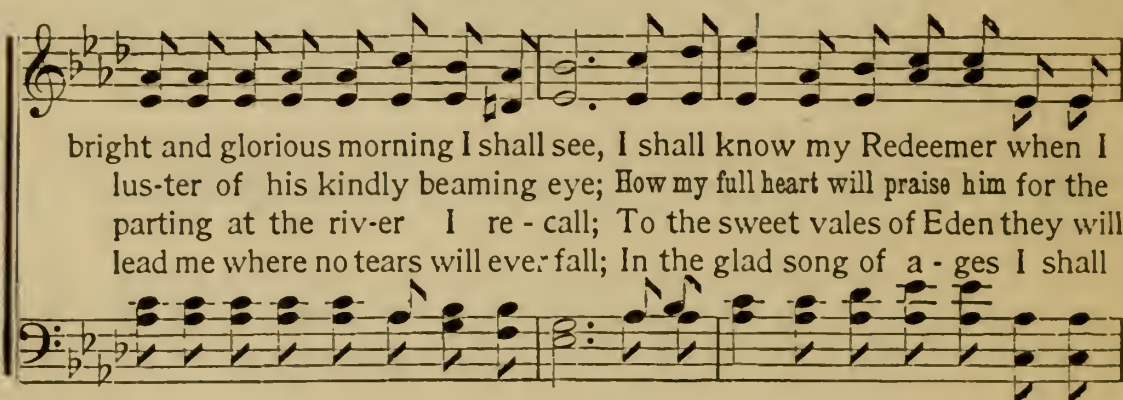
My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

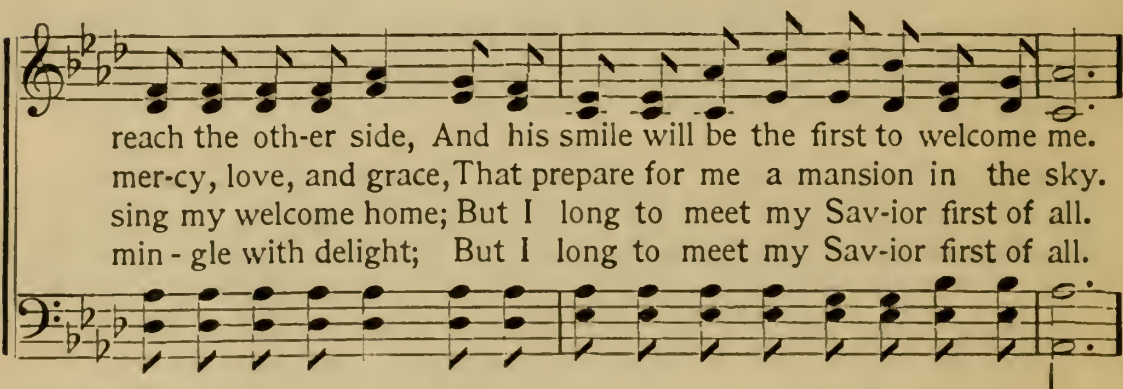
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white. He will

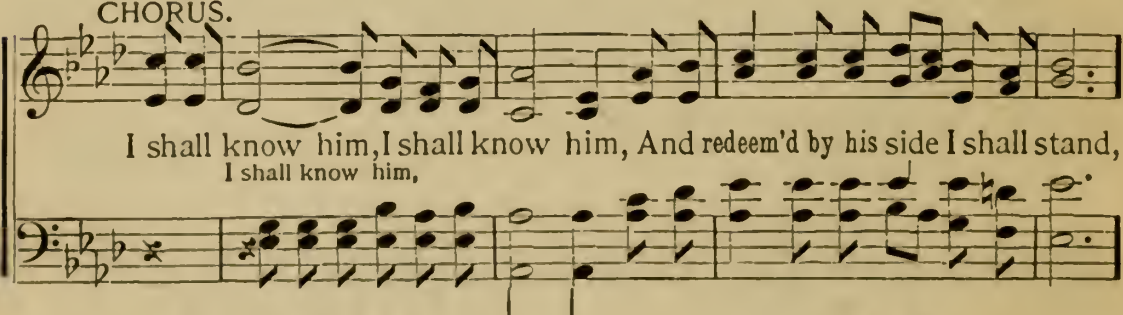


bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-ter of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
 parting at the riv-er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

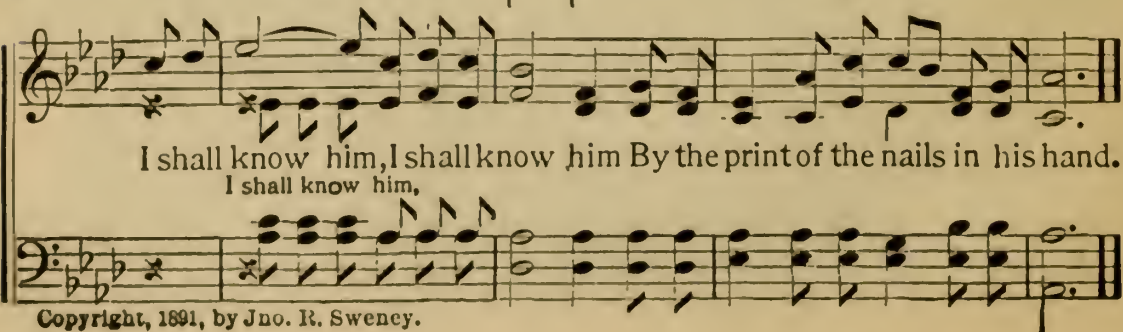


reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepare for me a mansion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min - gle with delight; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
 I shall know him,



I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
 I shall know him,

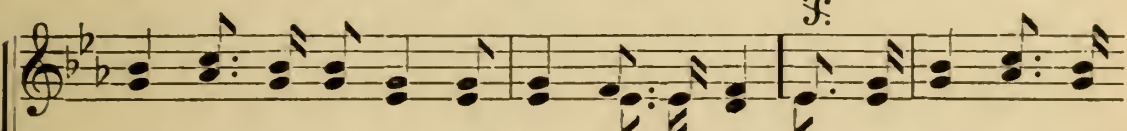
I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

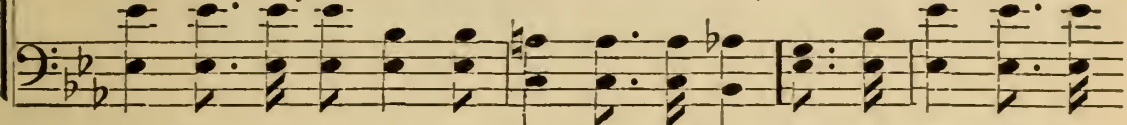
J. LINCOLN HALL.



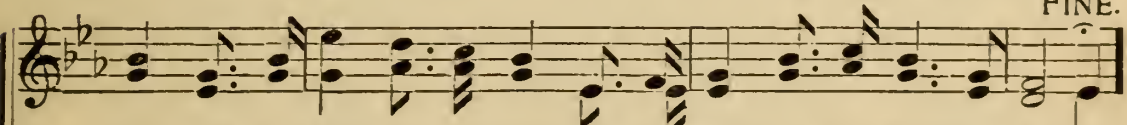
1. I was poor as the poor-est out-cast from the fold, I
2. I was poor as the poor-est, I shrank from the throng, I
3. I was poor as the poor-est, I wan-dered a-lone, No
4. I was poor as the poor-est, he came from the sky With
5. I was poor as the poor-est, till Je-sus stooped low And



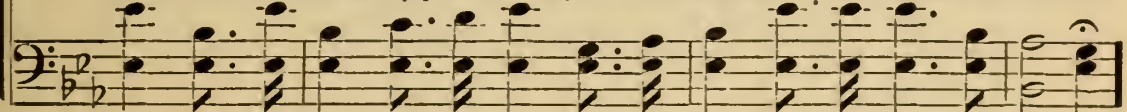
sank by the way-side with hun-ger and cold; But he bade me look
hid in the darkness that dwelt with me long; But he came like the
dwell-ing had I, and my pil-low a stone; But I heard some-one
love that was deathless, for sin-ners to die; And he bled on the
washed all my sins of the whiteness of snow; And so that is the



D. S. And a man-sion a-
FINE.

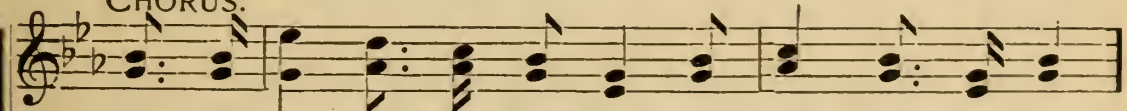


up, all his rich-es be-hold; O the wealth of the world is Je-sus.
morning with sunlight and song, Now the light of my life is Je-sus.
whisper, "My child, still my own;" Now the peace of my heart is Je-sus.
cross, and my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the love in my soul is Je-sus.
rea-son I love him, you know; O the wealth of the world is Je-sus.



bove that will nev-er grow old, For the wealth of the world is Je-sus.

CHORUS.



I was poor as the poor-est out-cast from the fold,



D. S.

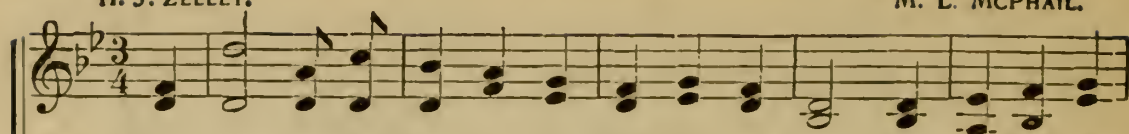


But he gave me great treas-ure of sil-ver and gold;

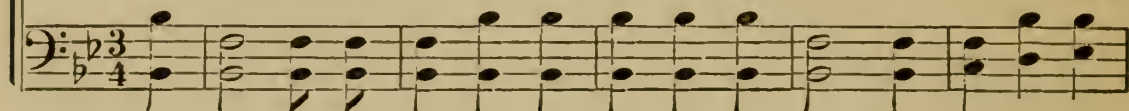
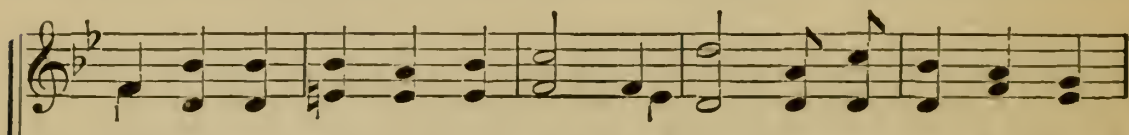


H. J. ZELLEY.

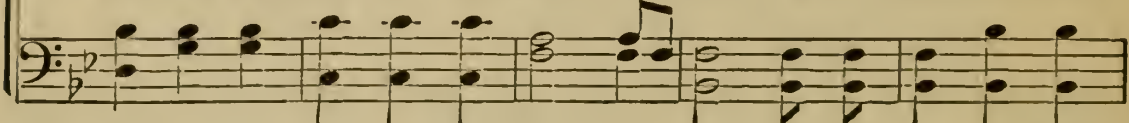
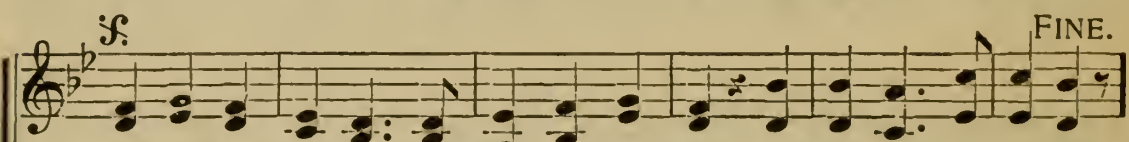
M. L. McPHAIL.



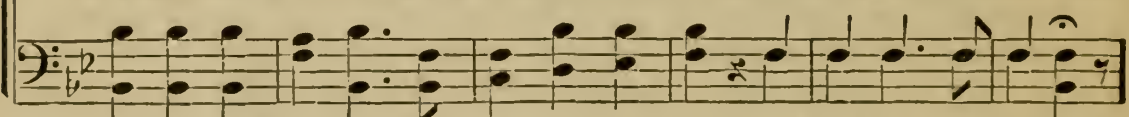
1. You're groaning to-day 'neath a bur-den of care, 'Tis more than your
 2. Your way may be clouded, your fu-ture con-cealed, And scarce-ly the
 3. Don't take anxious tho't for your rai-ment and food, Your Fa-ther will

sad, fainting spir - it can bear, Don't seek from the fu - ture new
 pres-ent is clear - ly re - veal'd; 'Twill strengthen in weakness and
 give you what-ev - er is good; No lines of de - spair on his

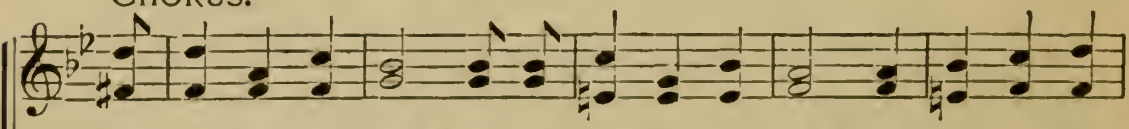



troub-le to bor-row, But leave in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.
 com-fort in sor-row To leave in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.
 brow will e'er fur-row Who leaves in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.

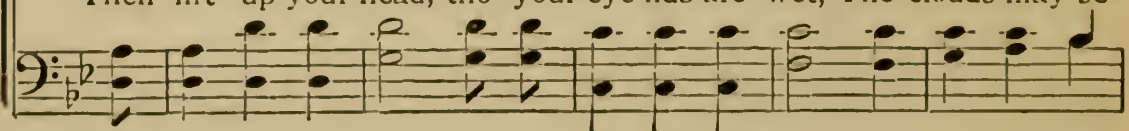
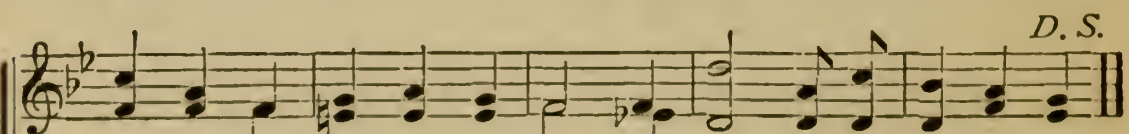


D. S. -ban-ish your sorrow, And leave in his hands the keys of to-mor-row.

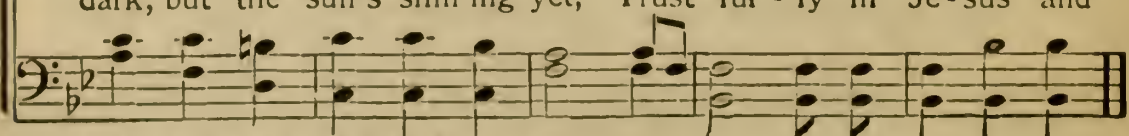
CHORUS.



Then lift up your head, tho' your eye-lids are wet; The clouds may be

dark, but the sun's shin-ing yet; Trust ful - ly in Je-sus and



One More Day's Work For Jesus

ANNA WARNER.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
 4. One more day's work for Je - sus— Oh, yes, a wea - ry
 5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus'

me! But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes -
 King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak his beau - ty, My soul
 been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's
 day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes near - er, At each
 foot! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treas - ure, And pain

ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
 mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
 flock en - ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine.
 step of the way; And Christ in all— Be - fore his face I fall.
 for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,

One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O let us re-joice in the work of the Lord, The serv-ice of
 2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow Will car-ry the
 3. The darkness may lin-ger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be
 4. The moon as the glit-ter-ing sun-light will shine, The sun sev-en-

Jesus brings blessed reward; The shadows shall flee from love's conquering day,
 joy to the valleys below; The King presseth onward, his wheels will not stay;
 Victor, right triumph o'er wrong; We'll tell the glad story, his bidding o-bey,
 fold in his glory divine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing ray,

CHORUS.

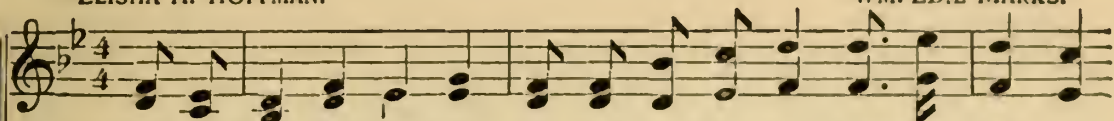
The light of the gos-pel is win-ning its way. Winning its way,

winning its way, Glo-ri-ous dawn of a bet-ter day; Winning its

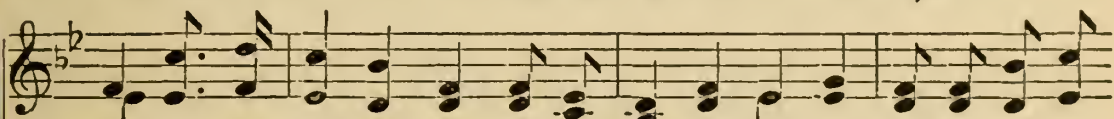
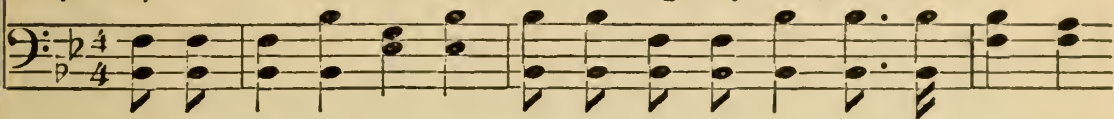
way, winning its way, The light of the gospel is winning its way.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



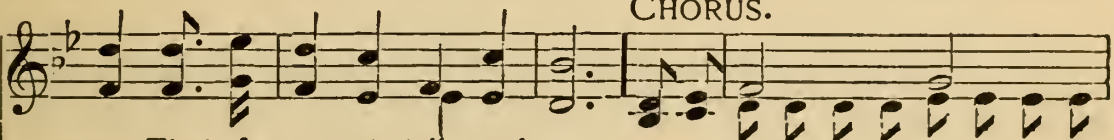
1. God's a - bid-ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it
2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per - fect rest, In my rapt-ured
3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail - ing joy, Oh, I have it
4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort - ing my soul, For his love is



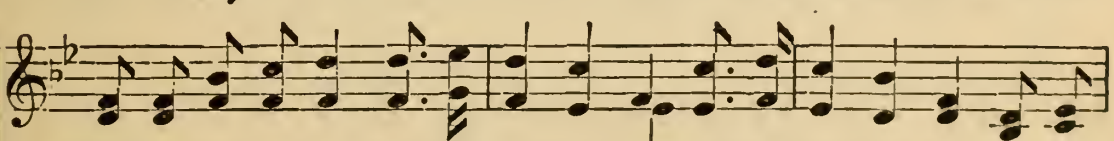
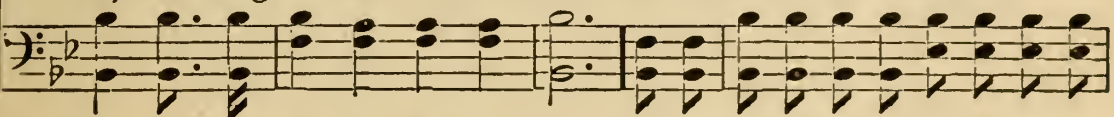
now, yes, I feel it now; He has ta - ken all my doubts and fears a -
heart I can feel it now; He each passing moment keeps me sav' - ed and
now! oh, I have it now! To his praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em -
mine, yes, his love is mine! Waves of joy and gladness o'er my spir - it



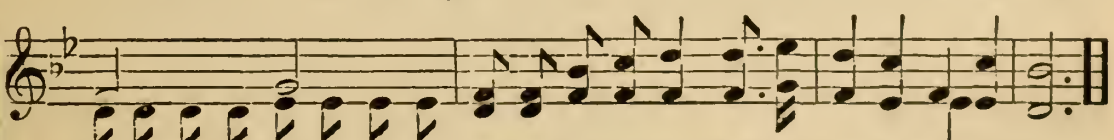
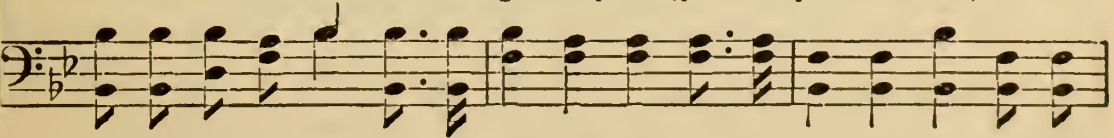
CHORUS.



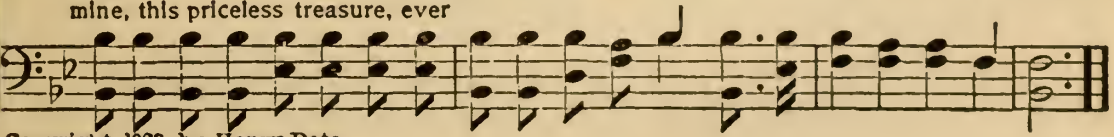
way, Tho' I can - not tell you how.
blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. It is mine, mine,
ploy, And re - new my grate - ful vow.
roll, Thrill - ing me with life di - vine. It is mine, this priceless treasure, ev - er



bless - ed be his name! He has giv - en peace, per - fect peace to me; It is

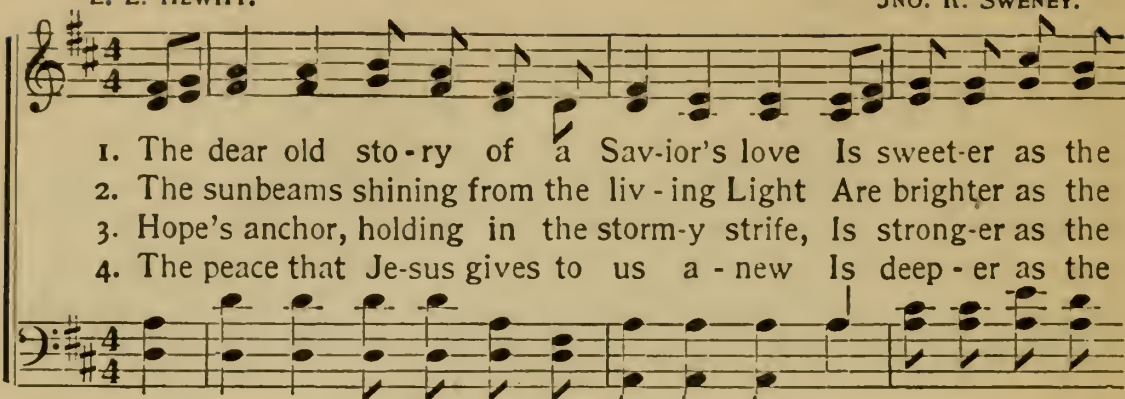


mine, mine, blessed be his name! Mine for all e - ter - ni - ty.
mine, this priceless treasure, ever

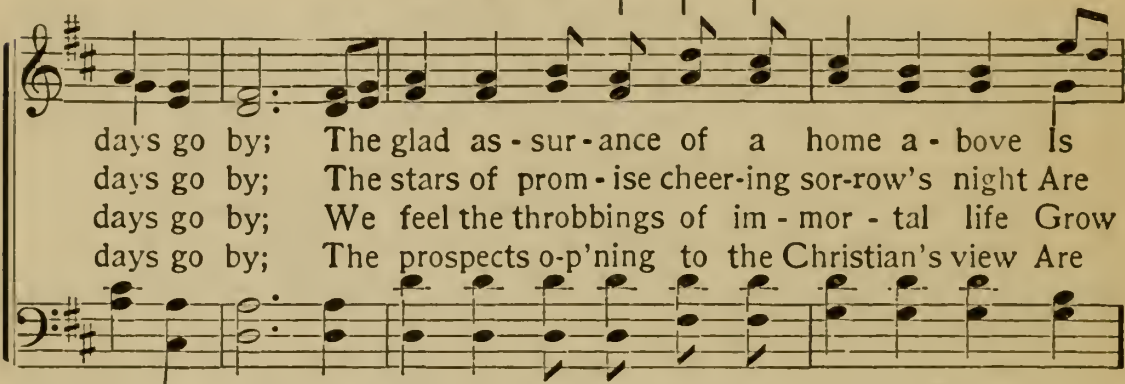


E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

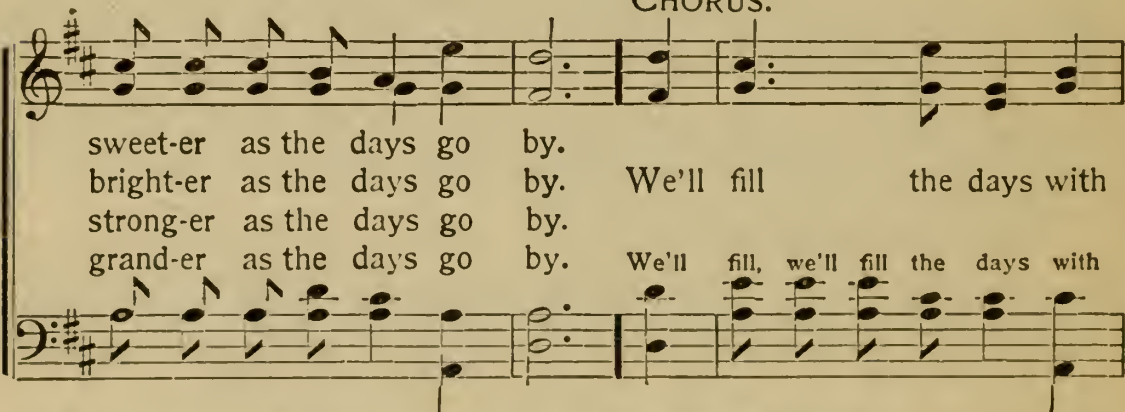


1. The dear old sto-ry of a Sav-ior's love Is sweet-er as the
 2. The sunbeams shining from the liv-ing Light Are bright-er as the
 3. Hope's anchor, holding in the storm-y strife, Is strong-er as the
 4. The peace that Je-sus gives to us a - new Is deep - er as the

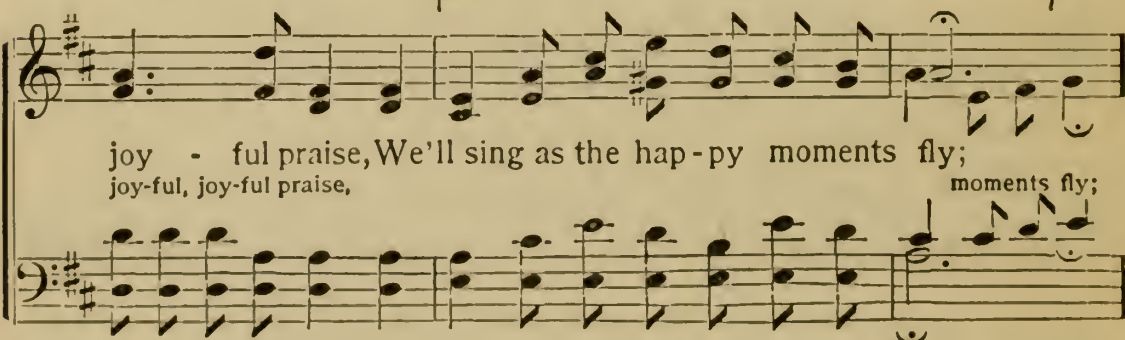


days go by; The glad as-sur-ance of a home a - bove Is
 days go by; The stars of prom-ise cheer-ing sor-row's night Are
 days go by; We feel the throbbings of im - mor - tal life Grow
 days go by; The prospects o-p'ning to the Christian's view Are

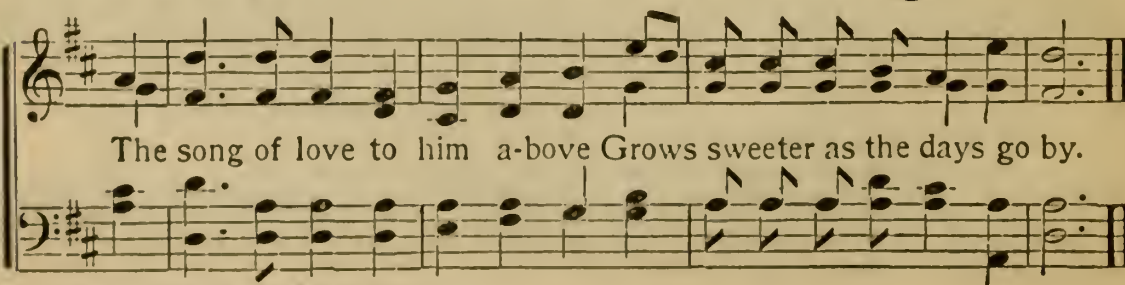
CHORUS.



sweet-er as the days go by.
 bright-er as the days go by. We'll fill the days with
 strong-er as the days go by.
 grand-er as the days go by. We'll fill, we'll fill the days with



joy - ful praise, We'll sing as the hap-py moments fly;
 joy-ful, joy-ful praise, moments fly;



The song of love to him a-bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
 2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
 3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To

mes-sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
 mes-sage, oh! my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove,
 ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to him,
 Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,

D. S. 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus who a - lone can save.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed, and he saved my soul.

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS. *D. S.*

"Look and live," my broth-er, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
 "Look and live," my broth-er, live, "look and live,"

P. P. BLISS.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And his wondrous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And his heav'nly love to me;

On the cru - el cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In his boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
 How the vic - to - ry he giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath bro't me Son, of God, with him to be.

CHORUS.
 Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With his
 Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er,

blood he pur-chased me; On the
 he pur-chased me, With his blood he pur-chased me,

cross he sealed my par - don, Paid the
 he sealed my par - don, On the cross he sealed my par - don,

My Redeemer.

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt and made me free, and made me free. and made me free.

39

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD.

WM. F. BBADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la-tion share,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight:

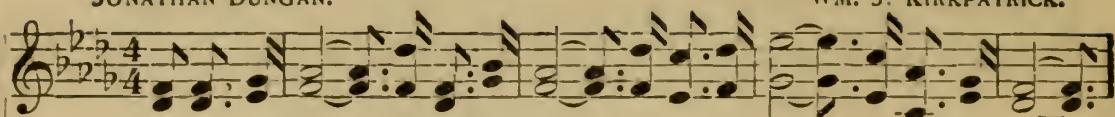
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word and trust his grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

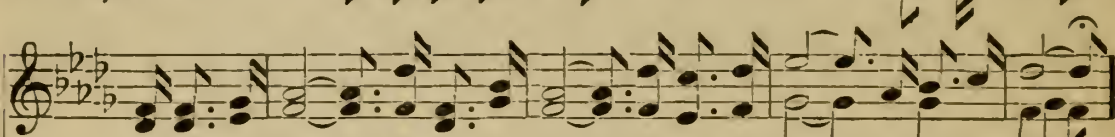
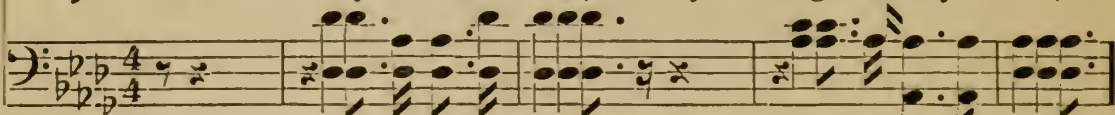
Marching On to Victory.

JONATHAN DUNGAN.

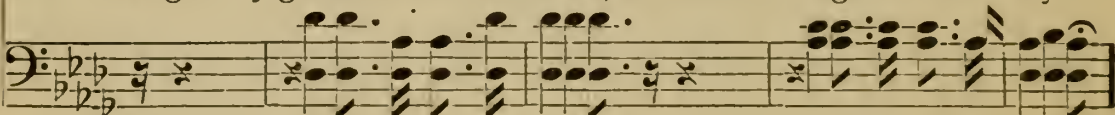
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



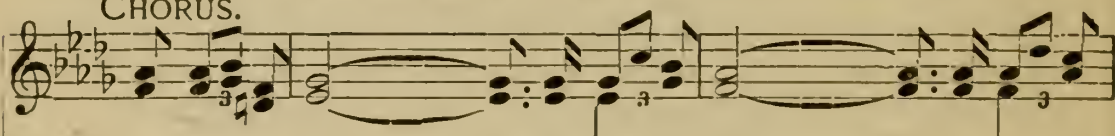
1. In joy-ful bands we're marching on, True, faithful soldiers let us be;
2. Thy kingdom come, O Lord, we pray, The world from Satan's bondage free;
3. The gospel banner soon shall wave O'er ev-'ry land, on ev-'ry sea;
4. Come, let us join the glad refrain, That glorious day the world shall see;
5. And when the day at last is won, We'll join the gen-er-al ju-bi-lee;



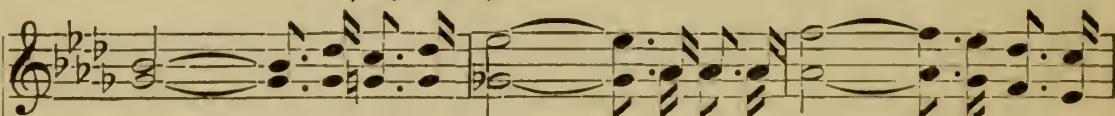
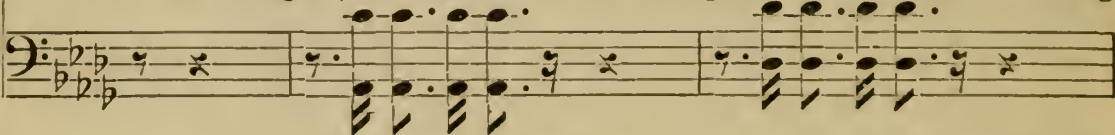
A bet-ter day be-gins to dawn; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
 May truth and right soon win the day; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
 So onward press, ye true and brave; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
 Ho-san-na! swell the joyful strain; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!
 All glo-ry give to God's dear Son; We're marching on to vic-to-ry!



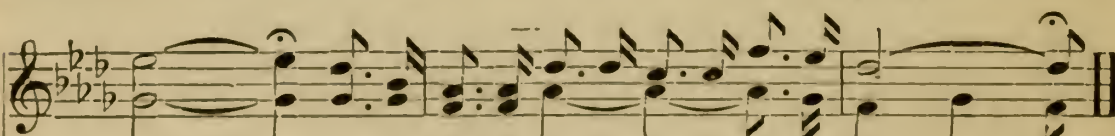
CHORUS.



We're marching on, . . . we're marching on, . . . We're marching



on . . . to vic-to-ry; . . . A bet-ter day . . . be-gins to
 We're marching on to vic-to-ry, to vic-to-ry; A better day



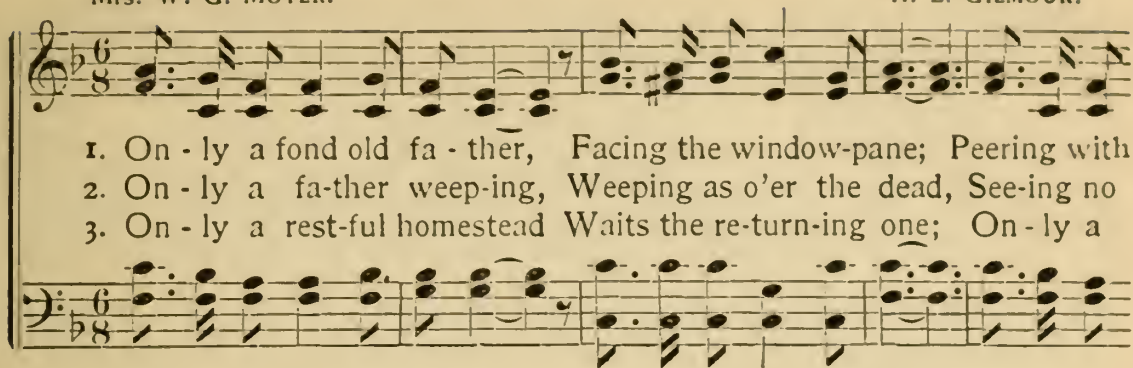
dawn; We are marching, marching on to vic-to-ry! . . .
 begins to dawn; We are marching on . . . to vic-to-ry!
 to vic-to-ry!



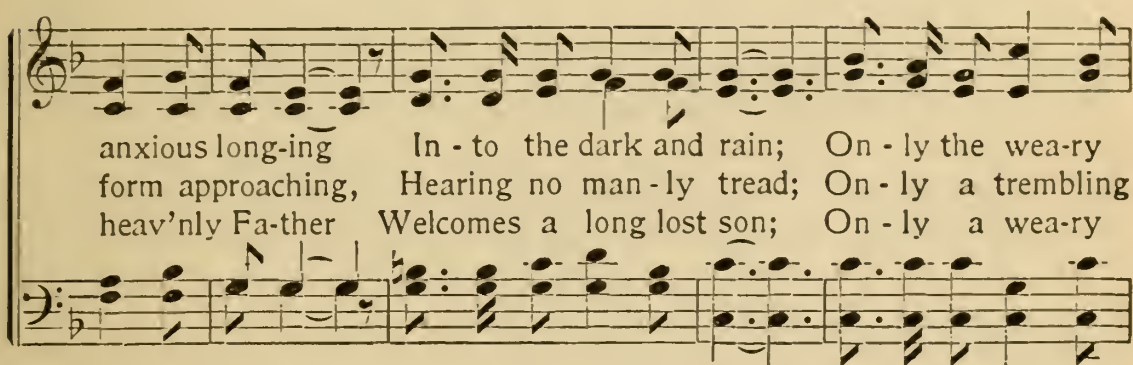
The Latch of Father's Door.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

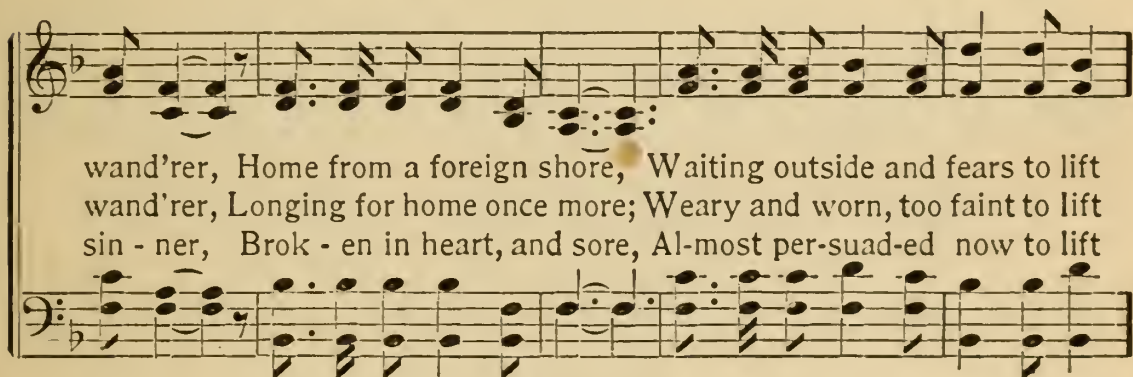
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. On - ly a fond old fa - ther, Facing the window-pane; Peering with
 2. On - ly a fa - ther weep - ing, Weeping as o'er the dead, See - ing no
 3. On - ly a rest - ful homestead Waits the re - turn - ing one; On - ly a

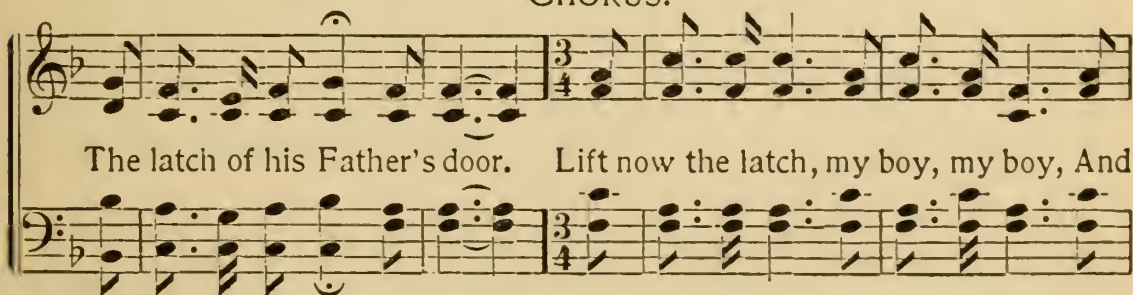


anxious long - ing In - to the dark and rain; On - ly the wea - ry
 form approaching, Hearing no man - ly tread; On - ly a trembling
 heav'nly Fa - ther Welcomes a long lost son; On - ly a wea - ry

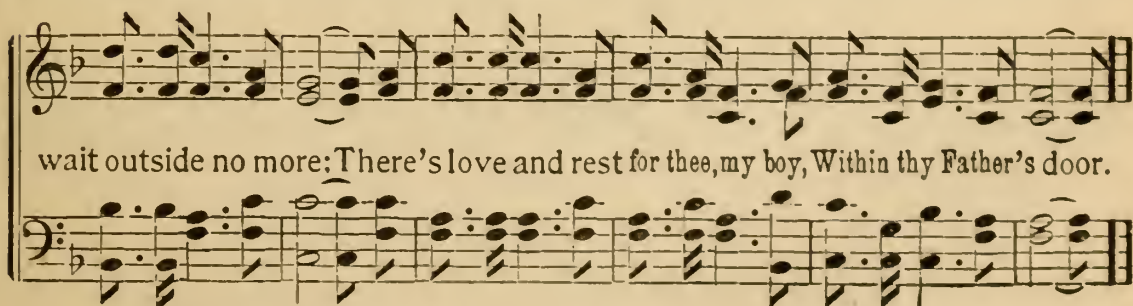


wand'rer, Home from a foreign shore, Waiting outside and fears to lift
 wand'rer, Longing for home once more; Weary and worn, too faint to lift
 sin - ner, Brok - en in heart, and sore, Al - most per - suad - ed now to lift

CHORUS.



The latch of his Father's door. Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy, And

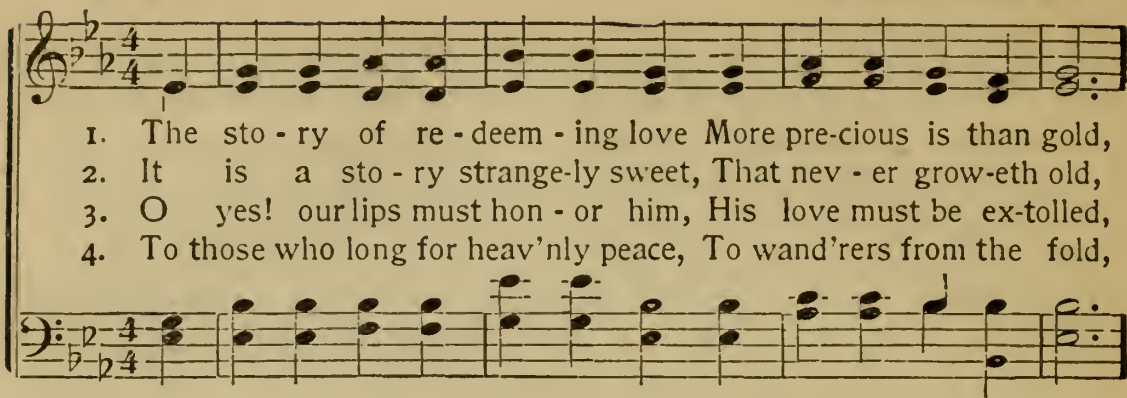


wait outside no more; There's love and rest for thee, my boy, Within thy Father's door.

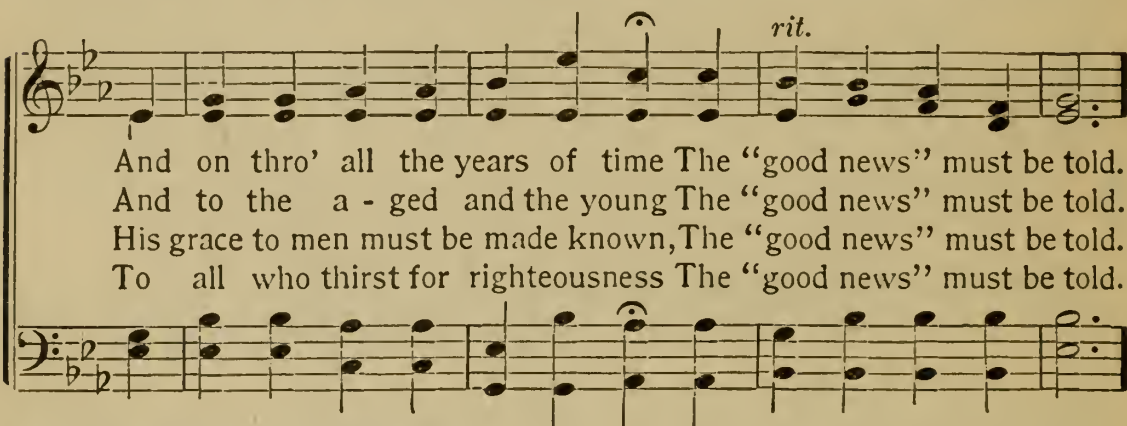
42 The "Good News" Must be Told.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

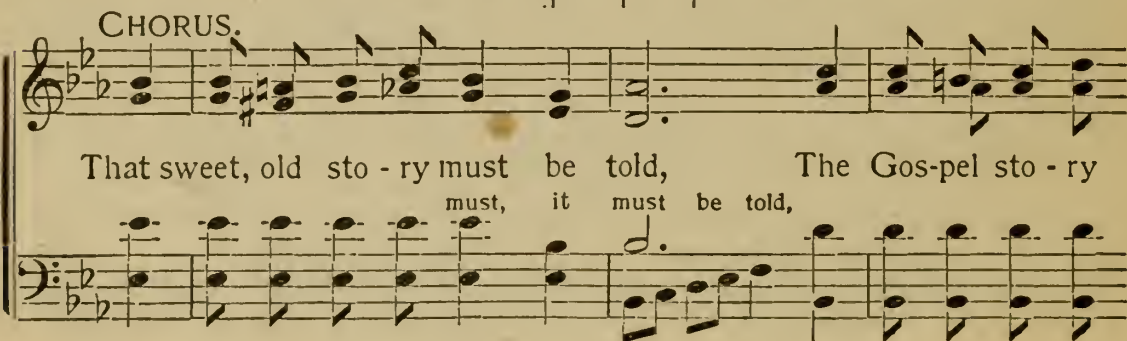


1. The sto - ry of re - deem - ing love More pre - cious is than gold,
 2. It is a sto - ry strange - ly sweet, That nev - er grow - eth old,
 3. O yes! our lips must hon - or him, His love must be ex - tolled,
 4. To those who long for heav'nly peace, To wand'ers from the fold,

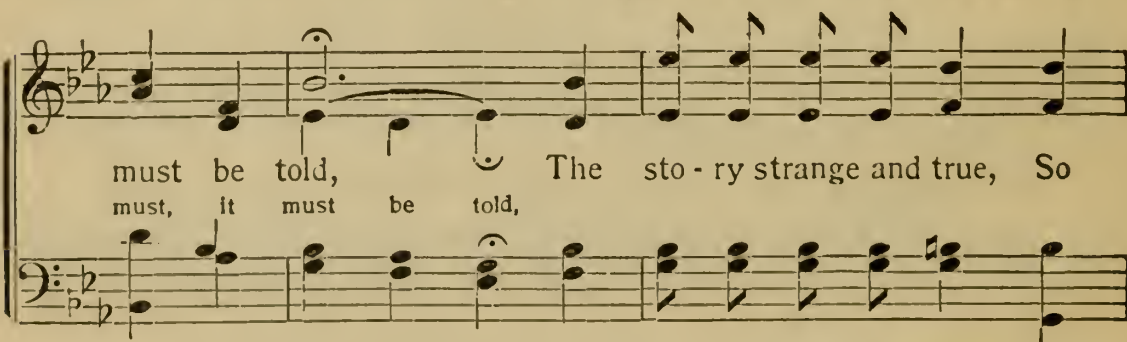


And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
 And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
 His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
 To all who thirst for righteousness The "good news" must be told.

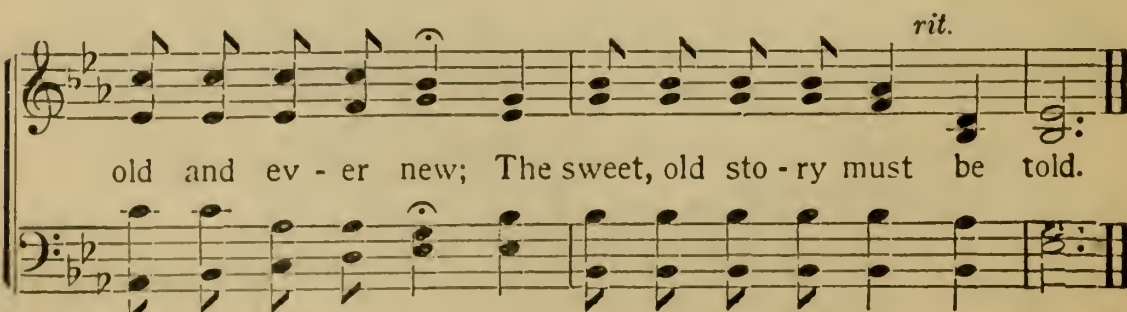
CHORUS.



That sweet, old sto - ry must be told, The Gos - pel sto - ry
 must, it must be told,



must be told, The sto - ry strange and true, So
 must, it must be told,



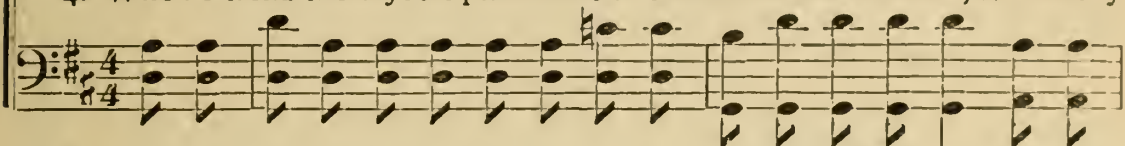
old and ev - er new; The sweet, old sto - ry must be told.

W. C. AGAR.

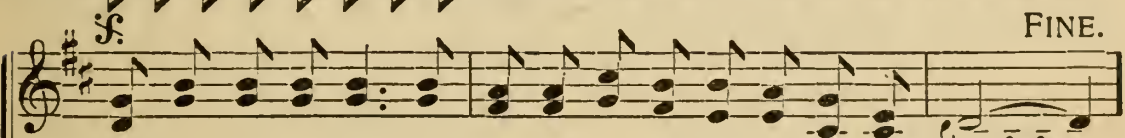
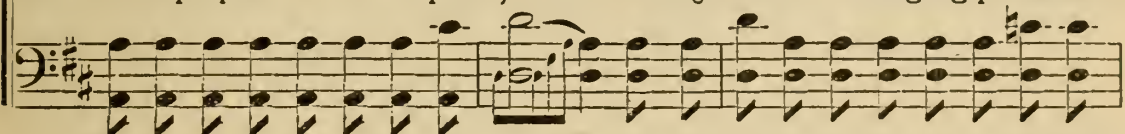
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



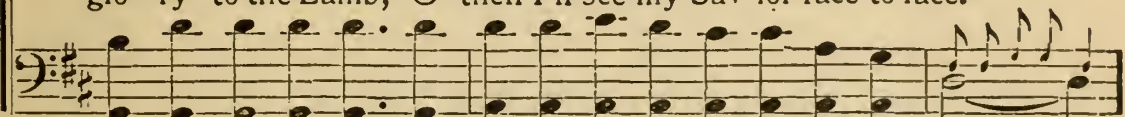
1. I am glad I found the Savior, for he makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know he ev-er loves me, dai-ly guides my err-ing feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slowly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crystal pavement of the new Je - ru-sa-lem, Where my



feel within my soul his saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus, hear his
resting in his tender, fond embrace; But I want to know him better, and my
near the ending of life's weary race; In my heart will be this longing none but
Savior has prepared for me a place, Where the angel choirs are singing praise and



lov-ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.
dear Redeem-er meet, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.
Christ can sat - is - fy, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.
glo - ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Sav-ior face to face.

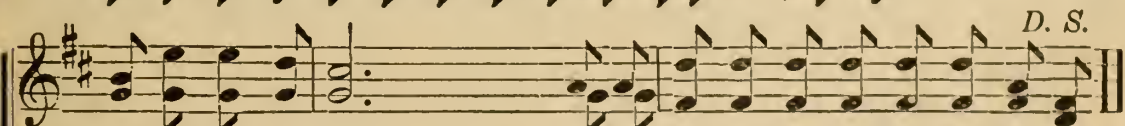
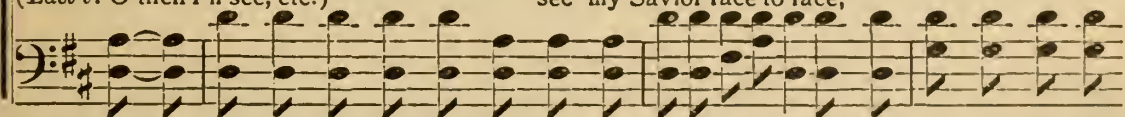


D.S.—ev-er-last-ing throne, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.

CHORUS.

*Last v.—O then I'll**see my Savior face to face.*

O I want to see my Savior face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re-
(*Last v.—O then I'll see, etc.*) see my Savior face to face,



deemed me by his grace; In his kingdom, crown'd with glory, on his
and redeemed me by his grace;



GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
 2. Let me sing of all his mer - cies, of his kind - ness true, He is
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am his; Sweet - er than the an - gels' mu - sic is his
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the ev'ning, comes a
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when, oh, so ten - der - ly he

D. S.—Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is his
 FINE.

voice to me, He is mine, I am his; Where the lil - ies fair are
 bless - ing new, He is mine, I am his; With the deep'ning shadows
 whis - per - eth, He is mine, I am his; For the sun - shine of his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.

blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
 comes a whisper, "Safely rest. Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
 pres - ence doth il - l - lume the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
 thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, Keeper, Friend, and Guest;
 mountain height, Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloud-less light;

He is Mine, I am His.

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the Val-ley,
 He is mine, Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val-ley,

He is mine, Lil - y of the Val-ley, I am his;
 Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine, Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val-ley,

45

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir-it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need thee, great-ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou are sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D. S. - Fill me with thy hallow'd presence; Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

When the Burden Bearer Came.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. On a des - ert wild and lone - ly, Where no hope I dared to claim,
 2. On a des - ert wild and lone - ly, How he gen - tly said to me,
 3. Praise to him whose grace redeemed me From the death that nev - er dies;

I was troubled, sad and lone - ly, When the Bur - den Bear - er came.
 "I have purchased thy sal - va - tion, I have borne the cross for thee."
 I shall tell the bless - ed sto - ry, When I meet him in the skies.

CHORUS.

Christ the Bur - - - den Bear - er came, Hal - le -
 Christ the Bur - den Bear - er, Christ the Bur - den Bear - er came,

lu - - jah to his name! All my sins he rolled a - way,
 Hal - le - lu - jah ev - er to his pre - cious name!

Now re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day, I am trusting in the Savior's precious love.

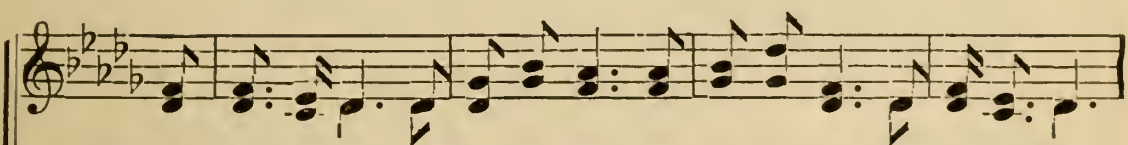
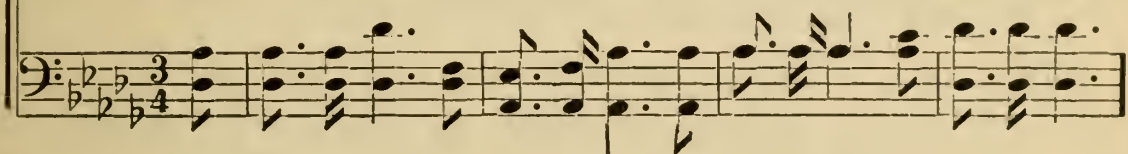
My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. I nev - er can for-get the day I heard my moth-er kind-ly say,
2. I nev-er can for-get the voice That always made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love-I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for-get the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing pow'r,

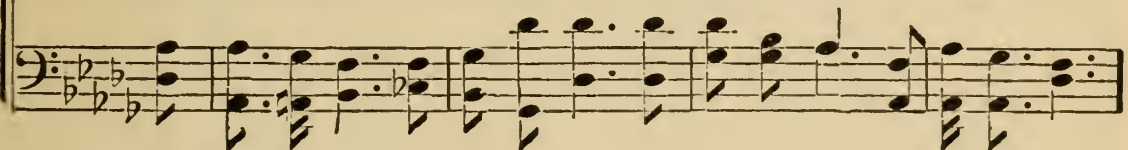


"You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."

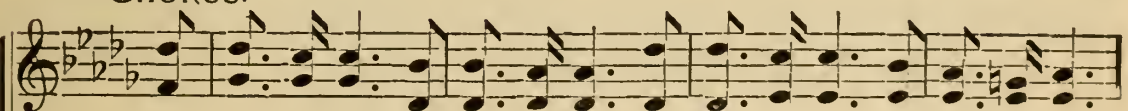
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's pray'r.

I see her by the old arm chair, My moth-er dear, in hum-ble pray'r.

My sin and guilt he cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.

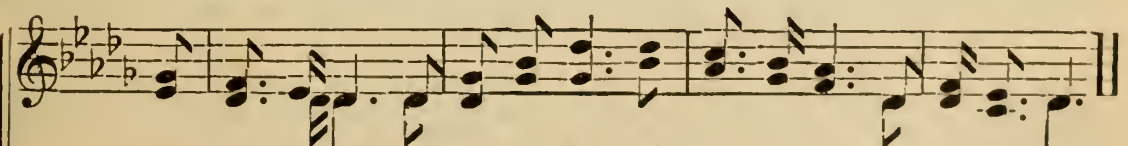
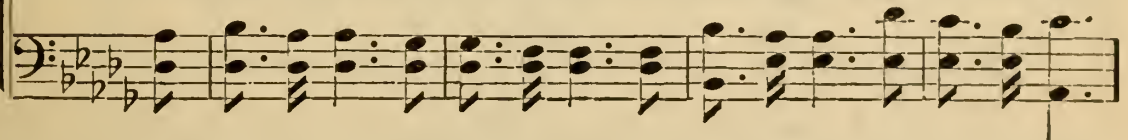


CHORUS.



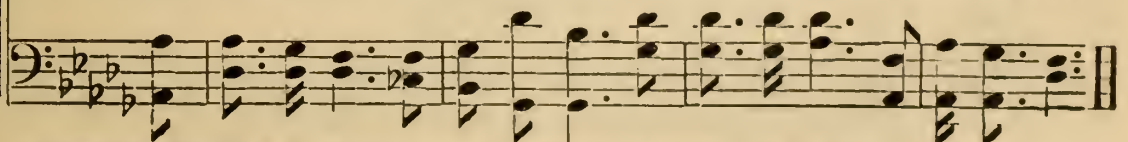
1,2,&3. When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir-it near;

4. Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face,



A voice comes float-ing on the air, Re-mind-ing me of mother's pray'r.

The home a-bove to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.



I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I love to share a sor - row, I love to dry a tear, I
 2. I love to lift the fall - en, And comfort those dis-tressed, I
 3. I love to bear his ban - ner A - mid the world-ly throng; I

love to aid the wea - ry, And give the sad heart cheer, I love to
 love to cheer and glad-den The lone - ly and op-pressed, I love to
 love to spread his gos-pel, By sto - ry and by song, I love to

scat - ter sun-shine, As on my way I go; For this is work for
 bright-en path-ways And share an-oth-er's woe; For this is work for
 plead with sin-ners, Un - til to him they go; For this is work for

CHORUS.

Je - sus, and Oh, I love him so. . . . I love to scat-ter sunshine, As

on my way I go, . . . For this is work for Je-sus, and Oh, I love him
 on my way I go; Oh, I

I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

so, I love to scat-ter sun-shine, As on my way I
love him so, on my

go, For this is work for Je - sus, And oh, I love him so.
way I go,

49

Prodigal Child.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home! come home! You are weary at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
2. Come home! come home! From the sorrow and blame, From the sin and the
4. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm welcome

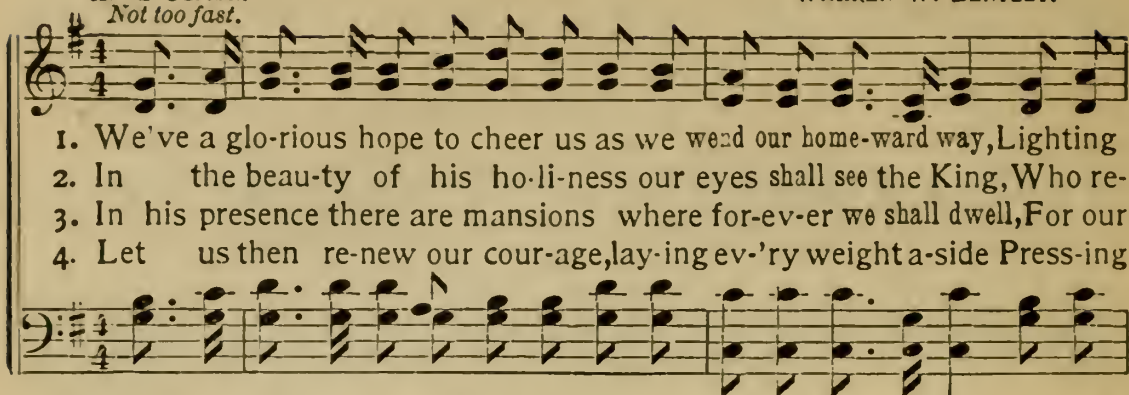
dark, And so lone-ly and wild; O prod - i - gal child! Come
gate, While the shad-ows are piled; O prod - i - gal child! Come
shame, And the tempt-er that smiled, O prod - i - gal child! Come
there; Then, to friends rec-on - ciled, O prod - i - gal child! Come

home! oh, come home! Come home, come home, Come, oh, come home.
Come home, come home, come home.

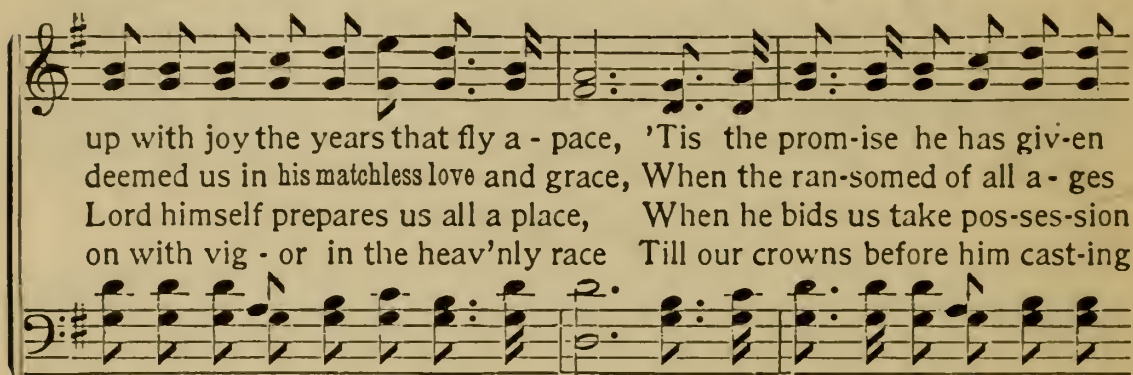
We Shall See His Blessed Face.

KATE ULMER.
Not too fast.

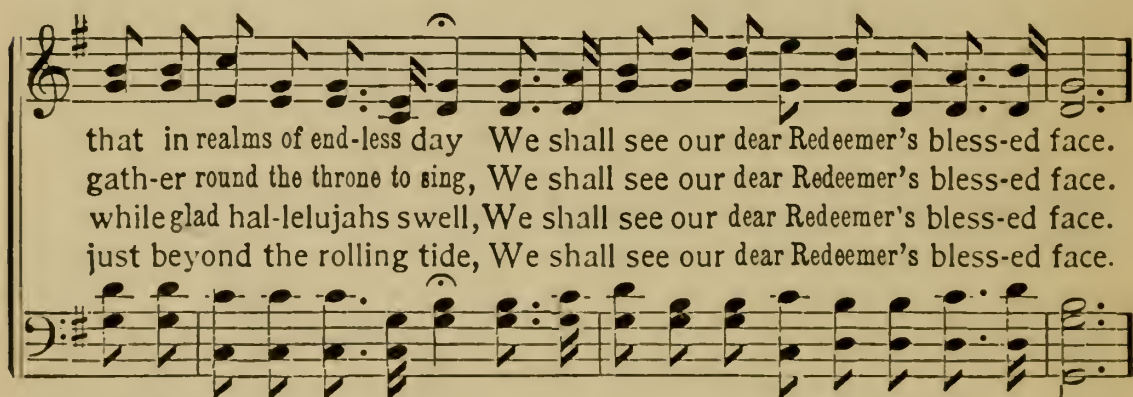
WARREN W. BENTLEY.



1. We've a glo-rious hope to cheer us as we wend our home-ward way, Lighting
 2. In the beau-ty of his ho-li-ness our eyes shall see the King, Who re-
 3. In his presence there are mansions where for-ev-er we shall dwell, For our
 4. Let us then re-new our cour-age, lay-ing ev-'ry weight a-side Press-ing

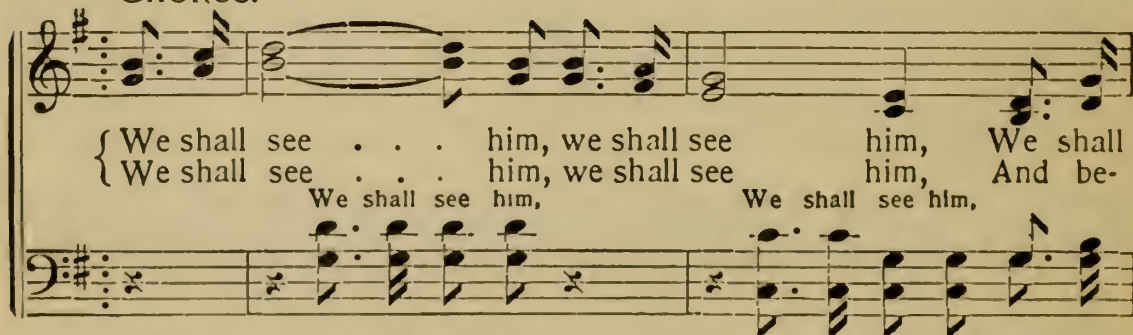


up with joy the years that fly a - pace, 'Tis the prom-ise he has giv-en
 deemed us in his matchless love and grace, When the ran-somed of all a - ges
 Lord himself prepares us all a place, When he bids us take pos-ses-sion
 on with vig - or in the heav'nly race Till our crowns before him cast-ing

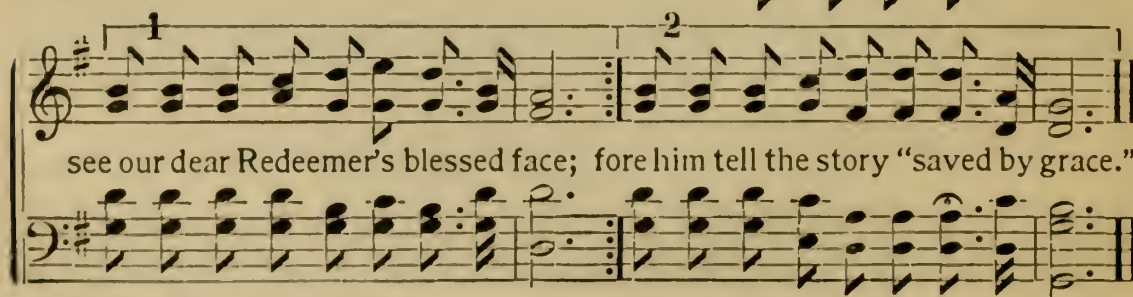


that in realms of end-less day We shall see our dear Redeemer's bless-ed face.
 gath-er round the throne to sing, We shall see our dear Redeemer's bless-ed face.
 while glad hal-lelujahs swell, We shall see our dear Redeemer's bless-ed face.
 just beyond the rolling tide, We shall see our dear Redeemer's bless-ed face.

CHORUS.



{ We shall see . . . him, we shall see him, We shall
 { We shall see . . . him, we shall see him, And be-
 We shall see him, We shall see him,

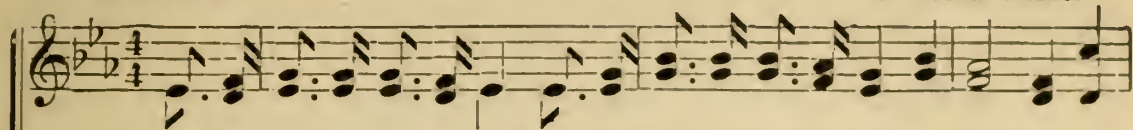


1
 2
 see our dear Redeemer's blessed face; fore him tell the story "saved by grace."

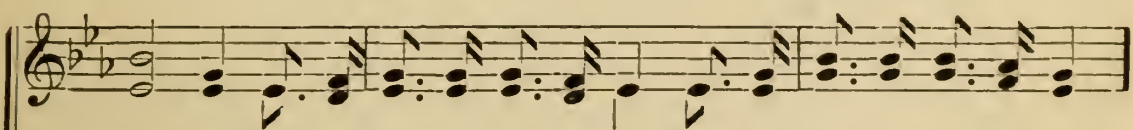
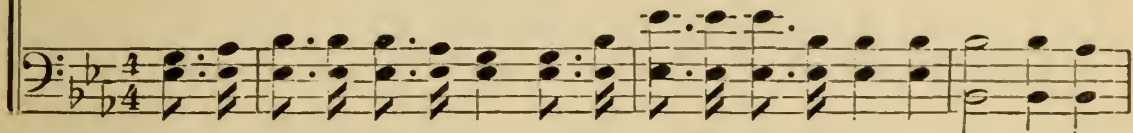
My Savior.

A. A. PAYN.

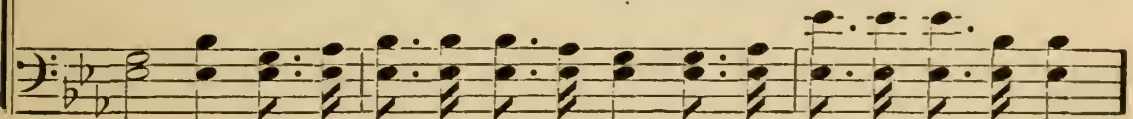
C. AUSTIN MILES.



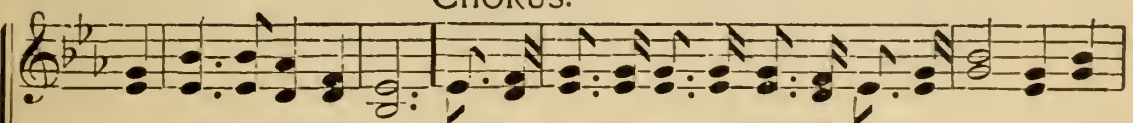
1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Savior, my
2. I will la - bor, I will pray, I will trust him ev'ry day, My Savior, my
3. When I'm weary and distressed, I will go to him for rest, My Savior, my
4. May I never, never stray From thy precious side away, My Savior, my



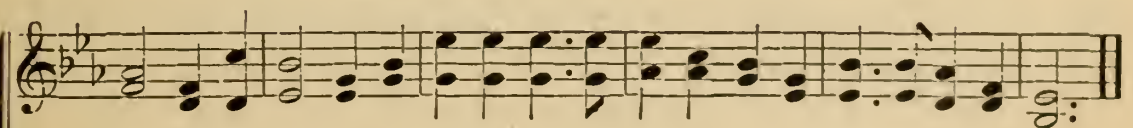
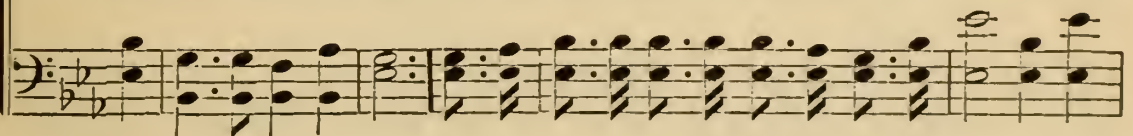
Sav-ior; He will give me strength to bear Ev'ry grief that may appear;
 Sav-ior; I will look to him in faith, I will trust him un-til death;
 Sav-ior; To his lov - ing arms I'll fly, Ev'-ry need he will sup-ply,
 Sav-ior; Naught of e - vil will I fear, While I have my Savior near;



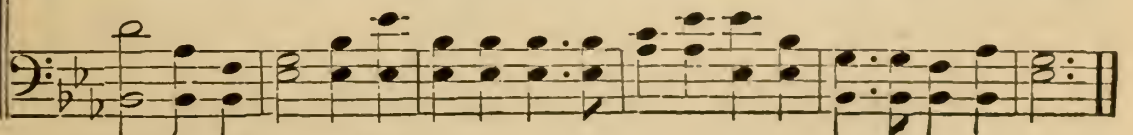
CHORUS.



My all in all is he. Yes, a sat-is-fy - ing portion is my Savior, My



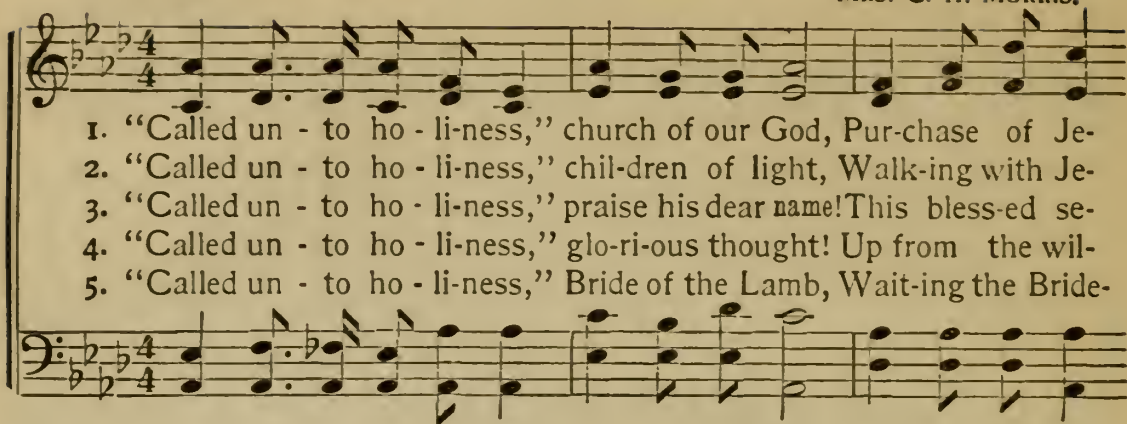
Savior, my Savior; My rock, my stay, by night and by day My all in all is he.



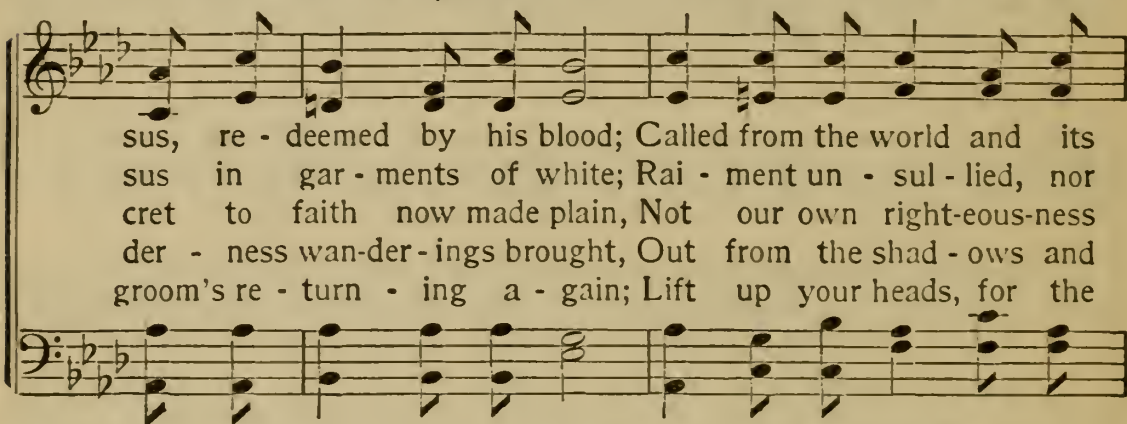
"Holiness Unto the Lord."

C. H. M.

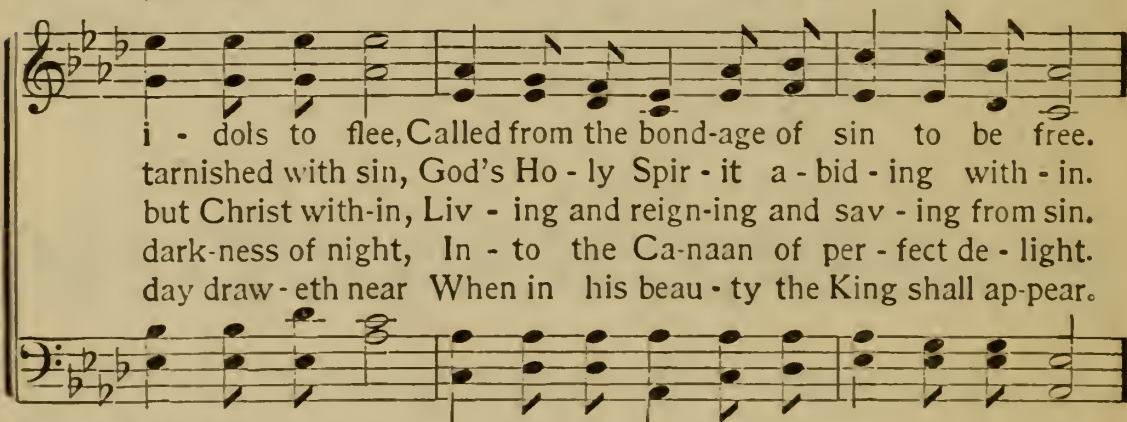
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," church of our God, Pur-chase of Je-
 2. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," chil-dren of light, Walk-ing with Je-
 3. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," praise his dear name! This bless-ed se-
 4. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," glo-ri-ous thought! Up from the wil-
 5. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait-ing the Bride-

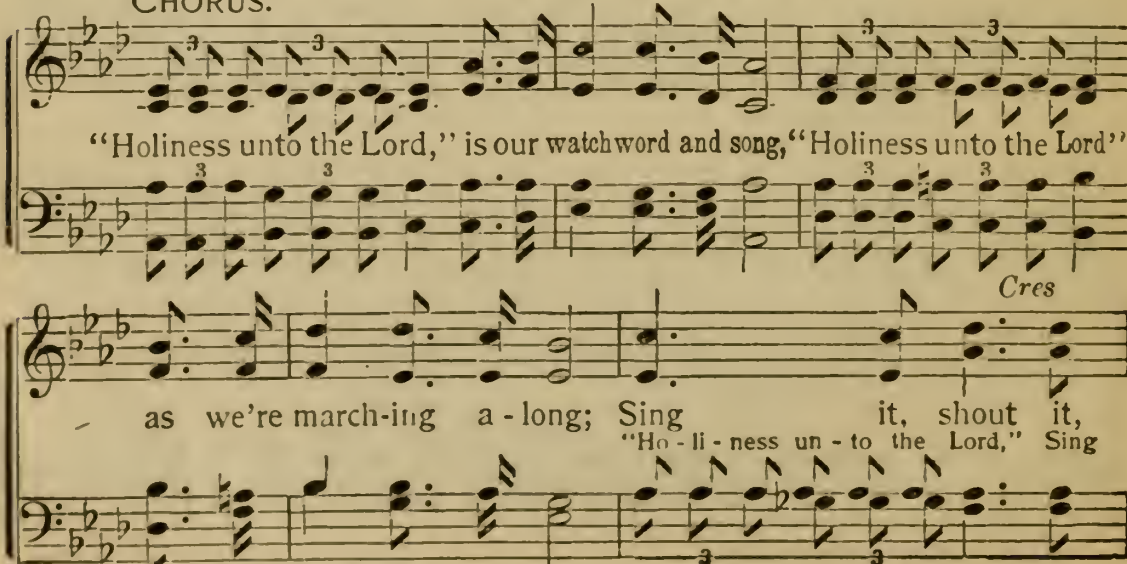


sus, re - deemed by his blood; Called from the world and its
 sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
 cret to faith now made plain, Not our own right-eous-ness
 der - ness wan-der-ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
 groom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads, for the



i - dols to flee, Called from the bond-age of sin to be free.
 tarnished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
 but Christ with-in, Liv - ing and reign-ing and sav - ing from sin.
 dark-ness of night, In - to the Ca-naan of per - fect de - light.
 day draw - eth near When in his beau - ty the King shall ap-pear.

CHORUS.



"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord"
 as we're march-ing a - long; Sing it, shout it,
 "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

"Holiness Unto the Lord."

loud and long, "Holiness un-to the Lord," now and for-ev-er.
"Ho-li-ness un - to the Lord,"

53

O How He Loves.

MARIANNE NUNN. Arr.

Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.

FINE.

1. { There is a Friend, kind above all oth-ers, O how he loves, how he loves! }
His is a love far be-yond a broth-er's, O how he loves, how he loves! }
2. { 'Tis life e - ter - nal to tru-ly know him, O how he loves, how he loves! }
Think, think how great is the debt we owe him, O how he loves, how he loves! }
3. { Oh, we have found such a Friend in Jesus, O how he loves, how he loves! }
'Tis ev - er his great de-light to bless us, O how he loves, how he loves! }
4. { Our man-y sins shall all be for - giv - en, O how he loves, how he loves! }
Far, far be-hind, ev-'ry foe be driv-en, O how he loves, how he loves! }

D. S.—O how he loves, how he loves!

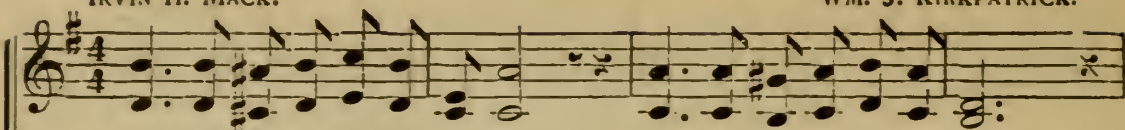
Best earth - ly friends may fail and leave us, This day may soothe, the
He with his blood so free - ly bought us, Out in the wil - der-
Our hearts are thrilled with joy to hear him Bid us to dwell in
Choic-est of bless-ings he'll pro-vide us, Noth - ing but good shall

D. S.

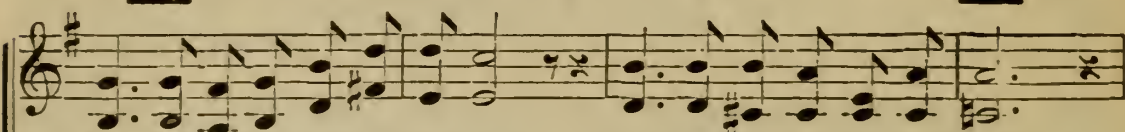
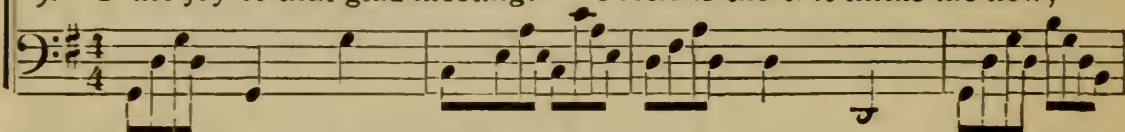
next may grieve us, This dear - est Friend nev-er will de - ceive us;
ness he sought us, In - to his fold he has kind - ly brought us,
safe - ty near him: Why should we ev - er dis-trust or fear him?
e'er be - tide us, Safe, safe to glo - ry at last he'll guide us,

IRVIN H. MACK.

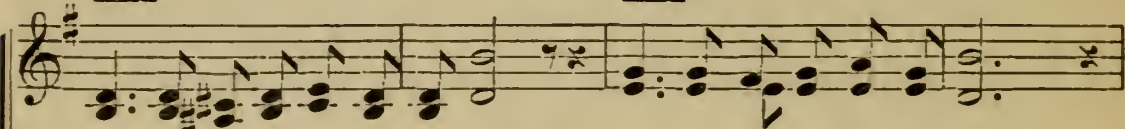
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



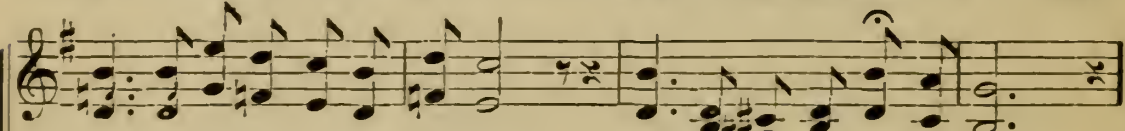
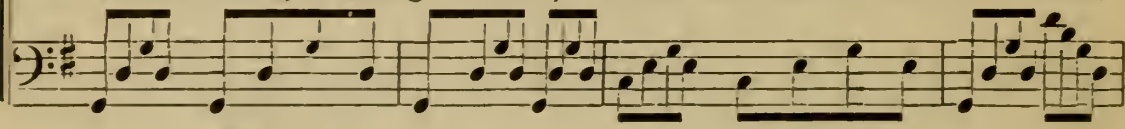
1. When the cares of life have ended, And I cross the silent stream,
2. I shall know my blessed Sa-vior When he comes to greet me there,
3. O the joy of that glad meeting! Precious tho't! it thrills me now;



As I reach the heav'nly portal And its glo-ries on me beam,
 When he takes me to him gen-tly, Bids me all those blessings share.
 I shall hear him bid me welcome, Feel his kiss up-on my brow.



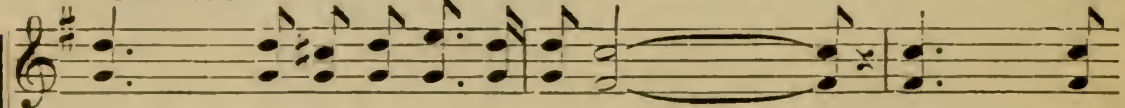
I shall hear the song of welcome, As I pass within the wall,
 I shall hear his voice so ten-der And his kind-ly face shall see,
 There I'll sing the songs of Zion, There with saints communion hold,



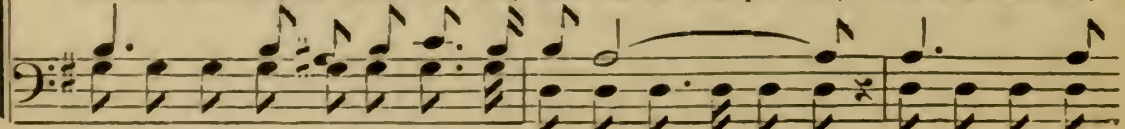
I shall see the Sav-ior com-ing And shall know his loving call.
 I shall rest up-on his bo-som, Praise him thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
 There I'll shout glad hallelujahs, Safe with in the heav'nly fold.



CHORUS.



He will meet me at the por-tal, He will
 He will meet me, he will meet me, meet me at the por-tal, He will lead me,



He Will Meet Me at the Portal.



lead me by the hand, Bid me welcome to his
by the hand, will lead me by the hand, Bid me wel-come to his man-sions;

man-sions, In that bright and happy land.
wel-come to his man-sions, In that bright and hap-py, hap-py land. (bright, hap-py land.)

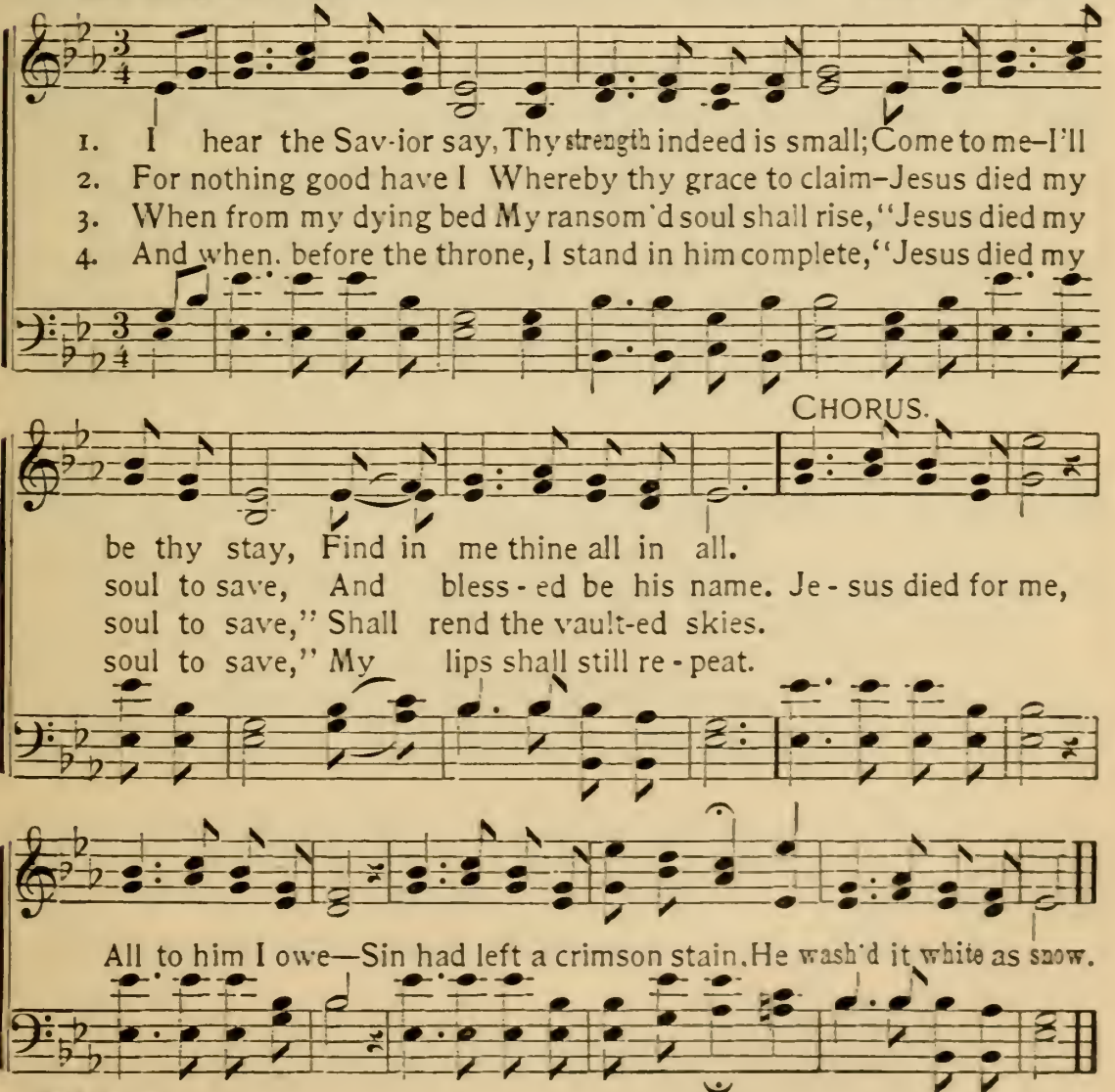
rallentando.

55

All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. Alt.

JOHN T. GRAPE.



1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Come to me—I'll
2. For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—Jesus died my
3. When from my dying bed My ransom'd soul shall rise, "Jesus died my
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in him complete, "Jesus died my

CHORUS.


be thy stay, Find in me thine all in all.
soul to save, And bless-ed be his name. Je-sus died for me,
soul to save," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.

All to him I owe—Sin had left a crimson stain. He wash'd it white as snow.

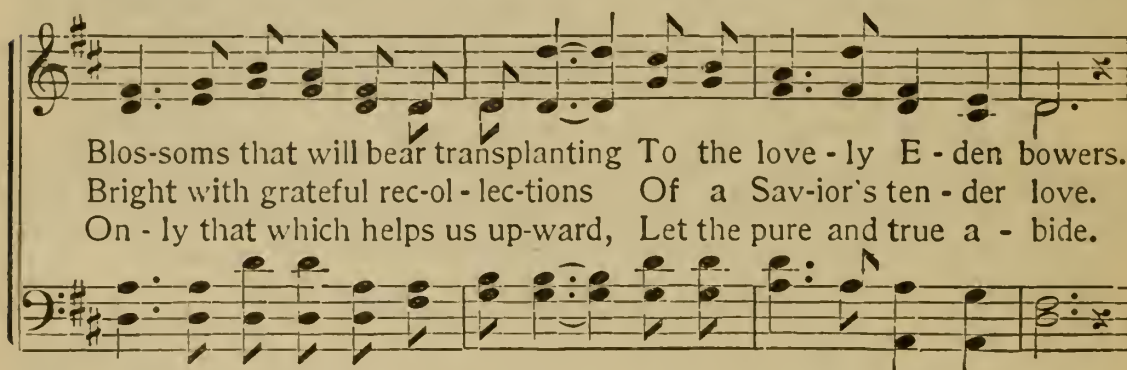
O Let Memory Be a Blessing.

E. E. HEWITT.

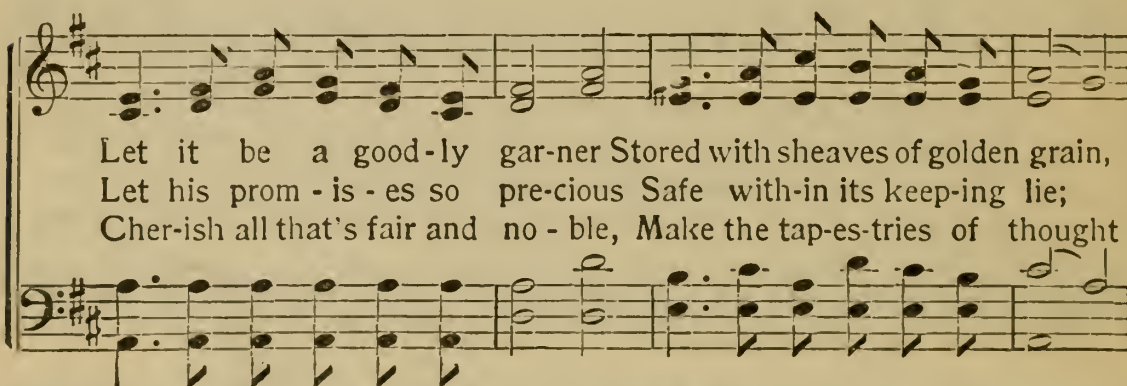
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



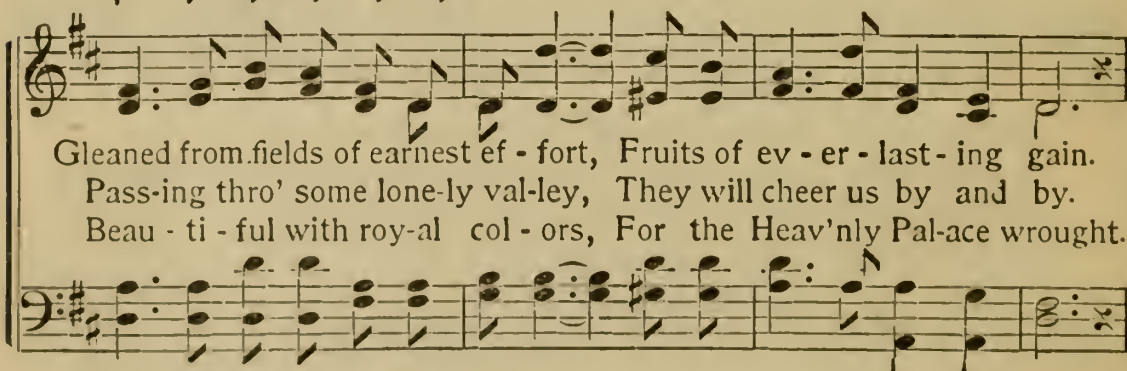
1. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Fra-grant with un fad-ing flow'rs,
 2. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Fill'd with treasure from a - bove,
 3. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing; To its sa-cred care con - fide



Blos-soms that will bear transplanting To the love - ly E - den bowers.
 Bright with grateful rec-ol - lec-tions Of a Sav-ior's ten - der love.
 On - ly that which helps us up-ward, Let the pure and true a - bide.

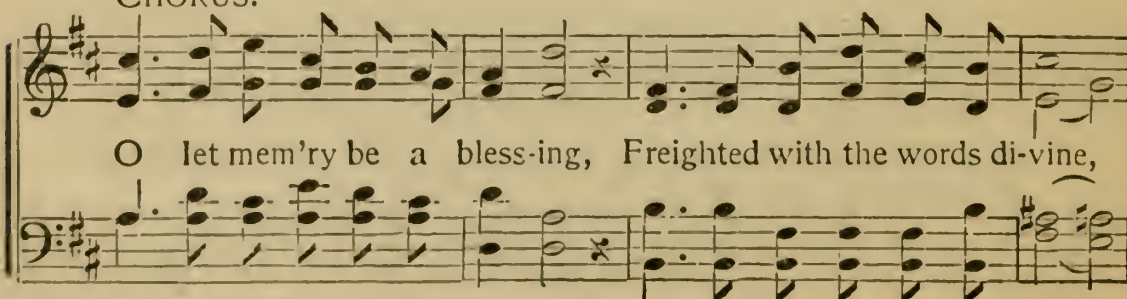


Let it be a good-ly gar-ner Stored with sheaves of golden grain,
 Let his prom - is - es so pre-cious Safe with-in its keep-ing lie;
 Cher-ish all that's fair and no - ble, Make the tap-es-tries of thought



Gleaned from fields of earnest ef - fort, Fruits of ev - er - last - ing gain.
 Pass-ing thro' some lone-ly val-ley, They will cheer us by and by.
 Beau - ti - ful with roy-al col - ors, For the Heav'nly Pal-ace wrought.

CHORUS.



O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Freighted with the words di-vine,

O Let Memory Be a Blessing.

ad lib.

Thro' life's pil-grim-age, re-mem-ber Truths that shall for-ev-er shine.

57

Have Faith in God.

E. E. HEWITT.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. "Have faith in God," the Savior said: He saw the path that we must tread,
 2. Have faith in God tho' clouds a-rise And o-ver-spread the glowing skies;
 3. Have faith in God: a father's heart Would to his child all good im-part;
 4. Have faith in God: his word di-vine By day and night shall brightly shine,

The frequent thorn, the fad-ing flow'r, The joy or pain of ev-'ry hour.
 Tho' sun and stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall never fail.
 Much more will he re-gard the pray'r Of those who cast on him their care.
 Un - til we pass the gates of light And faith shall yield to bliss-ful sight.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

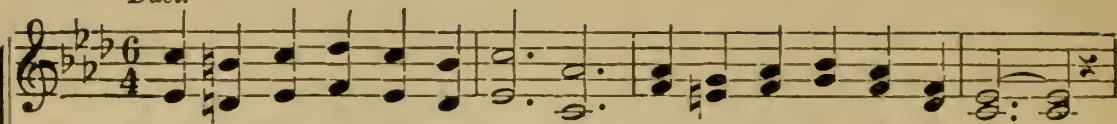
O bless-ed faith! (O faith!) Its song of cheer (of cheer) Re-vives our
 The Shepherd's staff, (the staff,) The Shepherd's rod (the rod) (*Omit.*)

hope, dis-pels our fear: Still lead us on; have faith in God.
 our hope, our fear; in God.

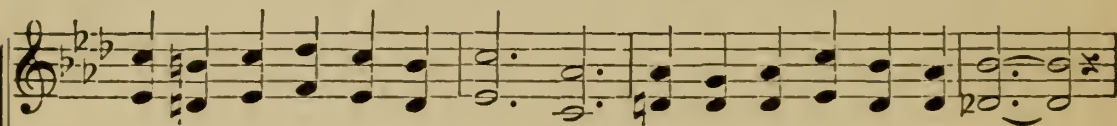
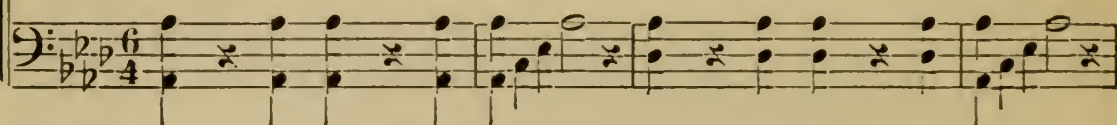
58 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.
Duet.

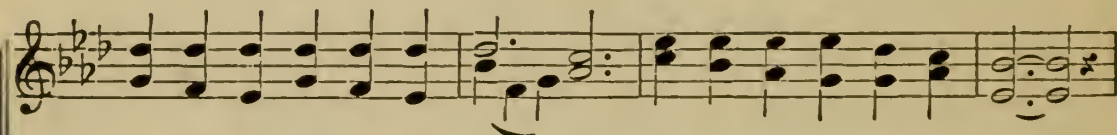
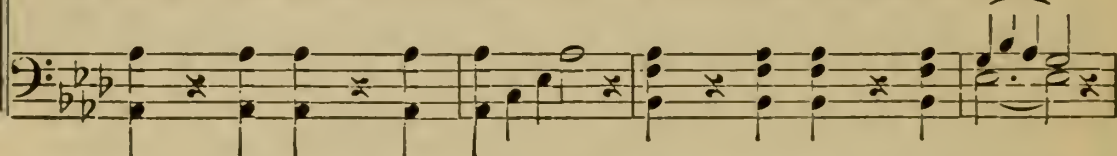
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



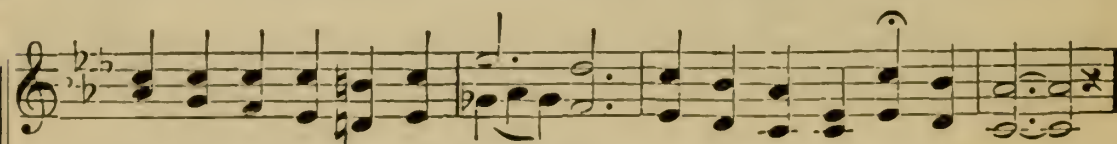
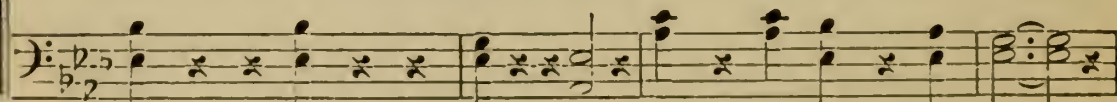
1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;"
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still;"



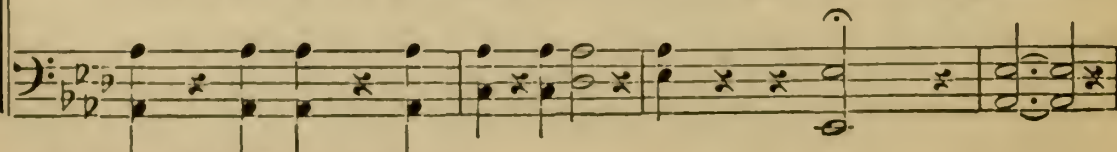
Dear is the love that he gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!"



Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost,
Hark! he is ear-nest-ly call - ing, Ten-der-ly plead-ing to - day:
Make us thy true un-der-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;



O - ver the mountains he fol - lows, O-ver the wa - ters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic - ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking thy wandering sheep."



Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

CHORUS.

poco rit

Out in the des-ert they wan-der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

f a tempo.

Off to the res-cue he hast - ens, Bringing them back to the fold.
(4th verse.) we'll hast - en,

59

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

Solo or Duct.

W. S. WEEDEN.

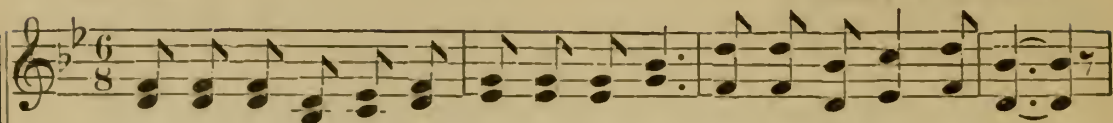
1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free-ly give; }
 { I will ev-er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai-ly live. }
 2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow; }
 { Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol-ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that thou art mine. }
 4. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame; }
 { O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to his name! }

CHORUS.

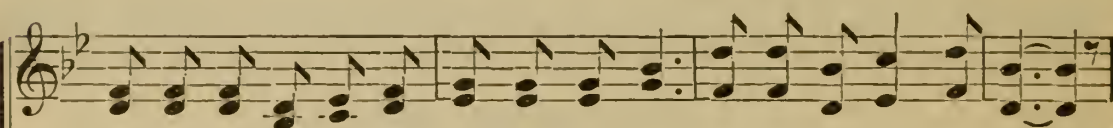
I sur-ren-der all I sur-ren-der all;
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 All to thee, my bless-ed Sav-ior, I sur-ren-der all.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



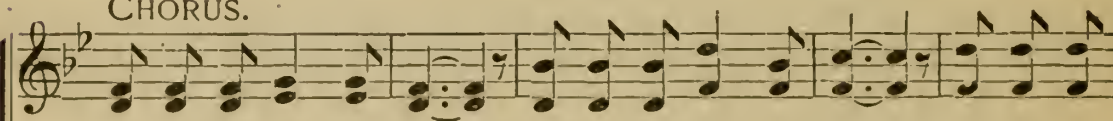
1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Jesus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



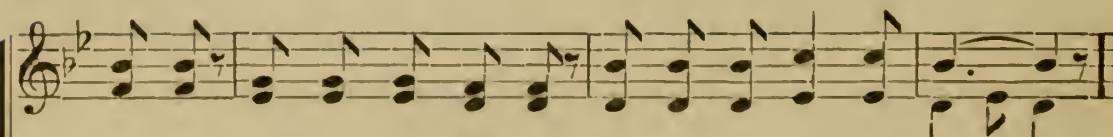
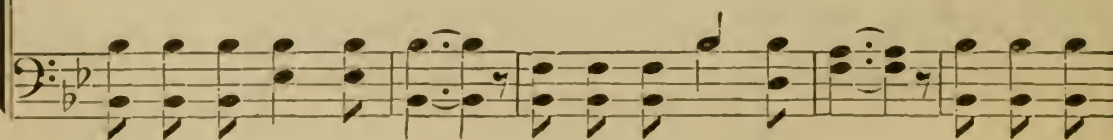
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does he each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.

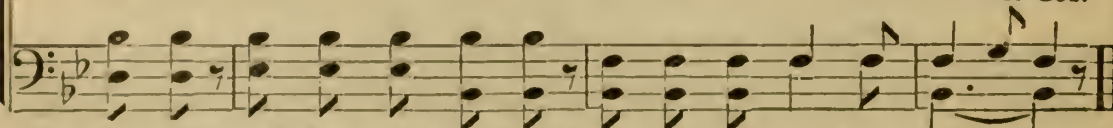


Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made



ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?

of God?



Let God's Sunshine In.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Live not 'mid the shadows, Come in-to the light; Stay not in the
 2. O pit - y the err - ing Still go - ing a - stray! Go speak to them
 3. Throw open your heart-door, Let heav-en come in, Take in all the

val-ley, Climb up to the height; Why should you be mournful, Soul,
 kindly, For help them you may; Some wan-d'r'er a-mong them To
 sunshine, But shut out the sin; Then you will be fit - ted God's

cleans'd from thy sin? Throw open your heart-door, And let the light come in.
 Christ you may win; Some heart you may open, And let the light come in.
 work to be - gin, To banish earth's darkness, And let the light come in.

D.S. - cleans'd from thy sin? Throw open your heart-door, And let the light come in.

CHORUS.

Let the sun - shine in, . . . Let the sunshine in, . . . Open, soul, the
 Let the beau-ti - ful sun-shine in, Let the cheer-ing sun-shine in,

portals wide, and let the light come in. Why should you be mournful, Soul,

Come This Way.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While wand'ring a - far from the Spir - it of grace, A - far from my
 2. He took me from sin to the light of his love, To pathways that
 3. As on - ward I press, he re - veals to my view Fresh pastures of
 4. When thro' the dark vale I shall trust - ful - ly go, His rod and his

home, and the Fa - ther's em - brace, I saw, thro' the gloom, a bright,
 lead to the man - sions a - bove, And when from his word I am
 peace, wondrous blessings and new; I long more and more all his
 staff shall up - hold me I know; I'll pass from the shades to his

beck - on - ing ray, And heard a voice call - ing, "Come this way."
 tempt - ed to stray, I hear his voice call - ing, "Come this way."
 rule to o - bey, I hear his voice call - ing, "Come this way."
 beau - ti - ful day, I'll hear his voice say - ing, "Come this way."

REFRAIN. *p* * *mf*
 Come this way, Come this way, Lord, I will follow thy beckoning ray;

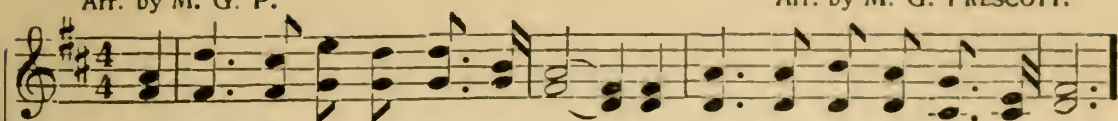
p *mf* *rit.*
 Come this way, Come this way, Savior, I'm coming, I'm coming to-day.

* May be sung or played as an echo; or sung by the Tenors *pp*.

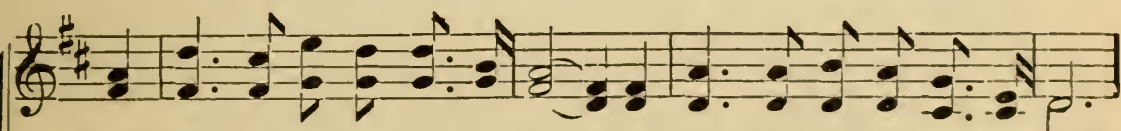
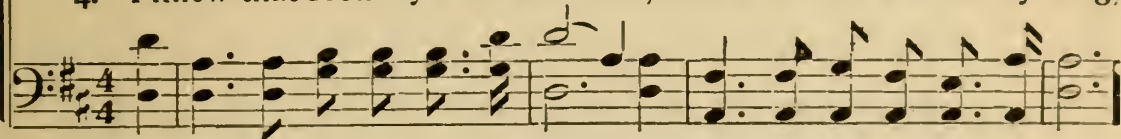
My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by M. G. P.

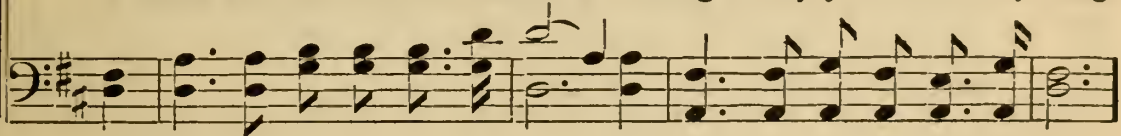
Arr. by M. G. PRESCOTT.



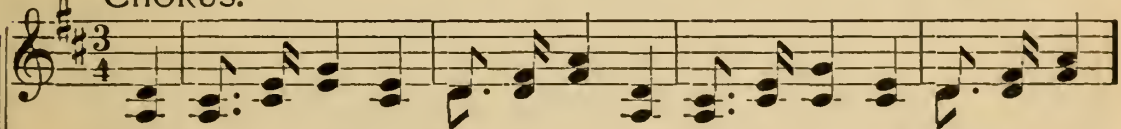
1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That he's prepared a home for me,
2. I'm trusting Je-sus Christ for all, I know his blood atones for me,
3. And now, bewildered at the thought, I stand and won-der at his love,
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know he will not tar-ry long,



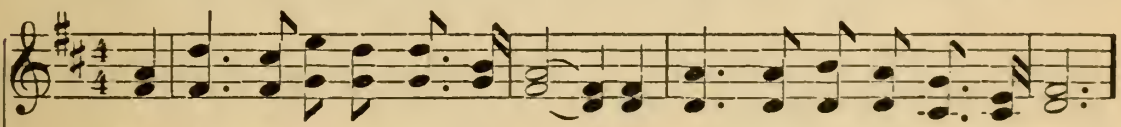
And crowns of vic-to-ry he gives To those who would his children be.
 I'm list-'ning for the gen-tle call To say, "The Master waiteth thee."
 How he from heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I might live a-bove.
 I know he soon will call me home To sing with joy the heav'nly song.



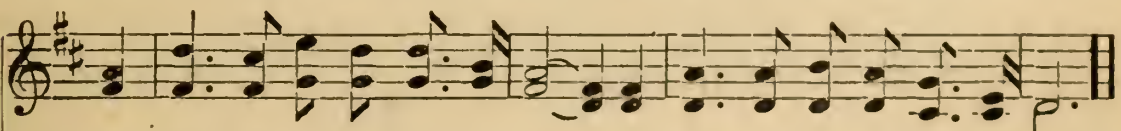
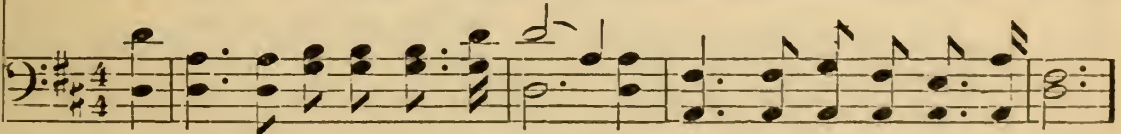
CHORUS.



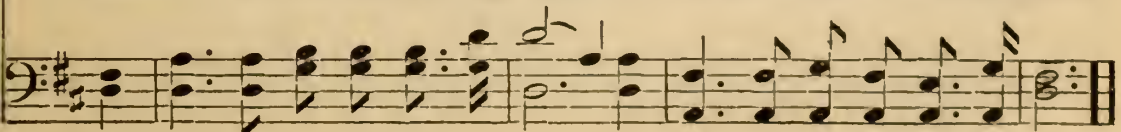
Then ask me not to lin-ger long A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,

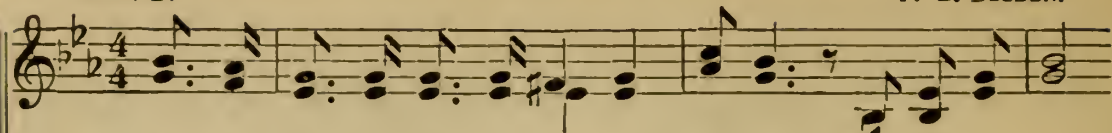


For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons, "Child, come home,"

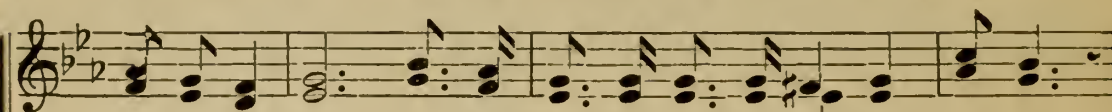
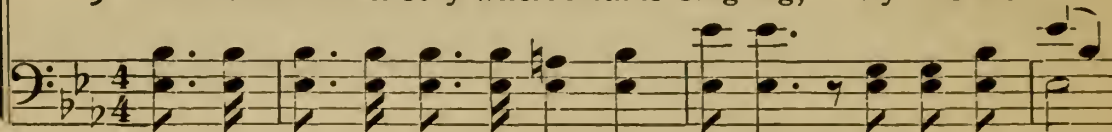


For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons, "Child, come home."

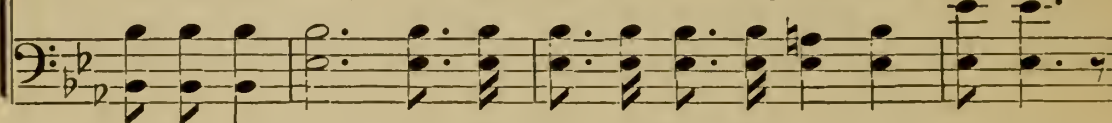




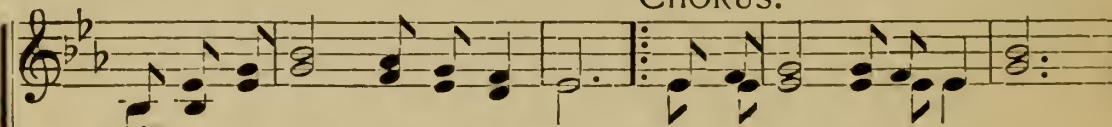
1. He will men-tion them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all
2. Since I came by faith to Calv'ry's mount-ain, My sins are all
3. On the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all
4. Once the "car-nal mind" was all my pleas-ure, My sins are all
5. Doubt can nev-er stay where faith is sing-ing, My sins are all



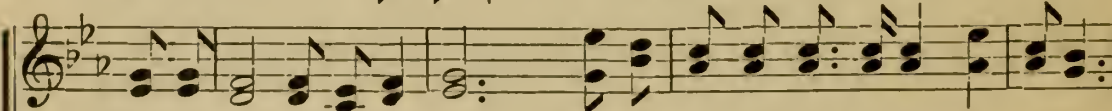
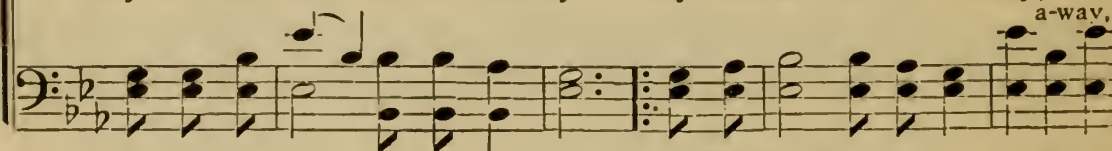
tak-en a - way; For his roy - al prom-ise chang-es nev-er,
 tak-en a - way; Thro' the cleansing pow'r of that blest fount-ain,
 tak-en a - way; Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing,
 tak-en a - way; God's e - ter - nal word is now my treas - ure,
 tak-en a - way; "Praise the Lord" with-in my heart is ring - ing,



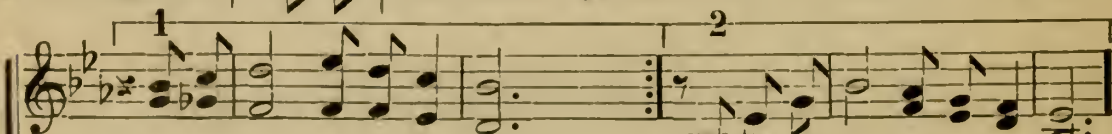
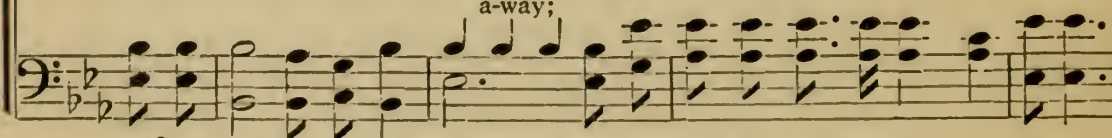
CHORUS.



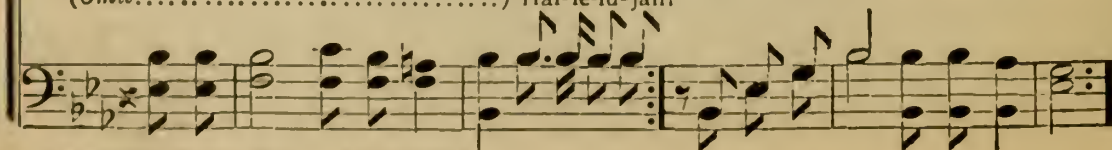
My sins are all tak-en a-way. They are all tak-en a-way,



They are all tak-en a-way; He will mention them no more for-ev-er,

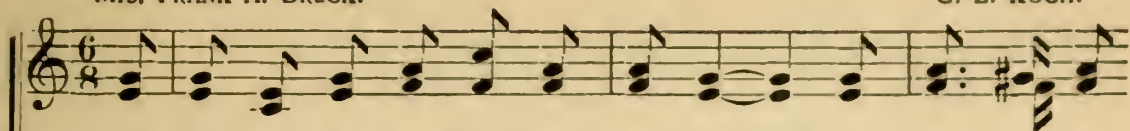


Praise the Lord! sing it to-day, My sins are all tak-en a-way.
 (Omit.....) Hal-le-lu-jah!

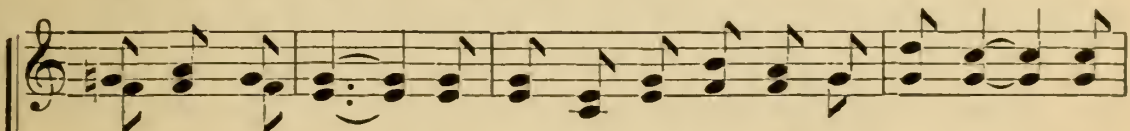


Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

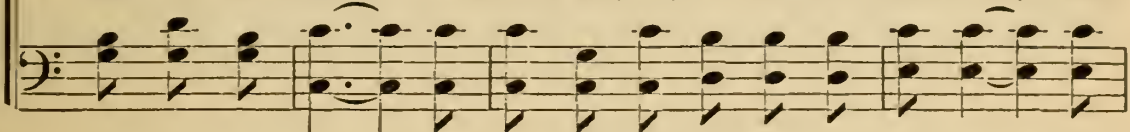
C. E. KOCH.



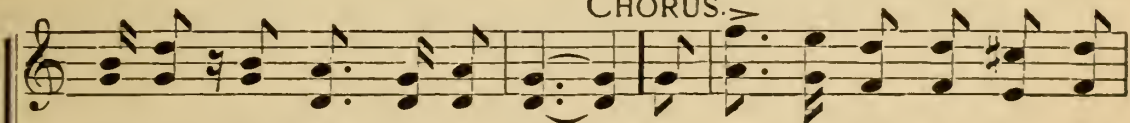
1. 'Tis bless-ed to have Je - sus with me, When dan - gers my
2. 'Tis bless-ed to have Je - sus with me, When sor - rows a -
3. How great are the bless-ings he gives me, And great is the



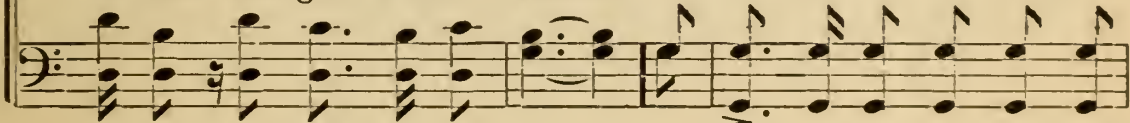
path-way op - pose, And when I am heav - i - ly la - den, 'Tis
 round me shall close, And when all is dark-ness be - fore me, 'Tis
 mer - cy he shows; He knows why my tri - als are need - ful, And



CHORUS.



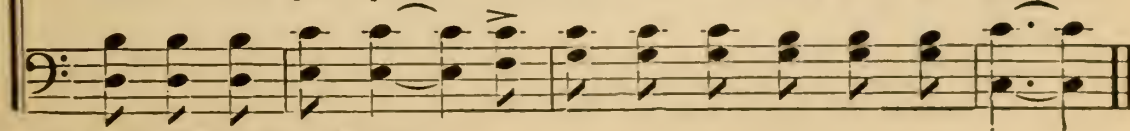
bless-ed to know that he knows.
 bless-ed to know that he knows. I trust in his love, and he
 I am so glad that he knows.



leads me, I fol - low wher-ev - er he goes; And tho' I may



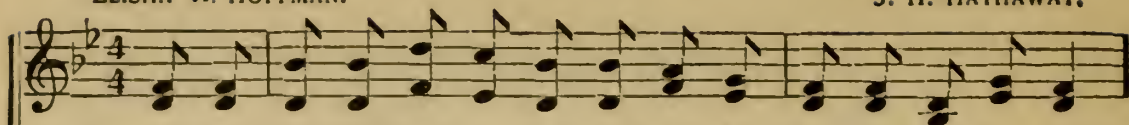
see not his pur - pose, 'Tis bless-ed to know that he knows.



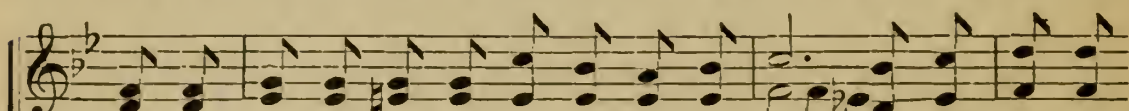
I am Coming Home.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


J. H. HATHAWAY.



1. I have wandered ver-y far a-way in fol-ly and in sin,
 2. I have slight-ed ev-'ry call of grace and wast-ed all my years,
 3. I am wea-ry of the old life and no more my feet shall stray,

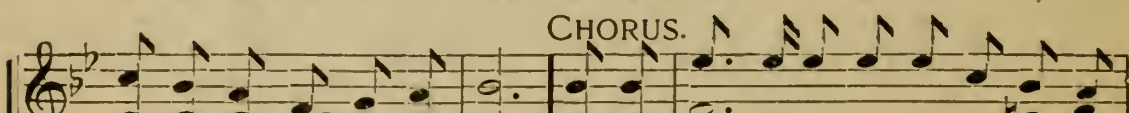


And my feet have led me dis-tant far from home, But I'm home-sick,
 And have reaped the bitter fruit of all my sin, But in deep and
 Nev-er more in sin and fol-ly will I roam, Weak and help-less

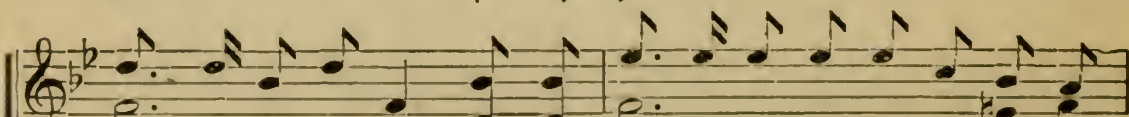


heartsick, longing now a new life to be-gin; Sav-ior, wel-come
 true re-pent-ance I am com-ing, Lord, with tears; Now the work of
 and re-pent-ant I re-turn to thee to-day; Wel-come thy re-

CHORUS.

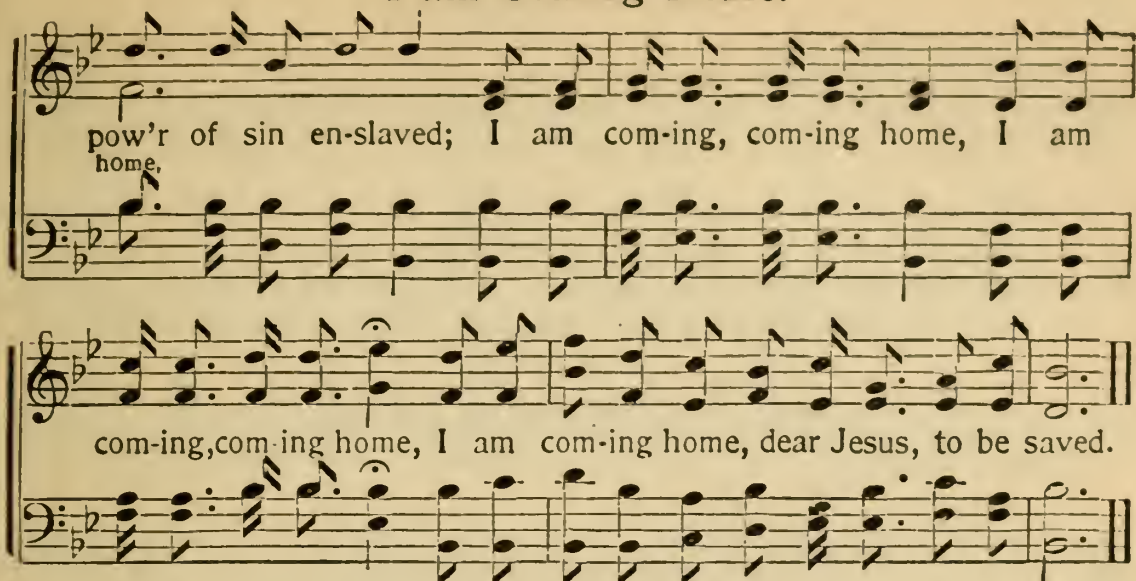


and for-give me as I come.
 grace within my heart be-gin. I am com-ing home, dear Jesus, I am
 pentant child, I'm coming home. I am com - - - ing



com-ing to be saved; I have long enough been wand'ring, by the
 home, I am com - - - ing

I am Coming Home.



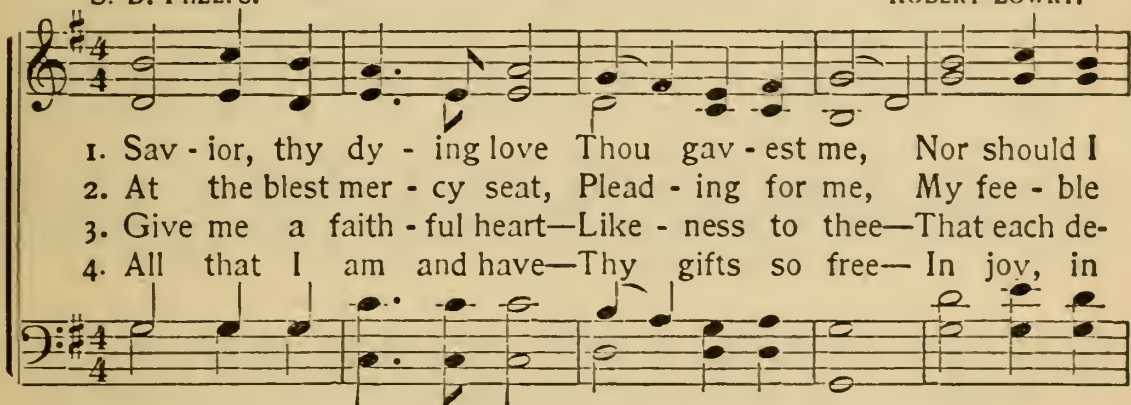
pow'r of sin en-slaved; I am com-ing, com-ing home, I am
home,
com-ing, com-ing home, I am com-ing home, dear Jesus, to be saved.

67

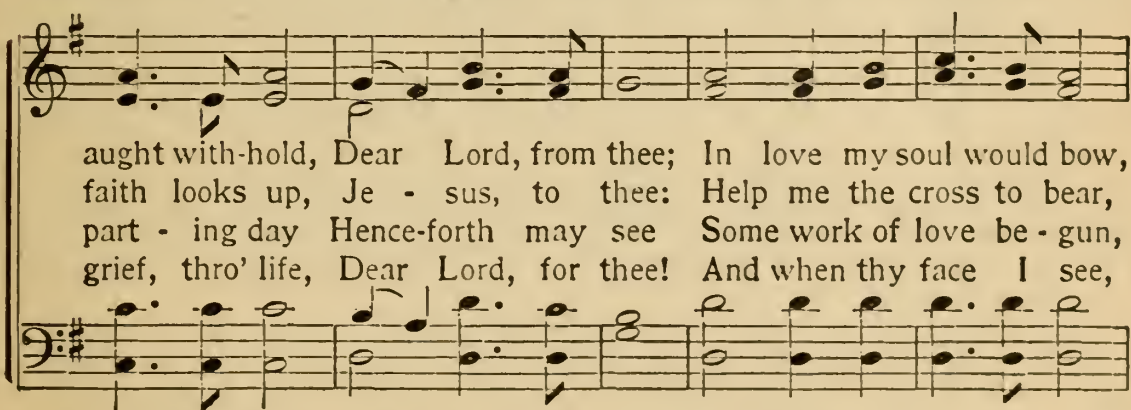
Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS.

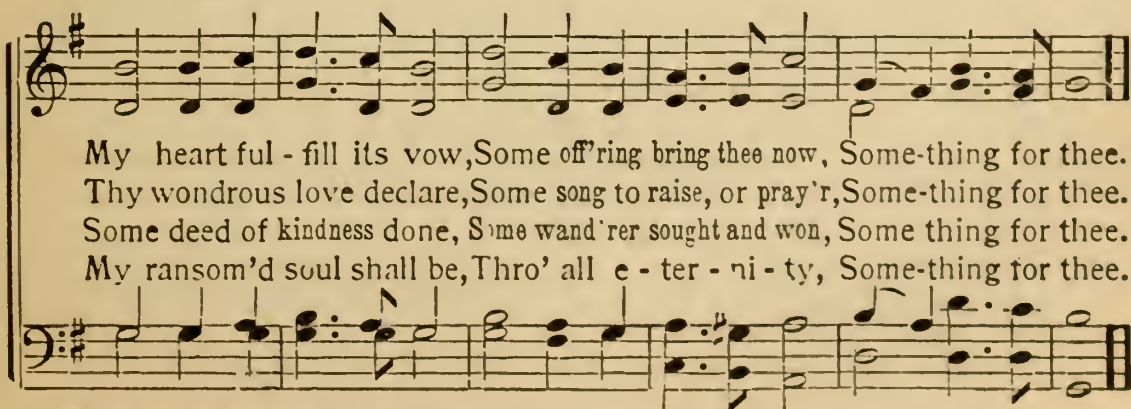
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Sav - ior, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like - ness to thee—That each de-
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in



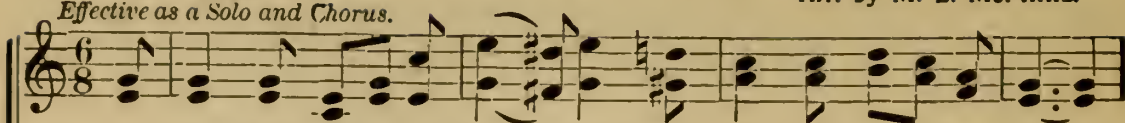
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for thee! And when thy face I see,



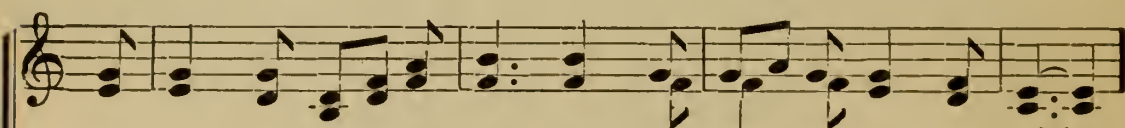
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring thee now, Some-thing for thee.
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some thing for thee.
My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for thee.

EBEN E. REXFORD.
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

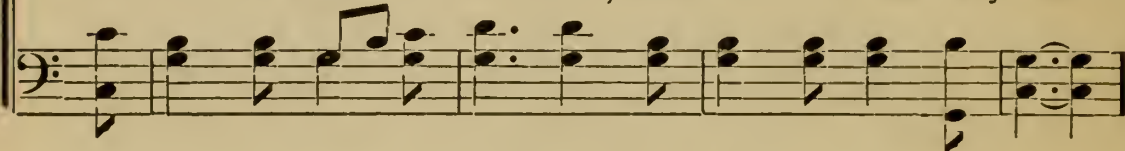
Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.



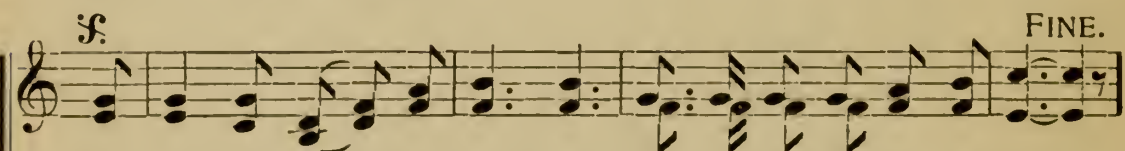
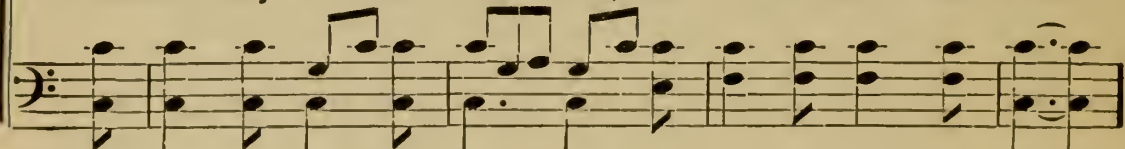
1. The way that leads us heav'n-ward Is oft - en rough and steep;
2. Then, think-ing of the bur - den He bore up Cal-v'ry's hill,
3. Oh, soul, hast thou for - got - ten The mes-sage won-drous sweet
4. Take courage, way-worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shad - ows hide



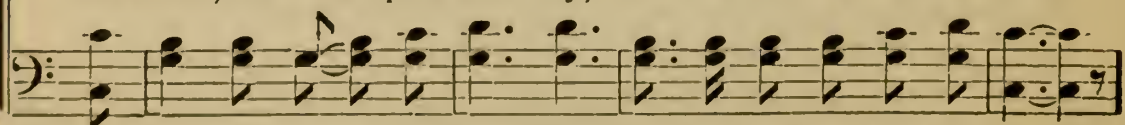
We strug - gle in the dark - ness, And some-times pause to weep;
We cease our weak com-plain - ing, Our lips, for shame, are still,
Of him who left be - hind him The print of bleed - ing feet?
The face of Christ who loves thee, He's ev - er at thy side.



Then comes a thought to com - fort The heart, dis - cour-aged grown,
And hearts that pain has tor - tured For - get to make their moan,
"I nev - er will for - sake thee! Dear child, when wea-ry grown,
Reach out thy hand to find him, And lo! the mists have flown—



He who trod Cal-v'ry's path - way Nev - er will leave thee a - lone.
Re-mem-b'ring him who prom - ised Nev - er to leave us a - lone.
Re - mem - ber I have prom - ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."
He smiles, and whis - pers soft - ly, "Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."



D.S.—He prom-ised nev-er to leave thee, Nev - er to leave thee a - lone.

Never Alone.

CHORUS.

D. S.

No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone!

69 Let My Cleansing be Complete.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Bending, Lord, be-fore thee low-ly, Let my cleansing be com-plete;
Pur - i - fy and make me ho - ly, Let my cleansing be com-plete. }

2. { All my na - ture needs re - fin-ing, Let my cleansing be com-plete;
Needs with-in thine im-age shin-ing, Let my cleansing be com-plete. }

3. { Sanc-ti - fy my soul - af - fec-tions, Let my cleansing be com-plete;
Lord, re-move my im-per - fec-tions, Let my cleansing be com-plete. }

CHORUS.

Let my cleansing be com-plete; Here the blessing I en-treat;
com-plete; en-treat;

Make me pure and lowly, Sanctify me wholly, Let my cleansing be complete.
complete.

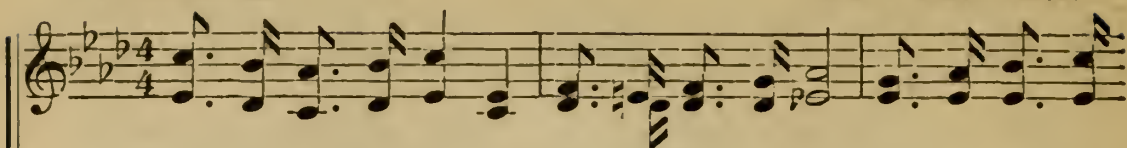
4 I am thirsting for the blessing,
Let my cleansing be complete;
My unholiness confessing,
Let my cleansing be complete.

5 Self and sin I come bemoaning,
Let my cleansing be complete;
Wash me in the blood atoning,
Let my cleansing be complete.

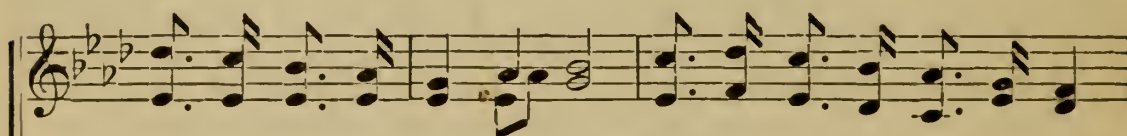
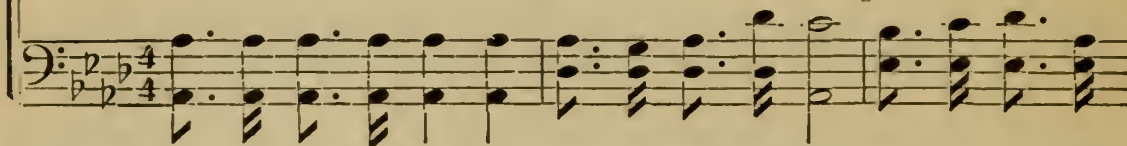
You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

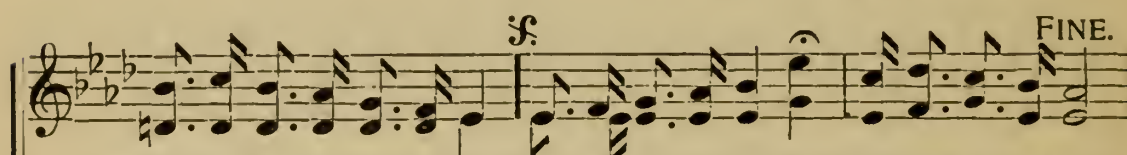
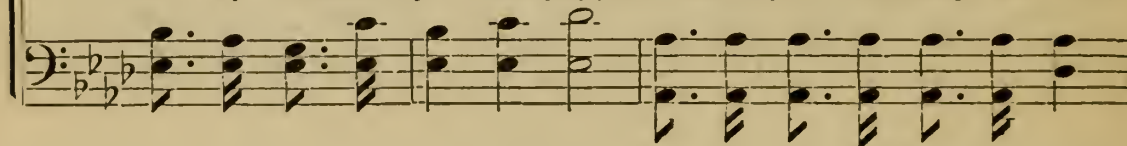
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



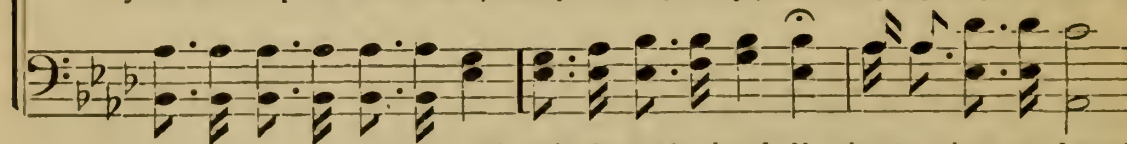
1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its fullness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev - 'ry day, Own his right to



from you nev-er will de-part. Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show. Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win,

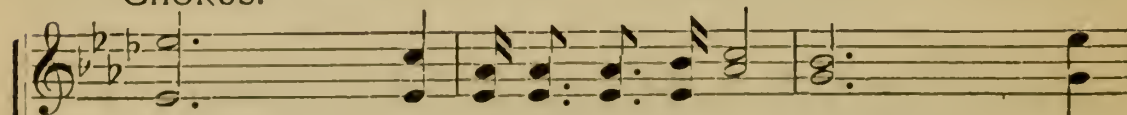


Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
He is with you, ever nigh, And he'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

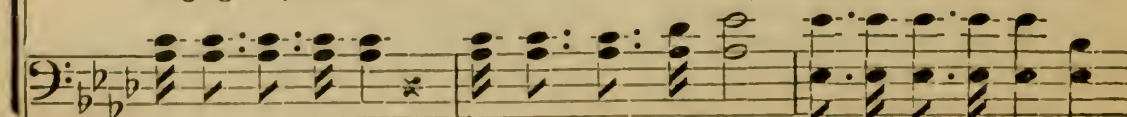


D. S. He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

CHORUS.



Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells



You May Have the Joy-Bells.

D. S.

ringing in your heart; Take the Savior here below With you ev'rywhere you go,

71

Walk in the Light.

ASA HULL.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord has given To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth That shines from God's own Word;
3. Walk in the light; tho' shadows dark, Like spectres, cross thy way;
4. Walk in the light, and thou shall know The love of God to thee;

His Ho - ly Spir - it, sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark-est night.
A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith-ful of the Lord.
Dark-ness will flee be-fore the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.
The fel - low-ship, so sweet be - low, In heav'n will sweeter be.

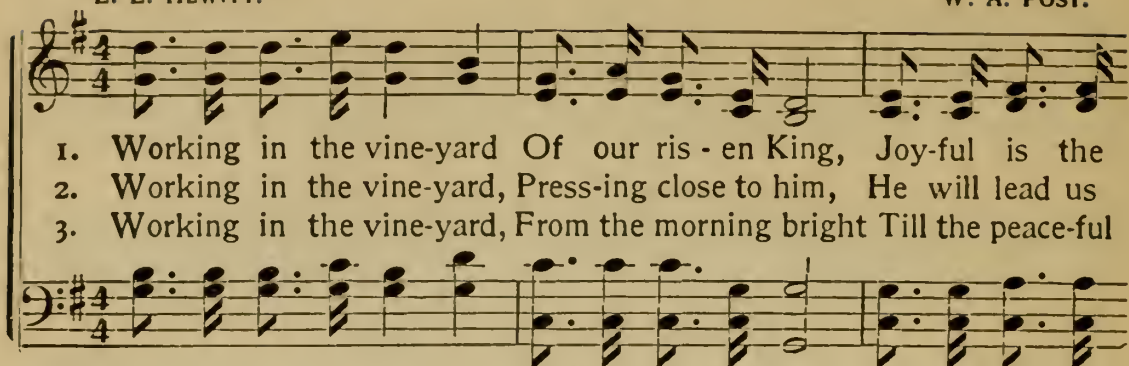
CHORUS.

Walk..... in the light,..... Walk..... in the light,.....
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God, Walk in the light, In the beautiful light of God,

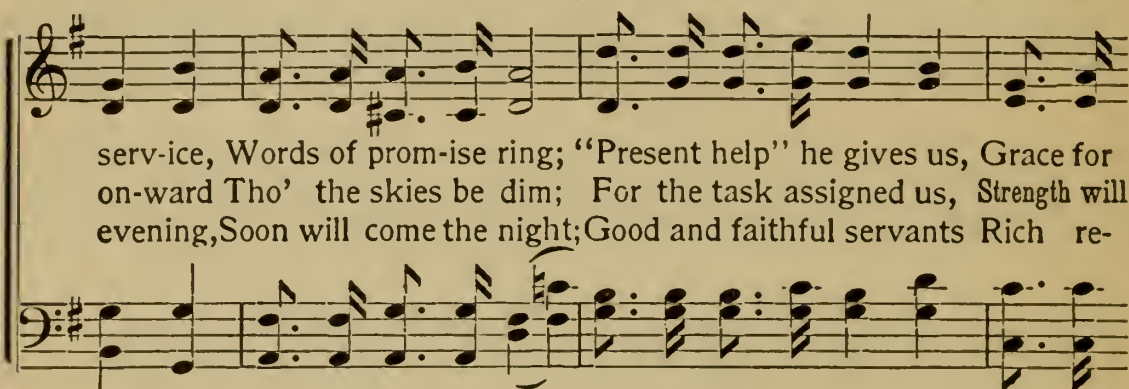
Walk..... in the light,..... Walk in the light, the light of God.
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,

E. E. HEWITT.

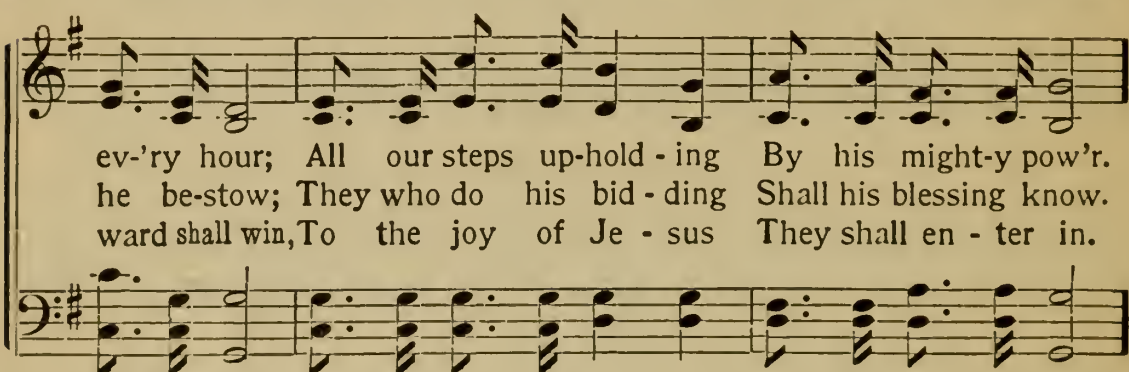
W. A. POST.



1. Working in the vine-yard Of our ris - en King, Joy-ful is the
 2. Working in the vine-yard, Press-ing close to him, He will lead us
 3. Working in the vine-yard, From the morning bright Till the peace-ful

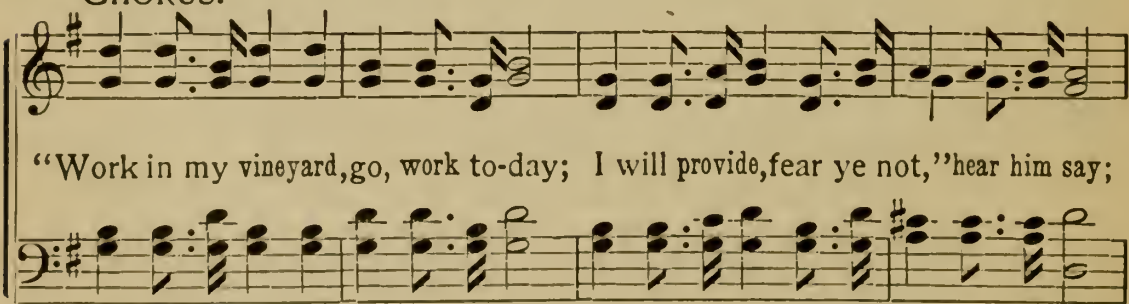


serv-ice, Words of prom-ise ring; "Present help" he gives us, Grace for
 on-ward Tho' the skies be dim; For the task assigned us, Strength will
 evening, Soon will come the night; Good and faithful servants Rich re-

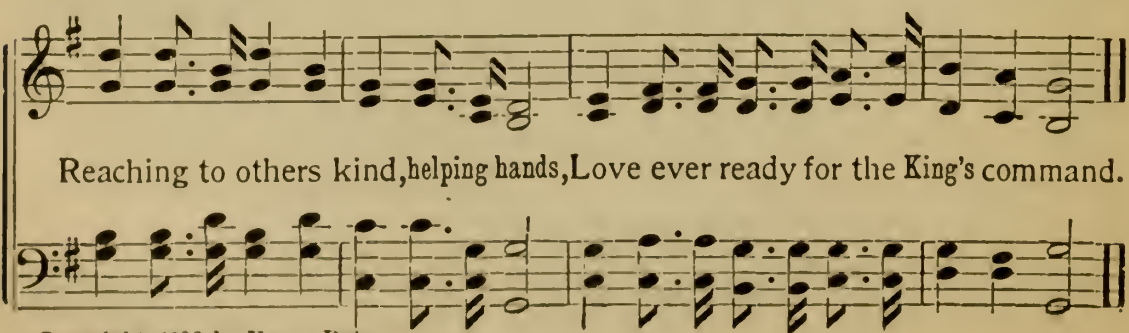


ev'-ry hour; All our steps up-hold - ing By his might-y pow'r.
 he be-stow; They who do his bid - ding Shall his blessing know.
 ward shall win, To the joy of Je - sus They shall en - ter in.

CHORUS.



"Work in my vineyard, go, work to-day; I will provide, fear ye not," hear him say;



Reaching to others kind, helping hands, Love ever ready for the King's command.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tir'd of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart;
 2. If 'tis for purity now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart;
 3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come into your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come into your heart.
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart.

CHORUS.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re - ject him no more;
Last v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;

Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je - sus come in-to your heart.
 Just now, I o-pen the door, And Je - sus comes in-to my heart.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 If friends, once trusted have proven untrue,
 Let Jesus come into your heart;
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you,
 Let Jesus come into your heart.</p> | <p>5 If you would join the glad songs of the blest,
 Let Jesus come into your heart;
 If you would enter the mansions of rest,
 Let Jesus come into your heart.</p> |
|--|---|

Steadily Marching On.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joy-ful-ly sound hosanna, Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord, he is the King e - ter-nal, Glo - ry be to God on

claim. Lift up your hearts unto his throne with gladness, Mag-ni-fy his
high. Praise we the Lord, tell of his lov-ing kind-ness, Join the cho-rus

ho-ly name. March-ing a - long un-der his ban - ner bright, Trusting
of the sky. Still march-ing on, cheer-i - ly march-ing on, In the

in his mer-cy as we go, (trusting we go,) His light di-vine ten-der-ly
ranks of Je-sus will we go, (ev - er we'll go,) Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly

o'er us will shine, We shall be guided by his hand now and for-ev-er.
home where the blest Gather and praise the Savior's name, Praise him for-ev-er.

Steadily Marching On.

REFRAIN.

Steadily marching on, with our banners waving o'er us; Steadily marching
on, while we sing the joy-ful cho-rus, Stead-i-ly marching on, pillar and
cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

75

God Calling Yet.

Tr. JANE BORTHWICK.

Tune:—BERA L. M.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare his Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

A. F. M.
Not too fast.

A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

The first staff of music is written on a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo marking 'Not too fast.' is written above the staff. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B-flat4. The next measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, and a quarter note E-flat5. The following measure has a quarter note F5, a quarter note G5, and a quarter note A5. The eighth measure consists of a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6. The ninth measure has a quarter note E6, a quarter note F6, and a quarter note G6. The tenth measure contains a quarter note A6, a quarter note B6, and a quarter note C7. The eleventh measure has a quarter note D7, a quarter note E7, and a quarter note F7. The twelfth measure consists of a quarter note G7, a quarter note A7, and a quarter note B7. The thirteenth measure has a quarter note C8, a quarter note D8, and a quarter note E8. The fourteenth measure contains a quarter note F8, a quarter note G8, and a quarter note A8. The fifteenth measure has a quarter note B8, a quarter note C9, and a quarter note D9. The sixteenth measure consists of a quarter note E9, a quarter note F9, and a quarter note G9. The seventeenth measure has a quarter note A9, a quarter note B9, and a quarter note C10. The eighteenth measure contains a quarter note D10, a quarter note E10, and a quarter note F10. The nineteenth measure has a quarter note G10, a quarter note A10, and a quarter note B10. The twentieth measure consists of a quarter note C11, a quarter note D11, and a quarter note E11. The twenty-first measure has a quarter note F11, a quarter note G11, and a quarter note A11. The twenty-second measure contains a quarter note B11, a quarter note C12, and a quarter note D12. The twenty-third measure has a quarter note E12, a quarter note F12, and a quarter note G12. The twenty-fourth measure consists of a quarter note A12, a quarter note B12, and a quarter note C13. The twenty-fifth measure has a quarter note D13, a quarter note E13, and a quarter note F13. The twenty-sixth measure contains a quarter note G13, a quarter note A13, and a quarter note B13. The twenty-seventh measure has a quarter note C14, a quarter note D14, and a quarter note E14. The twenty-eighth measure consists of a quarter note F14, a quarter note G14, and a quarter note A14. The twenty-ninth measure has a quarter note B14, a quarter note C15, and a quarter note D15. The thirtieth measure contains a quarter note E15, a quarter note F15, and a quarter note G15. The thirty-first measure has a quarter note A15, a quarter note B15, and a quarter note C16. The thirty-second measure consists of a quarter note D16, a quarter note E16, and a quarter note F16. The thirty-third measure has a quarter note G16, a quarter note A16, and a quarter note B16. The thirty-fourth measure contains a quarter note C17, a quarter note D17, and a quarter note E17. The thirty-fifth measure has a quarter note F17, a quarter note G17, and a quarter note A17. The thirty-sixth measure consists of a quarter note B17, a quarter note C18, and a quarter note D18. The thirty-seventh measure has a quarter note E18, a quarter note F18, and a quarter note G18. The thirty-eighth measure contains a quarter note A18, a quarter note B18, and a quarter note C19. The thirty-ninth measure has a quarter note D19, a quarter note E19, and a quarter note F19. The fortieth measure consists of a quarter note G19, a quarter note A19, and a quarter note B19. The forty-first measure contains a quarter note C20, a quarter note D20, and a quarter note E20. The forty-second measure has a quarter note F20, a quarter note G20, and a quarter note A20. The forty-third measure consists of a quarter note B20, a quarter note C21, and a quarter note D21. The forty-fourth measure has a quarter note E21, a quarter note F21, and a quarter note G21. The forty-fifth measure contains a quarter note A21, a quarter note B21, and a quarter note C22. The forty-sixth measure has a quarter note D22, a quarter note E22, and a quarter note F22. The forty-seventh measure consists of a quarter note G22, a quarter note A22, and a quarter note B22. The forty-eighth measure contains a quarter note C23, a quarter note D23, and a quarter note E23. The forty-ninth measure has a quarter note F23, a quarter note G23, and a quarter note A23. The fiftieth measure consists of a quarter note B23, a quarter note C24, and a quarter note D24. The fifty-first measure has a quarter note E24, a quarter note F24, and a quarter note G24. The fifty-second measure contains a quarter note A24, a quarter note B24, and a quarter note C25. The fifty-third measure has a quarter note D25, a quarter note E25, and a quarter note F25. The fifty-fourth measure consists of a quarter note G25, a quarter note A25, and a quarter note B25. The fifty-fifth measure contains a quarter note C26, a quarter note D26, and a quarter note E26. The fifty-sixth measure has a quarter note F26, a quarter note G26, and a quarter note A26. The fifty-seventh measure consists of a quarter note B26, a quarter note C27, and a quarter note D27. The fifty-eighth measure has a quarter note E27, a quarter note F27, and a quarter note G27. The fifty-ninth measure contains a quarter note A27, a quarter note B27, and a quarter note C28. The sixtieth measure has a quarter note D28, a quarter note E28, and a quarter note F28. The sixty-first measure consists of a quarter note G28, a quarter note A28, and a quarter note B28. The sixty-second measure contains a quarter note C29, a quarter note D29, and a quarter note E29. The sixty-third measure has a quarter note F29, a quarter note G29, and a quarter note A29. The sixty-fourth measure consists of a quarter note B29, a quarter note C30, and a quarter note D30. The sixty-fifth measure has a quarter note E30, a quarter note F30, and a quarter note G30. The sixty-sixth measure contains a quarter note A30, a quarter note B30, and a quarter note C31. The sixty-seventh measure has a quarter note D31, a quarter note E31, and a quarter note F31. The sixty-eighth measure consists of a quarter note G31, a quarter note A31, and a quarter note B31. The sixty-ninth measure contains a quarter note C32, a quarter note D32, and a quarter note E32. The seventieth measure has a quarter note F32, a quarter note G32, and a quarter note A32. The seventy-first measure consists of a quarter note B32, a quarter note C33, and a quarter note D33. The seventy-second measure has a quarter note E33, a quarter note F33, and a quarter note G33. The seventy-third measure contains a quarter note A33, a quarter note B33, and a quarter note C34. The seventy-fourth measure has a quarter note D34, a quarter note E34, and a quarter note F34. The seventy-fifth measure consists of a quarter note G34, a quarter note A34, and a quarter note B34. The seventy-sixth measure contains a quarter note C35, a quarter note D35, and a quarter note E35. The seventy-seventh measure has a quarter note F35, a quarter note G35, and a quarter note A35. The seventy-eighth measure consists of a quarter note B35, a quarter note C36, and a quarter note D36. The seventy-ninth measure has a quarter note E36, a quarter note F36, and a quarter note G36. The eightieth measure contains a quarter note A36, a quarter note B36, and a quarter note C37. The eighty-first measure has a quarter note D37, a quarter note E37, and a quarter note F37. The eighty-second measure consists of a quarter note G37, a quarter note A37, and a quarter note B37. The eighty-third measure contains a quarter note C38, a quarter note D38, and a quarter note E38. The eighty-fourth measure has a quarter note F38, a quarter note G38, and a quarter note A38. The eighty-fifth measure consists of a quarter note B38, a quarter note C39, and a quarter note D39. The eighty-sixth measure has a quarter note E39, a quarter note F39, and a quarter note G39. The eighty-seventh measure contains a quarter note A39, a quarter note B39, and a quarter note C40. The eighty-eighth measure has a quarter note D40, a quarter note E40, and a quarter note F40. The eighty-ninth measure consists of a quarter note G40, a quarter note A40, and a quarter note B40. The ninetieth measure contains a quarter note C41, a quarter note D41, and a quarter note E41. The hundredth measure has a quarter note F41, a quarter note G41, and a quarter note A41. The hundred-first measure consists of a quarter note B41, a quarter note C42, and a quarter note D42. The hundred-second measure has a quarter note E42, a quarter note F42, and a quarter note G42. The hundred-third measure contains a quarter note A42, a quarter note B42, and a quarter note C43. The hundred-fourth measure has a quarter note D43, a quarter note E43, and a quarter note F43. The hundred-fifth measure consists of a quarter note G43, a quarter note A43, and a quarter note B43. The hundred-sixth measure contains a quarter note C44, a quarter note D44, and a quarter note E44. The hundred-seventh measure has a quarter note F44, a quarter note G44, and a quarter note A44. The hundred-eighth measure consists of a quarter note B44, a quarter note C45, and a quarter note D45. The hundred-ninth measure has a quarter note E45, a quarter note F45, and a quarter note G45. The hundred-tieth measure contains a quarter note A45, a quarter note B45, and a quarter note C46. The hundred-first measure has a quarter note D46, a quarter note E46, and a quarter note F46. The hundred-second measure consists of a quarter note G46, a quarter note A46, and a quarter note B46. The hundred-third measure contains a quarter note C47, a quarter note D47, and a quarter note E47. The hundred-fourth measure has a quarter note F47, a quarter note G47, and a quarter note A47. The hundred-fifth measure consists of a quarter note B47, a quarter note C48, and a quarter note D48. The hundred-sixth measure has a quarter note E48, a quarter note F48, and a quarter note G48. The hundred-seventh measure contains a quarter note A48, a quarter note B48, and a quarter note C49. The hundred-eighth measure has a quarter note D49, a quarter note E49, and a quarter note F49. The hundred-ninth measure consists of a quarter note G49, a quarter note A49, and a quarter note B49. The hundred-tieth measure contains a quarter note C50, a quarter note D50, and a quarter note E50. The hundred-first measure has a quarter note F50, a quarter note G50, and a quarter note A50. The hundred-second measure consists of a quarter note B50, a quarter note C51, and a quarter note D51. The hundred-third measure has a quarter note E51, a quarter note F51, and a quarter note G51. The hundred-fourth measure contains a quarter note A51, a quarter note B51, and a quarter note C52. The hundred-fifth measure has a quarter note D52, a quarter note E52, and a quarter note F52. The hundred-sixth measure consists of a quarter note G52, a quarter note A52, and a quarter note B52. The hundred-seventh measure contains a quarter note C53, a quarter note D53, and a quarter note E53. The hundred-eighth measure has a quarter note F53, a quarter note G53, and a quarter note A53. The hundred-ninth measure consists of a quarter note B53, a quarter note C54, and a quarter note D54. The hundred-tieth measure has a quarter note E54, a quarter note F54, and a quarter note G54. The hundred-first measure contains a quarter note A54, a quarter note B54, and a quarter note C55. The hundred-second measure has a quarter note D55, a quarter note E55, and a quarter note F55. The hundred-third measure consists of a quarter note G55, a quarter note A55, and a quarter note B55. The hundred-fourth measure contains a quarter note C56, a quarter note D56, and a quarter note E56. The hundred-fifth measure has a quarter note F56, a quarter note G56, and a quarter note A56. The hundred-sixth measure consists of a quarter note B56, a quarter note C57, and a quarter note D57. The hundred-seventh measure has a quarter note E57, a quarter note F57, and a quarter note G57. The hundred-eighth measure contains a quarter note A57, a quarter note B57, and a quarter note C58. The hundred-ninth measure has a quarter note D58, a quarter note E58, and a quarter note F58. The hundred-tieth measure consists of a quarter note G58, a quarter note A58, and a quarter note B58. The hundred-first measure contains a quarter note C59, a quarter note D59, and a quarter note E59. The hundred-second measure has a quarter note F59, a quarter note G59, and a quarter note A59. The hundred-third measure consists of a quarter note B59, a quarter note C60, and a quarter note D60. The hundred-fourth measure has a quarter note E60, a quarter note F60, and a quarter note G60. The hundred-fifth measure contains a quarter note A60, a quarter note B60, and a quarter note C61. The hundred-sixth measure has a quarter note D61, a quarter note E61, and a quarter note F61. The hundred-seventh measure consists of a quarter note G61, a quarter note A61, and a quarter note B61. The hundred-eighth measure contains a quarter note C62, a quarter note D62, and a quarter note E62. The hundred-ninth measure has a quarter note F62, a quarter note G62, and a quarter note A62. The hundred-tieth measure consists of a quarter note B62, a quarter note C63, and a quarter note D63. The hundred-first measure has a quarter note E63, a quarter note F63, and a quarter note G63. The hundred-second measure contains a quarter note A63, a quarter note B63, and a quarter note C64. The hundred-third measure has a quarter note D64, a quarter note E64, and a quarter note F64. The hundred-fourth measure consists of a quarter note G64, a quarter note A64, and a quarter note B64. The hundred-fifth measure contains a quarter note C65, a quarter note D65, and a quarter note E65. The hundred-sixth measure has a quarter note F65, a quarter note G65, and a quarter note A65. The hundred-seventh measure consists of a quarter note B65, a quarter note C66, and a quarter note D66. The hundred-eighth measure has a quarter note E66, a quarter note F66, and a quarter note G66. The hundred-ninth measure contains a quarter note A6

1. Would you always cheer-ful be? Let the blessed sunlight in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days? Let the blessed sunlight in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart? Let the blessed sunlight in;
4. Would you speed the truth abroad? Let the blessed sunlight in;

A musical score for the bass part of "The Rose Tree". The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are written below the staff.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The next measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The third measure consists of a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The fourth measure is a half note D4. The fifth measure contains a quarter note C4, a quarter note B3, and a quarter note A3. The sixth measure is a half note G3. The seventh measure contains a quarter note F3, a quarter note E3, and a quarter note D3. The eighth measure is a half note C3. The ninth measure contains a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note G2. The tenth measure is a half note F2. The eleventh measure contains a quarter note E2, a quarter note D2, and a quarter note C2. The twelfth measure is a half note B1. The thirteenth measure contains a quarter note A1, a quarter note G1, and a quarter note F1. The fourteenth measure is a half note E1. The fifteenth measure contains a quarter note D1, a quarter note C1, and a quarter note B0. The sixteenth measure is a half note A0. The system ends with a double bar line.

Would you bid the dark-ness flee? Let the bless-ed sun - light in.
 Would you fill your heart with praise? Let the bless-ed sun - light in.
 Would you joy and strength im-part? Let the bless-ed sun - light in.
 Would you bring the world to God? Let the bless-ed sun - light in.

[illegible]

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Let the bless-ed sun - light, sun-light in!

Let the bless - ed

Let the bless-ed sun - light in!

Let the bless - ed

A musical score for the bass line of the song 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature consists of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The next measure contains a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The final measure of the system contains a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, and a quarter note G3. The notation includes various musical symbols such as stems, beams, and accidentals.

sun-light in!

Would you nev-er wea-ry When the days are

sun - light, sun-light inl

Repeat softly.

Repeat softly.

drear - y? Let the bless - ed sun - light in!

sun - light inl

sun - light in

Come to the Feast.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta-ble now is
 2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
 3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while he waits to welcome
 4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly

spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
 wide; A place of hon - or is re-serv'd For you at the Master's side.
 thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
 strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Come, "who - so - ev - er
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,


will," Praise God for full sal -
 "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - tion For

va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
 "who - so - ev - er will,"

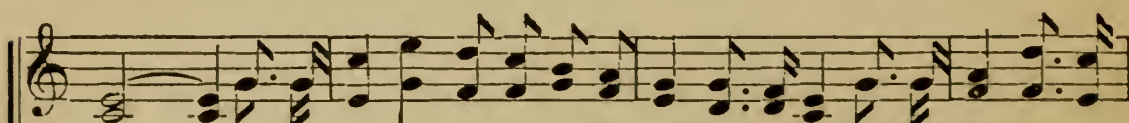
Take the World for Jesus.

J. H. E.
FULL CHORUS.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

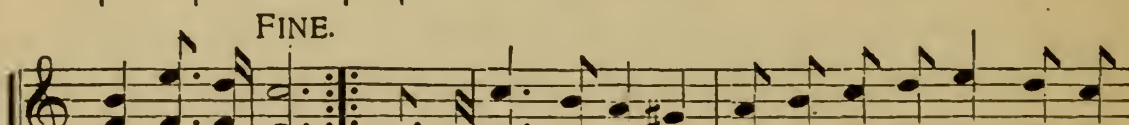


"Take the world for Jesus," sound the great bat-tle-cry, Let the mighty cho-rus
Let the might-y, might-y

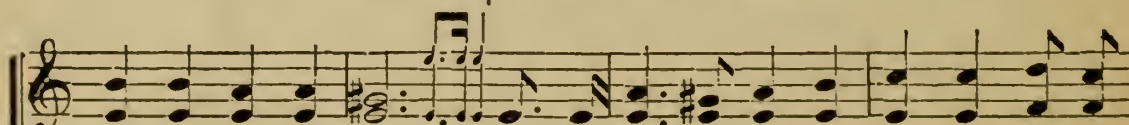


ring; "Take the world for Jesus," raise the bright standard high, As we shout, as we
cho-rus ring;

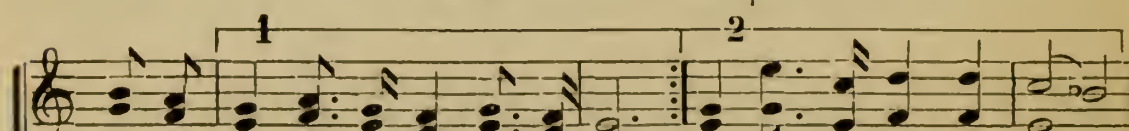
FINE.



march, as we sing. { Let the gos-pel sto-ry roll a-round the world, Ev-'ry-
Let all the nations now in him rejoice, Who hath



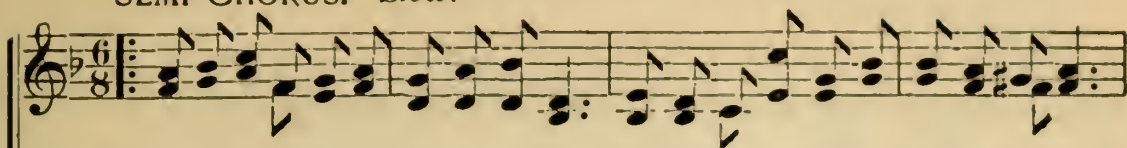
where let joy pre-vail, Since the sac - ri - fice of Christ our Sav-ior
by his pre-cious blood Re - deemed us, and pre-pared a man-sion



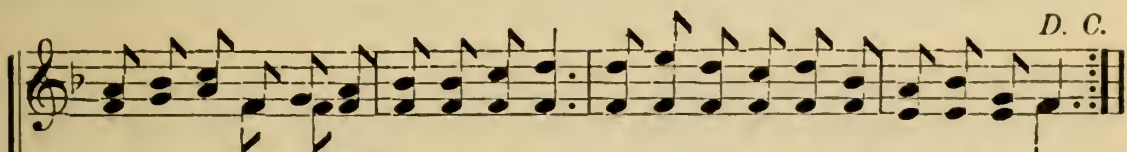
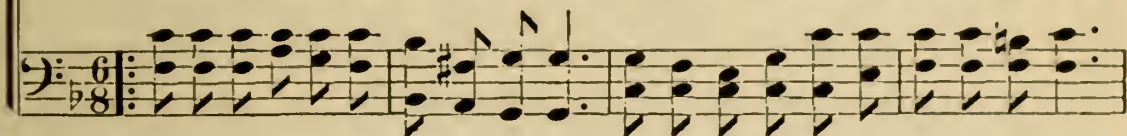
For the sins of the world doth a-vail; } bright glo - ry-land a - bove.
In the (*Omit.*)

Take the World for Jesus.

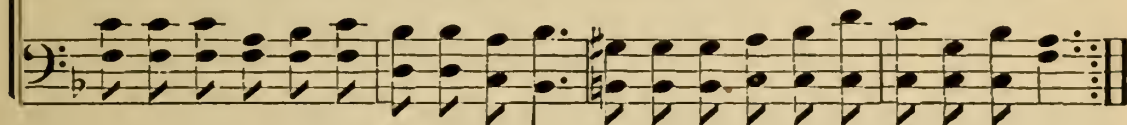
SEMI-CHORUS. *Slow.*



{ Out on the mountains of sin and despair, Millions are perishing, needing our care;
{ Tell them of Jesus, who rose from the grave, Tell them of Je-sus, the Might-y to Save;



Shall we not send them the message to-day? Shall we not help without further delay? }
Plenteous salvation in him doth a-bound, Cleansing and heal-ing in Je-sus are found. }

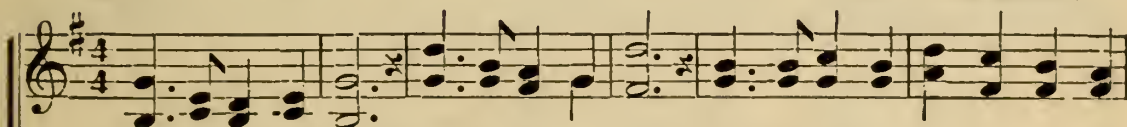


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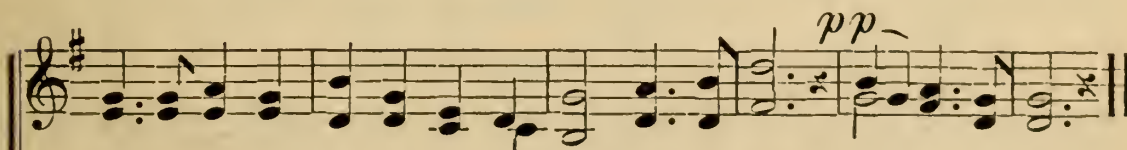
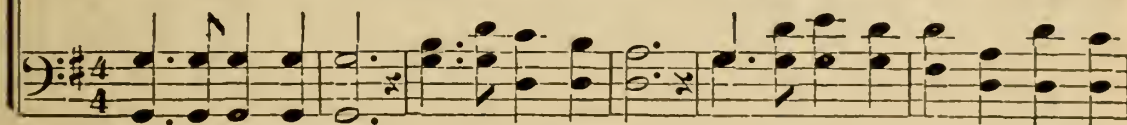
Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T.

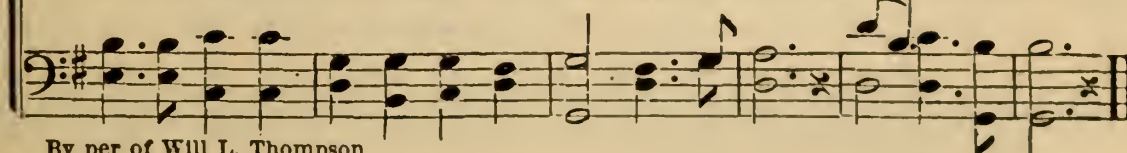
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Earnestly for you he's calling,
2. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Weary trav'ler, do not tarry,
3. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Voices may not always call you,
4. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Where 'tis love and joy for-ev-er,



Gently at thy heart he's pleading, "Come unto Me, Come un-to Me."
Jesus will thy burden car-ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
"Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die? Why will ye die?"
Where we'll meet to part, no, never, Sinner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

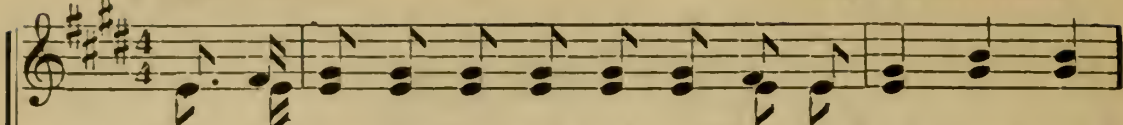


By per of Will L. Thompson.

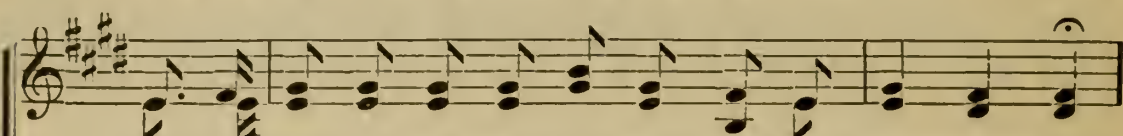
When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. LATTA. Alt.

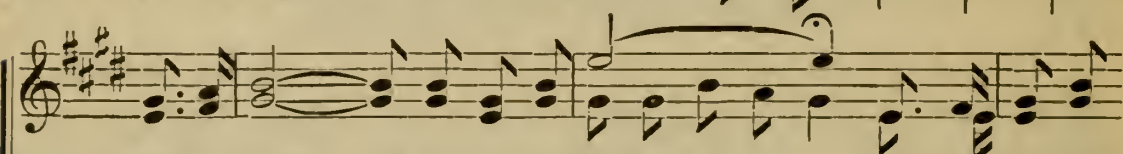
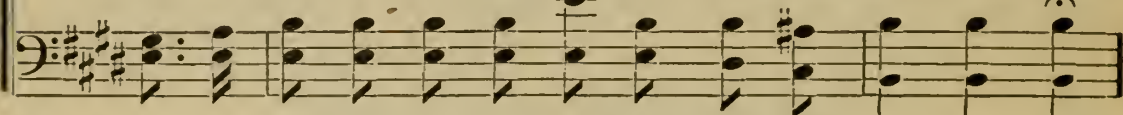
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



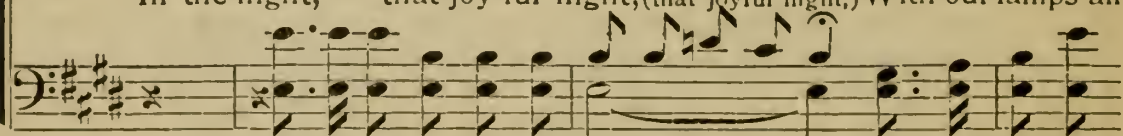
1. Will our lamps be filled and read - y, When the Bridegroom comes?
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes?
3. Don't de - lay our prep - ar - a - tion Till the Bridegroom comes,
4. It may be a time of sor - row, When the Bridegroom comes,
5. Oh, there'll be a glo - rious meet - ing, When the Bridegroom comes,



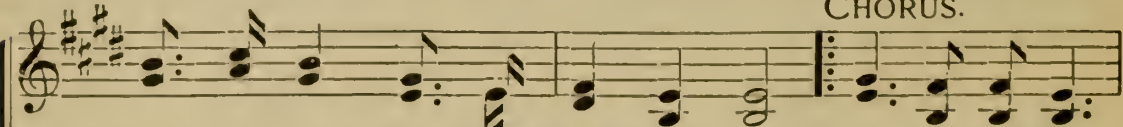
And our lights be clear and stead - y, When the Bridegroom comes?
 And a shout of joy re - sound - ing, When the Bridegroom comes?
 Lest there be a sep - ar - a - tion, When the Bridegroom comes.
 If our oil we hope to bor - row, When the Bridegroom comes.
 And a hal - le - lu - jah greet - ing, When the Bridegroom comes.



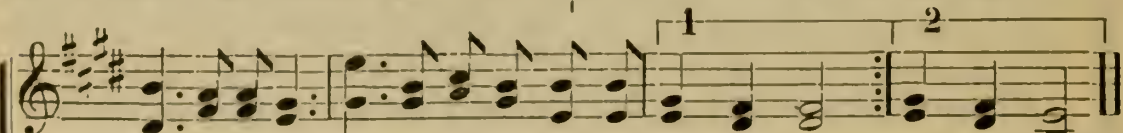
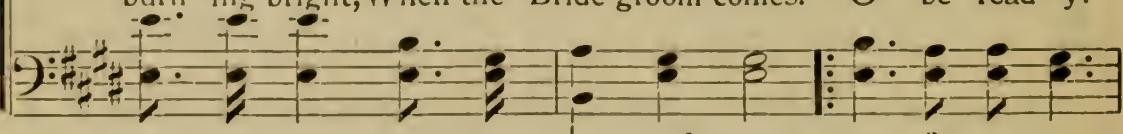
In the night, that solemn night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be
 In the night, that solemn night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be
 In the night, that solemn night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be
 In the night, that solemn night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be
 In the night, that joy - ful night, (that joyful night,) With our lamps all



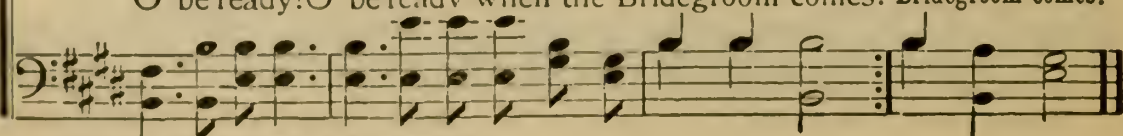
CHORUS.



burn - ing bright, When the Bride - groom comes? O be read - y!



O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes! Bridegroom comes!



Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turning from the world a - way,
 2. Naught re - serv - ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour
 3. Tak - ing up the cross for Je - sus, Glad for him to suf - fer shame,
 4. Praise his pre - cious name for - ev - er That his blood hath made me free;

Step - ping out up - on the promise, All I have is his to - day.
 When the fire from heav'n descending Shall attest his glorious pow'r.
 All my gain I count but loss - es, For the glo - ry of his name.
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS

Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing
 Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,

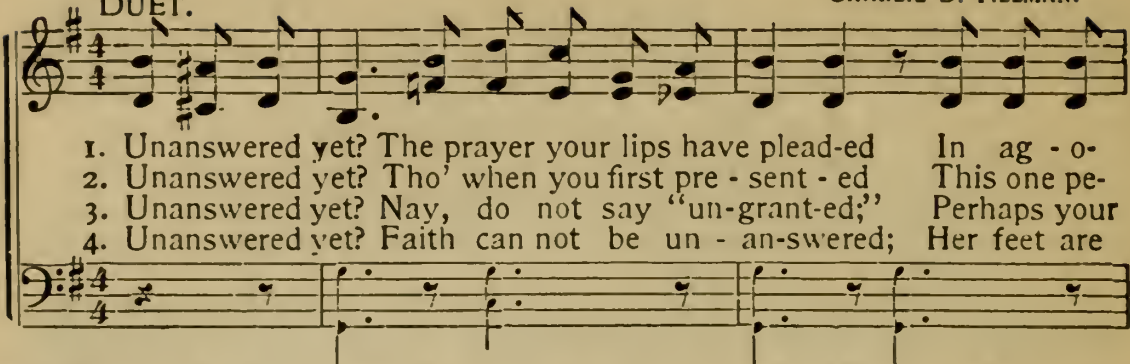
from the world a - way, Stepping out up -
 Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way, Step - ping out up -

on his prom - ise, All I have is his to - day.
 on his bless - ed prom - ise,

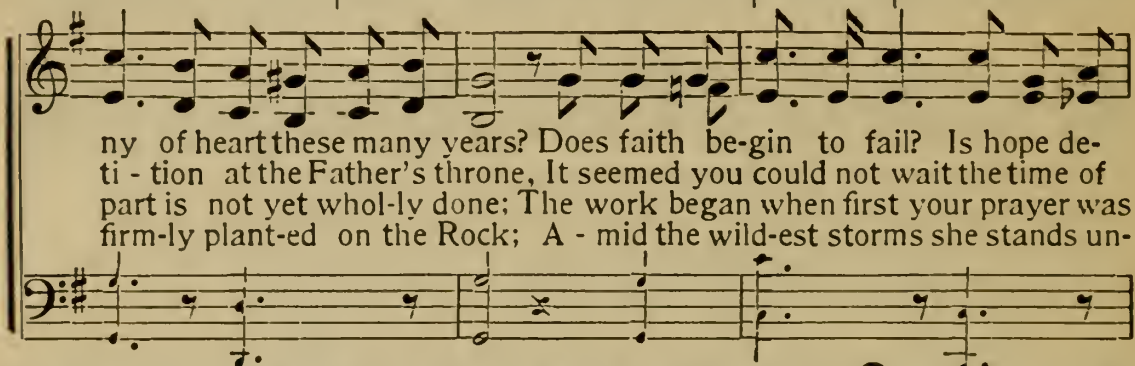
Sometime, Somewhere.

DUET.

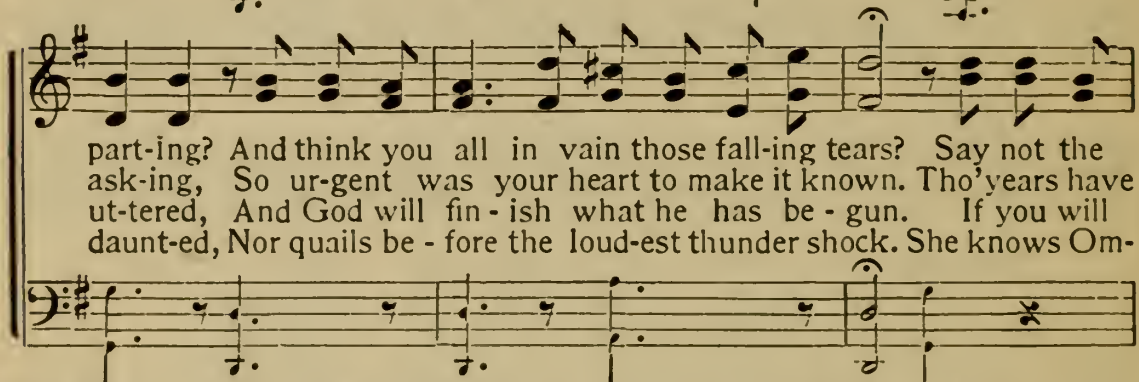
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



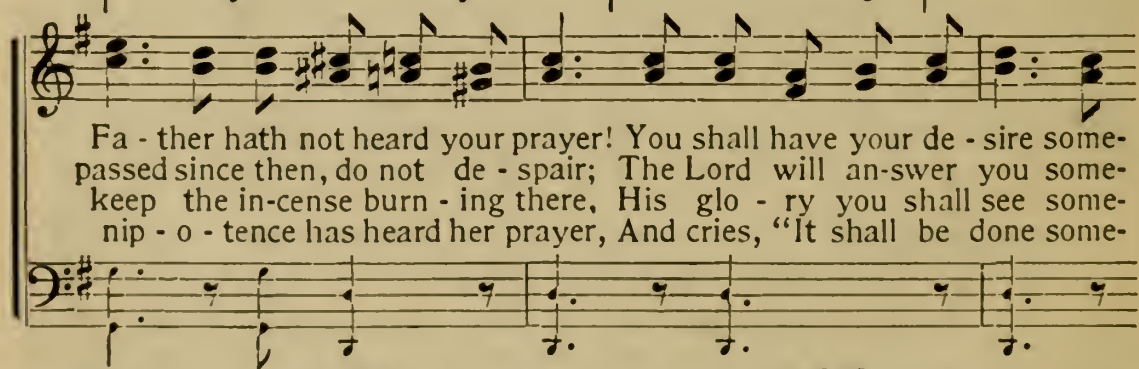
1. Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have plead-ed In ag - o-
 2. Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe-
 3. Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say "un-grant-ed;" Perhaps your
 4. Unanswered yet? Faith can not be un - an-swered; Her feet are



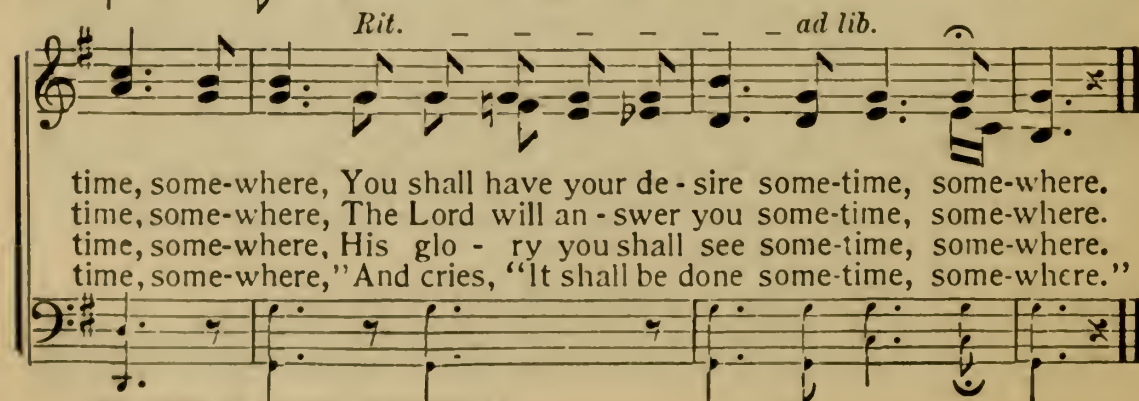
ny of heart these many years? Does faith be-gin to fail? Is hope de-
 ti - tion at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
 part is not yet whol-ly done; The work began when first your prayer was
 firm-ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storms she stands un-



part-ing? And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the
 ask-ing, So ur-gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
 ut-tered, And God will fin-ish what he has be - gun. If you will
 daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the loud-est thunder shock. She knows Om-



Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer! You shall have your de - sire some-
 passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer you some-
 keep the in-cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall see some-
 nip - o - tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be done some-

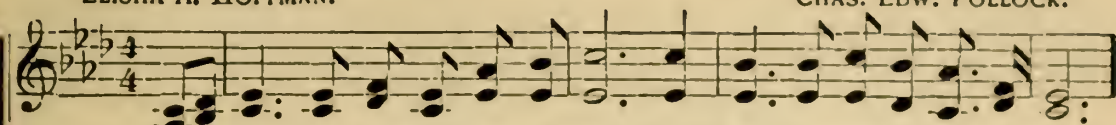


Rit. - - - - *ad lib.*

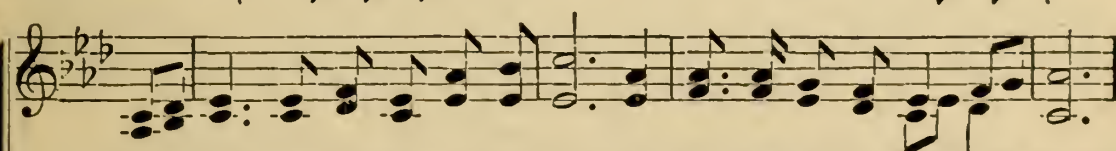
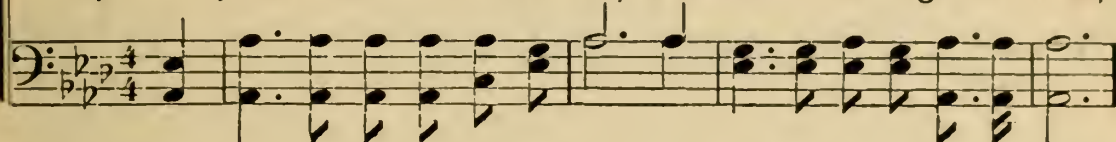
time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire some-time, some-where.
 time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you some-time, some-where.
 time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see some-time, some-where.
 time, some-where, "And cries, "It shall be done some-time, some-where."

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

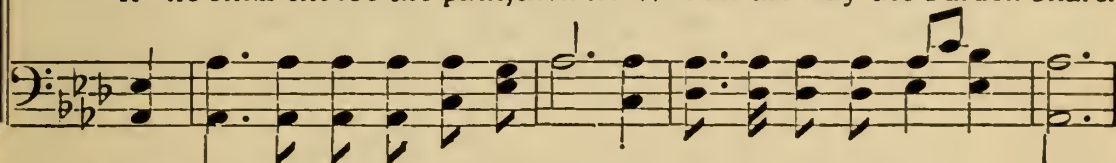
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



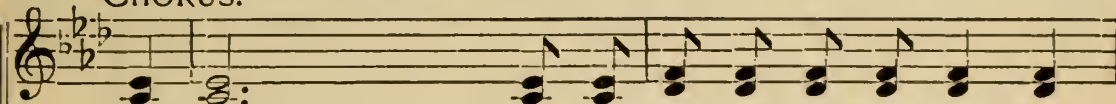
1. With my blind eyes I can-not see What lot is for my soul the best;
2. 'Mid per - ils ma - ny I shall go, In stony paths my feet shall run;
3. And if there is a darkened day When thro' great trials I must go,
4. No path I count too hard for me, No burden hold too great to bear;



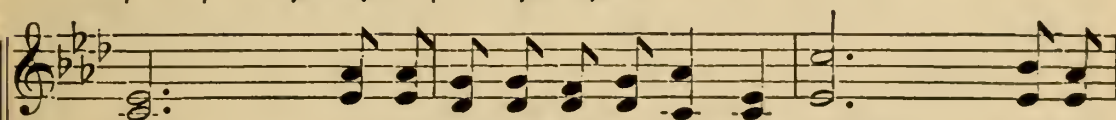
So, Lord, choose thou the path for me; In thy sweet will my heart shall rest.
 One thing a - lone I seek to know, That my dear Lord is leading on.
 Faith will not fal - ter in the way If my dear Lord has willed it so.
 If he shall choose the path, then he Will all the way the burden share.



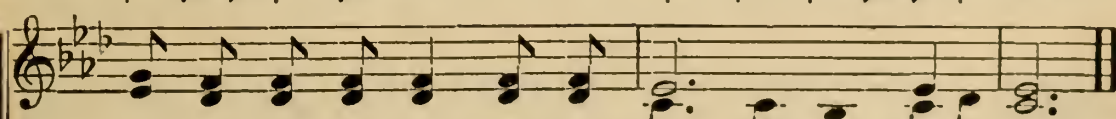
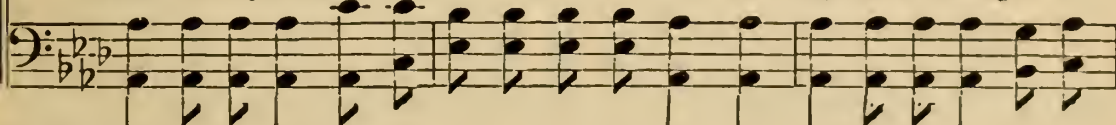
CHORUS.



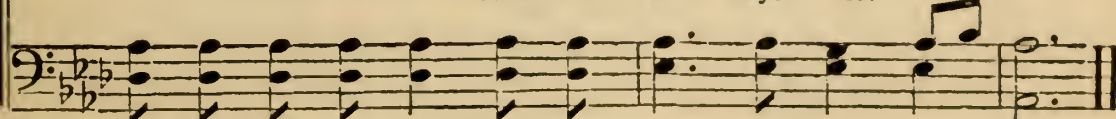
My lot it is not for me to know; I
 My por - tion and lot, I



wait, on-ly thy sweet will to know; E - nough that my
 wait, hum-bly wait, E - nough, 'tis e - nough,



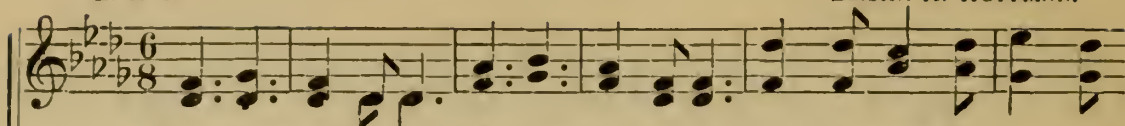
Lord has willed it so, This is best for me.
 This is al - ways best



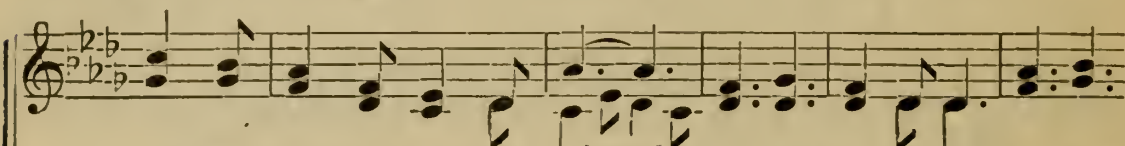
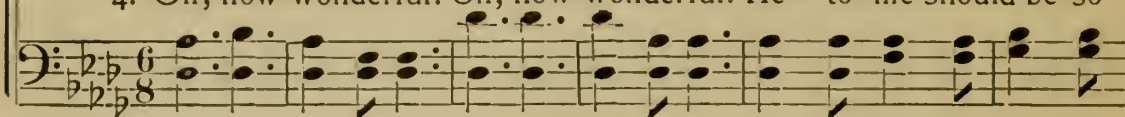
Oh, How Wonderful!

E. A. H.

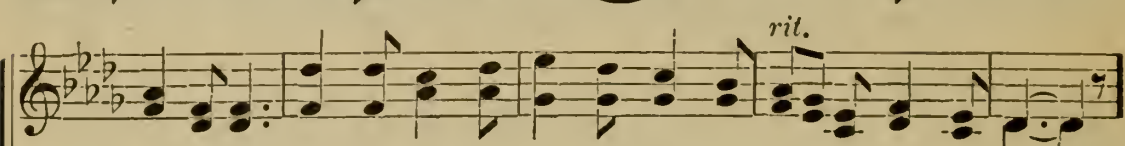
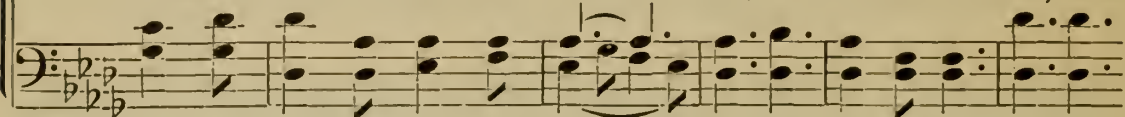
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



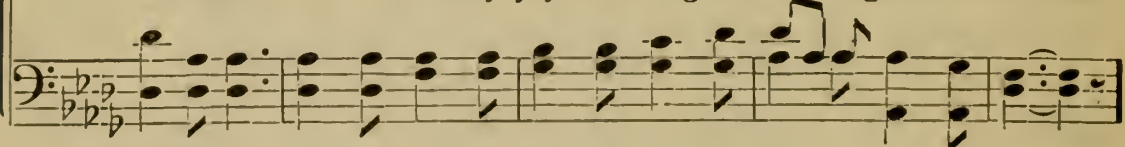
1. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! Je - sus went to Cal - va -
2. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He should leave his home a -
3. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! O'er my heart his blood should
4. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He to me should be so



ry and suf-fered there for me! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
 bove, im-pelled by pur-est love! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
 flow to wash me white as snow! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
 near to com-fort and to cheer! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how



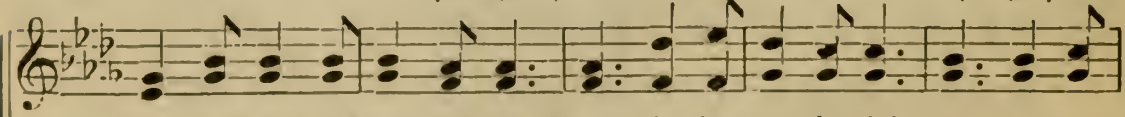
wonderful! On the bit-ter cross he died my ran-som-price to be.
 wonderful! He to me his ten-der love so constantly should prove!
 wonderful! Such a sweet and full sal-va-tion dai-ly I should know!
 wonderful! He is all my joy and song and ev-er grows more dear.



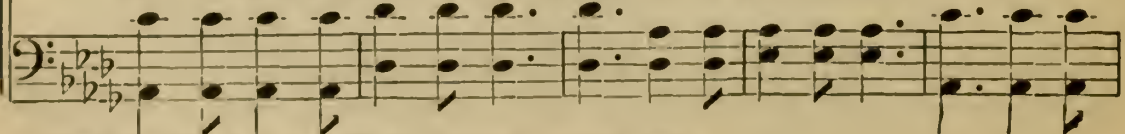
CHORUS.



Oh, it is wonderful! strange and so wonderful! Wonderful that he should die,



Me to save and sanc-ti-fy! Yes, it is won-der-ful, so ver-y



Oh, How Wonderful!

musical score for 'Oh, How Wonderful!' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: 'won-der-ful, I will be an heir of heav'n with Je-sus by and by!'

won-der-ful, I will be an heir of heav'n with Je-sus by and by!

85

Make Me Holy.

S. and E. A. H.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

musical score for 'Make Me Holy' (first system) in G major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: '1. Fa - ther, I would be made ho - ly. Cleans'd from ev-'ry sin and stain; 2. Grant to me my soul - pe - ti - tion, Drive un-ho - ly thoughts away; 3. I am weak and sin - ful, Fa - ther, With no mer - it of my own; 4. At thy feet, O Fa - ther ho - ly! With a low - ly heart I bow,'

1. Fa - ther, I would be made ho - ly. Cleans'd from ev-'ry sin and stain;
2. Grant to me my soul - pe - ti - tion, Drive un-ho - ly thoughts away;
3. I am weak and sin - ful, Fa - ther, With no mer - it of my own;
4. At thy feet, O Fa - ther ho - ly! With a low - ly heart I bow,

musical score for 'Make Me Holy' (second system) in G major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: 'Wash me in the blood of Je - sus, Make me pure and white a-gain. Change to joy my deep con - tri - tion, Turn my night in - to the day. Make me ho - ly, lo! I plead thee, Thro' the blood of Christ a lone. And en-treat thee to be gra-cious, And to cleanse me ful - ly now.'

Wash me in the blood of Je - sus, Make me pure and white a-gain.
Change to joy my deep con - tri - tion, Turn my night in - to the day.
Make me ho - ly, lo! I plead thee, Thro' the blood of Christ a lone.
And en-treat thee to be gra-cious, And to cleanse me ful - ly now.

CHORUS.

musical score for 'Make Me Holy' (chorus first system) in G major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: 'Make me ho - ly, pure, and clean; Cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry stain;'

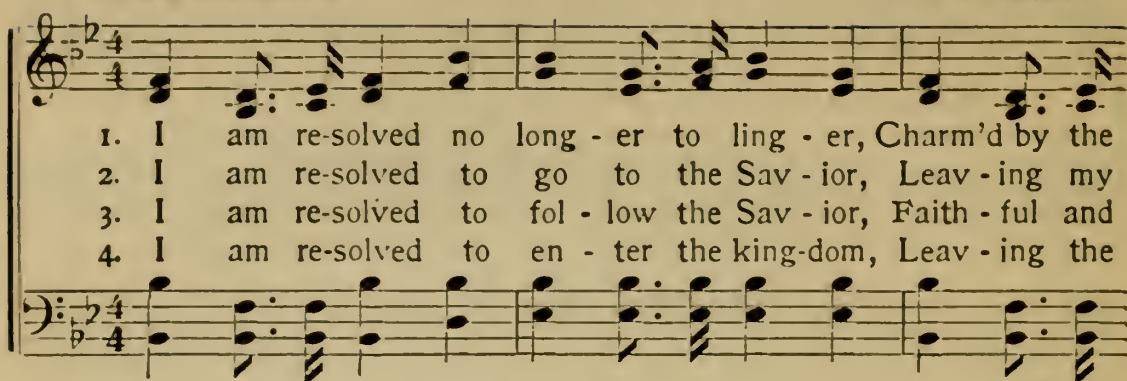
Make me ho - ly, pure, and clean; Cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry stain;

musical score for 'Make Me Holy' (chorus second system) in G major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: 'En - ter in, en - ter in, Pu - ri - fy my heart from sin.'

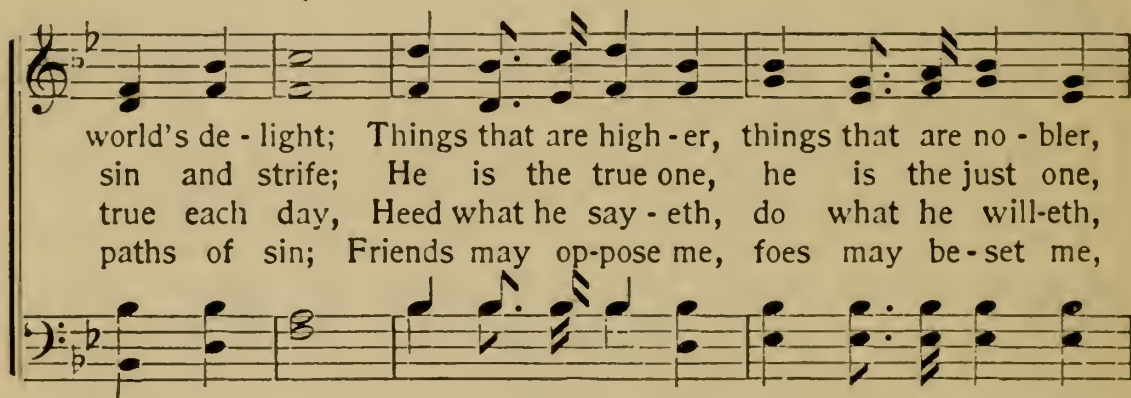
En - ter in, en - ter in, Pu - ri - fy my heart from sin.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

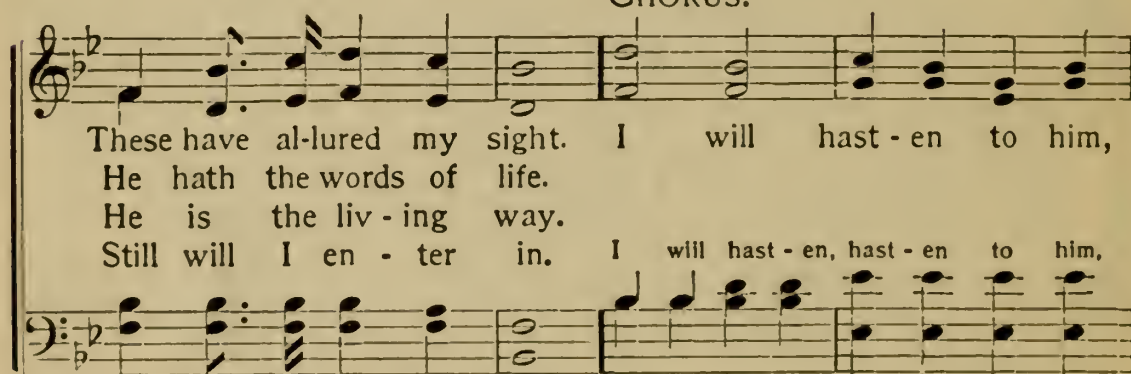


1. I am re-solved no long - er to ling - er, Charm'd by the
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the

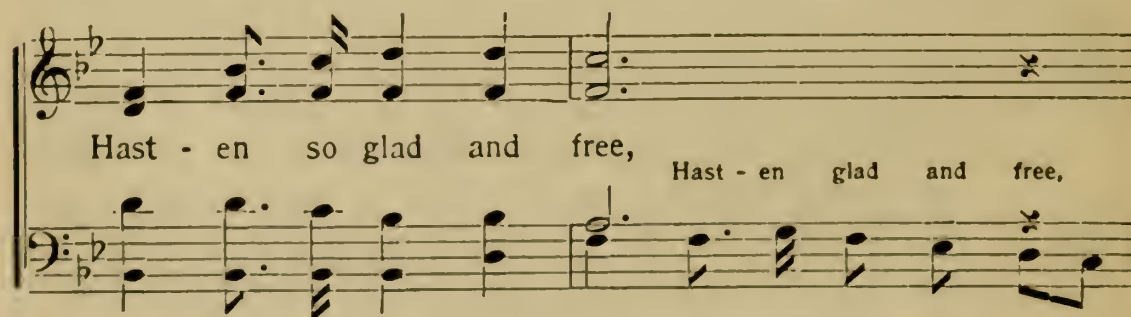


world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true one, he is the just one,
 true each day, Heed what he say - eth, do what he will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,

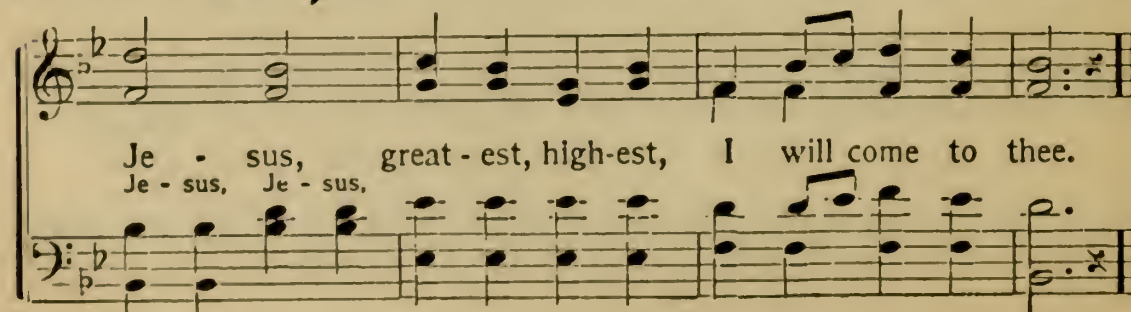
CHORUS.



These have al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to him,
 He hath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in. I will hast - en, hast - en to him,



Hast - en so glad and free, Hast - en glad and free,



Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Mac - e - do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where a-bound; "Send the light,
 4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love; "Send the light,

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev'ry-where be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

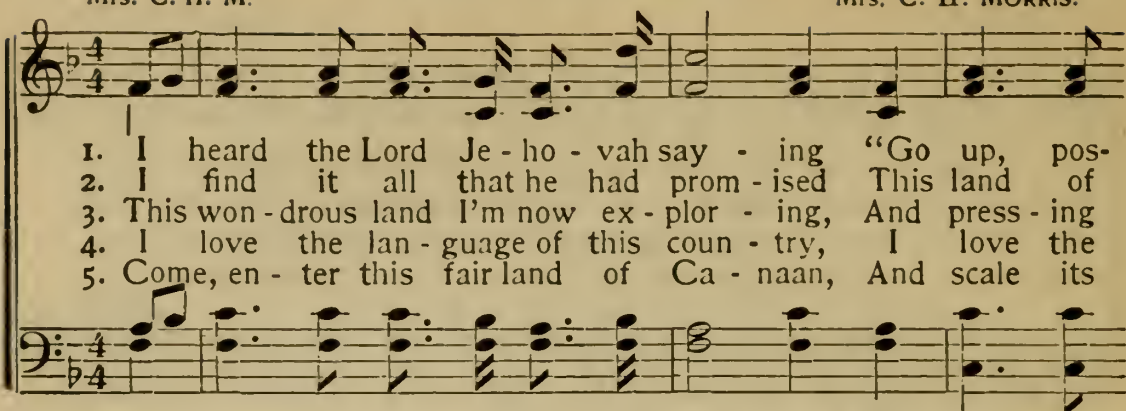
REFRAIN.
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light, the
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light,

1
 bless-ed gos - pel light; Let it shine from shore to
 the bless-ed gos - pel light, Let it shine

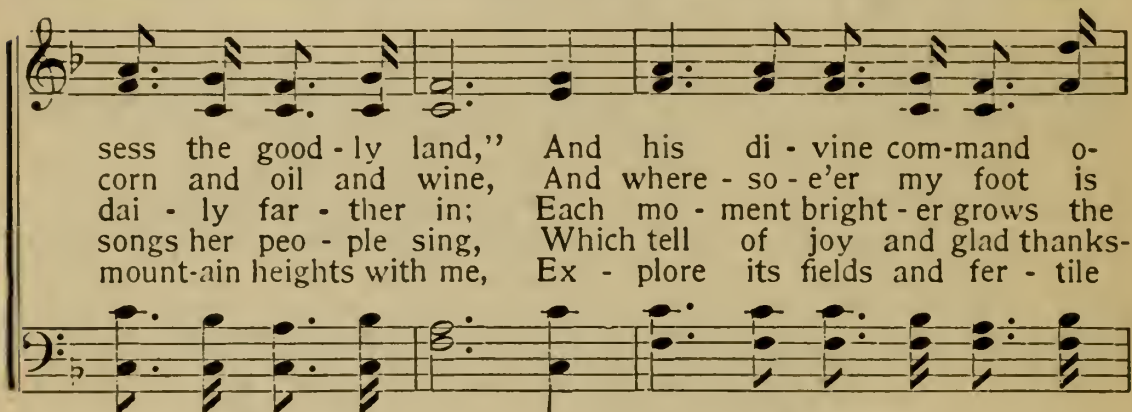
2
 shore! shine for ev - er more.
 from shore to shore! Let it shine for ev - er - more.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I heard the Lord Je - ho - vah say - ing "Go up, pos-
 2. I find it all that he had prom - ised This land of
 3. This won - drous land I'm now ex - plor - ing, And press - ing
 4. I love the lan - guage of this coun - try, I love the
 5. Come, en - ter this fair land of Ca - naan, And scale its

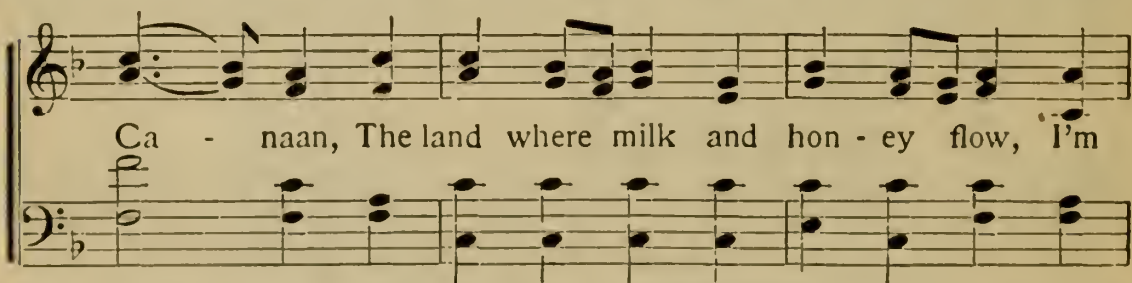


sess the good - ly land," And his di - vine com - mand o-
 corn and oil and wine, And where - so - e'er my foot is
 dai - ly far - ther in; Each mo - ment bright - er grows the
 songs her peo - ple sing, Which tell of joy and glad thanks-
 mount - ain heights with me, Ex - plore its fields and fer - tile

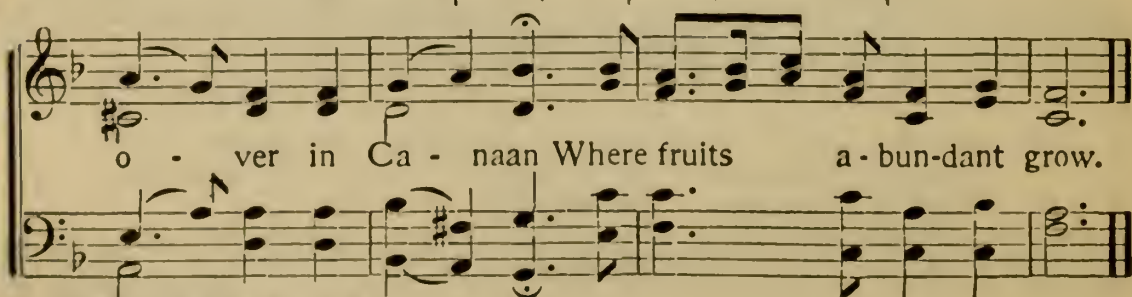
CHORUS.



bey - ing, In Ca - naan now I stand.
 tread - ing, Hence - forth is free - ly mine.
 vis - ion, Each step new joys be - gin. I'm o - ver in
 giv - ing Un - til the hill - tops ring,
 val - leys, And all its beau - ties see.



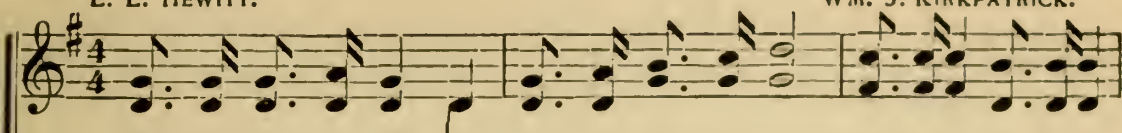
Ca - naan, The land where milk and hon - ey flow, I'm



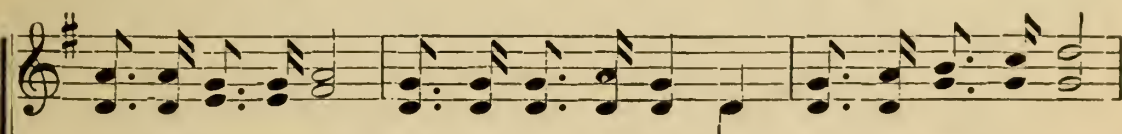
o - ver in Ca - naan Where fruits a - bun - dant grow.

E. E. HEWITT.

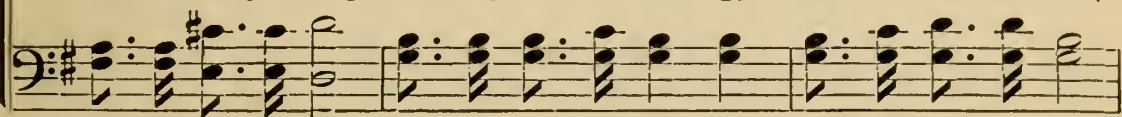
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Have we learn'd the secret of the Christian's pow'r? Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry
2. By the Word in-dwell-ing, "watch-ing unto pray'r," Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry
2. Let him do the plan-ning, let him use our days, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry
4. On - ly "earthen vessels," his the treas-ure rare, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry



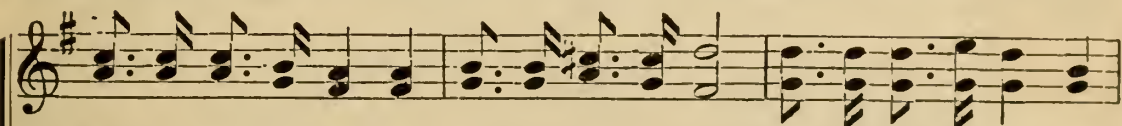
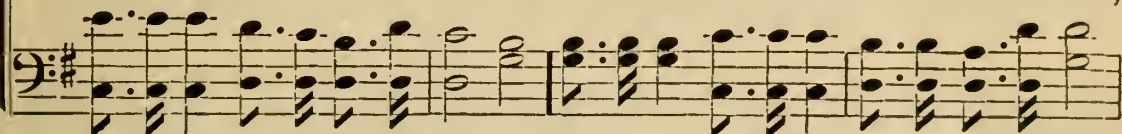
all the way a-long; List'ning and o - bey - ing, trust-ing ev - 'ry hour,
 all the way a-long; Rest-ing, while we serve him, in his keep-ing care,
 all the way a-long; Yield-ing to his Spir - it, his shall be the praise,
 all the way a-long; Humb-ly o - ver-com-ing, — then the mansions fair,



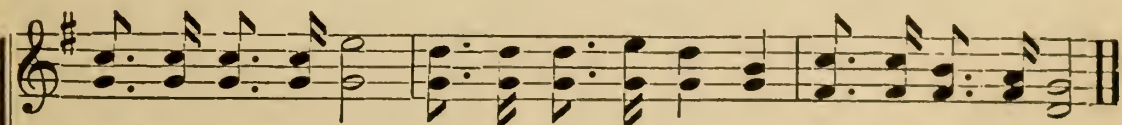
CHORUS.



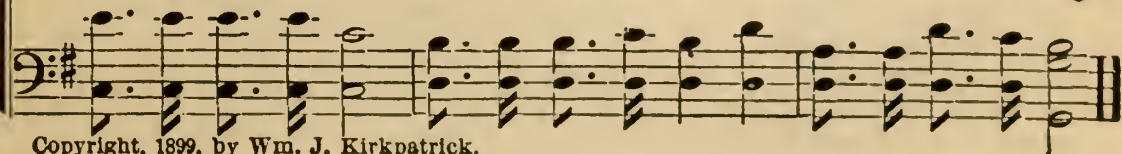
Vic-to-ry all a-long thro' Je-sus. Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, all the way a-long,



Lift Im-man-uel's ban-ner, marching on with song; Christ shall have the kingdom,



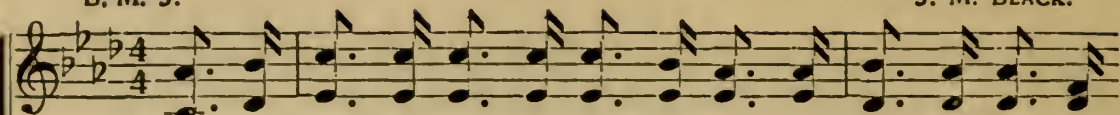
right shall conquer wrong, Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, All the way a-long.



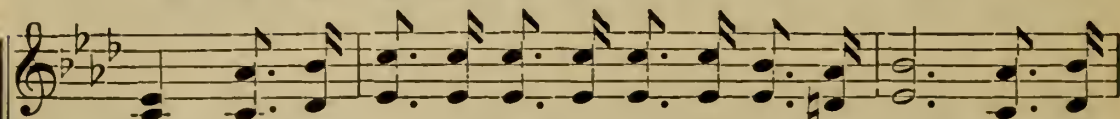
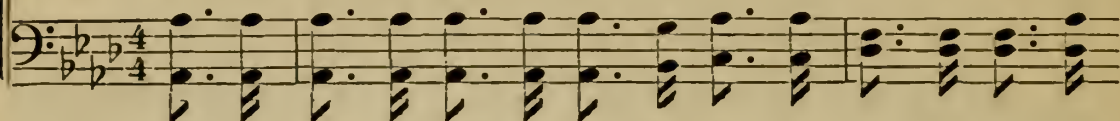
90 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

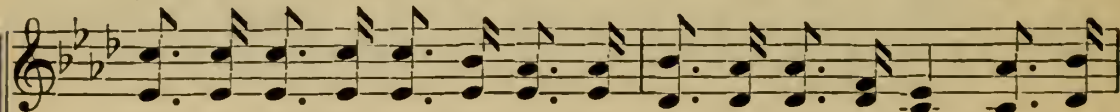
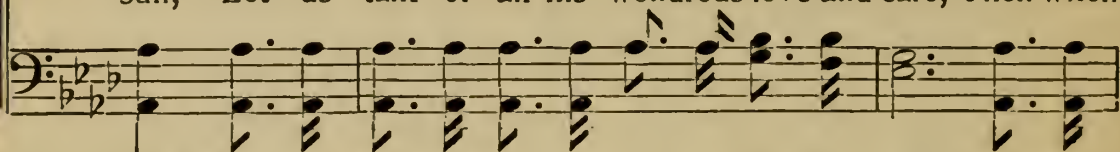
J. M. BLACK.



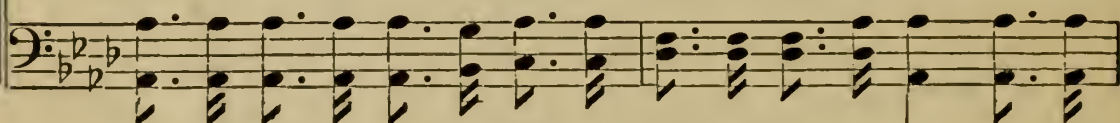
1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no-
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting



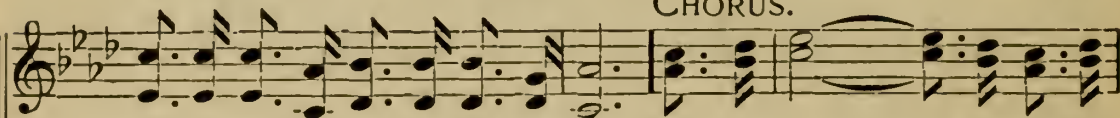
more, And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
rise, And the glo-ry of his res-ur-rec-tion share; When his
sun, Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then when



saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o-ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

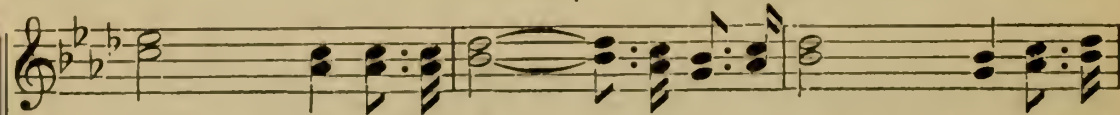
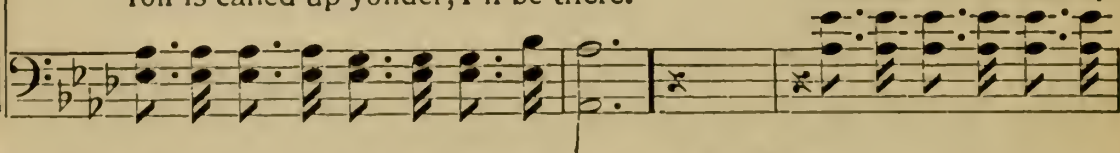


CHORUS.

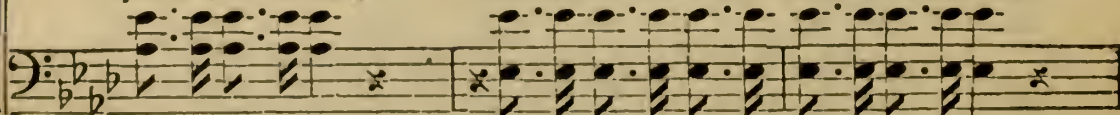


roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

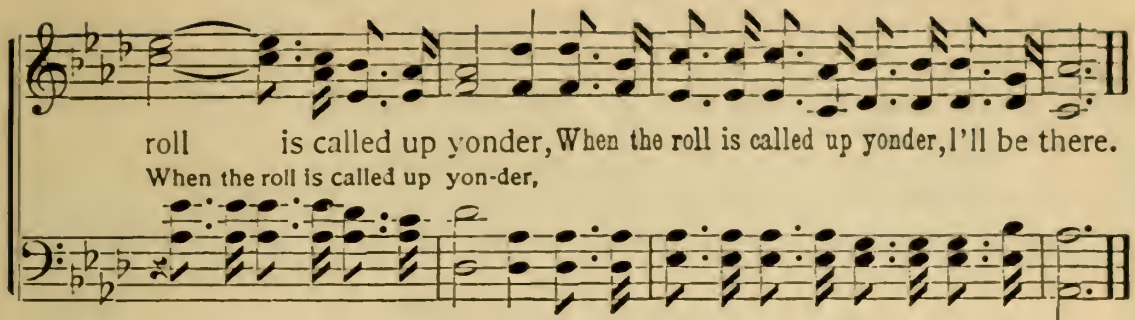
When the roll is called up



yon - - der, When the roll is called up yon - - der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,



When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

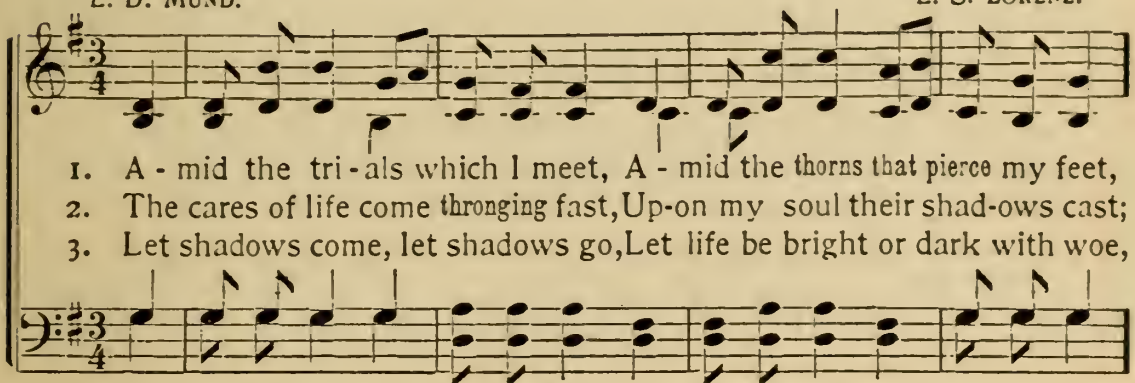


roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll is called up yon-der,

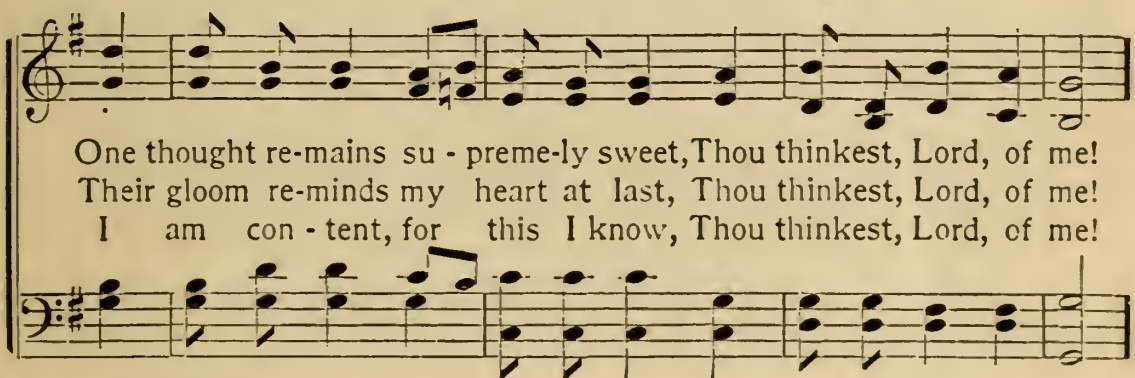
91 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

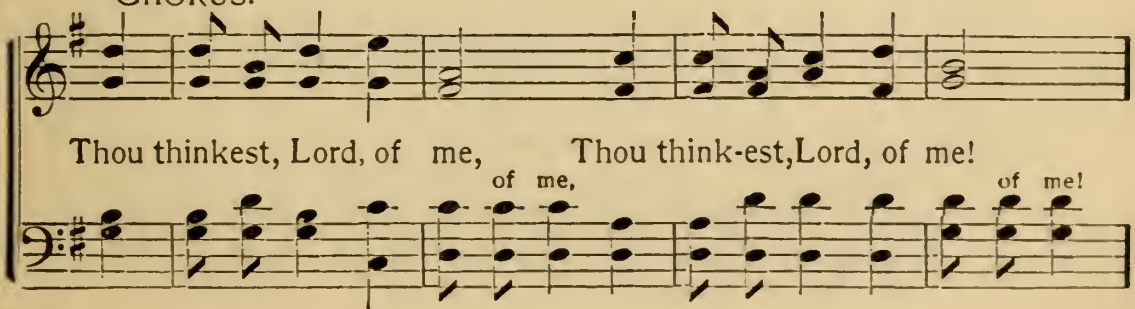


1. A - mid the tri-als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shad-ows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

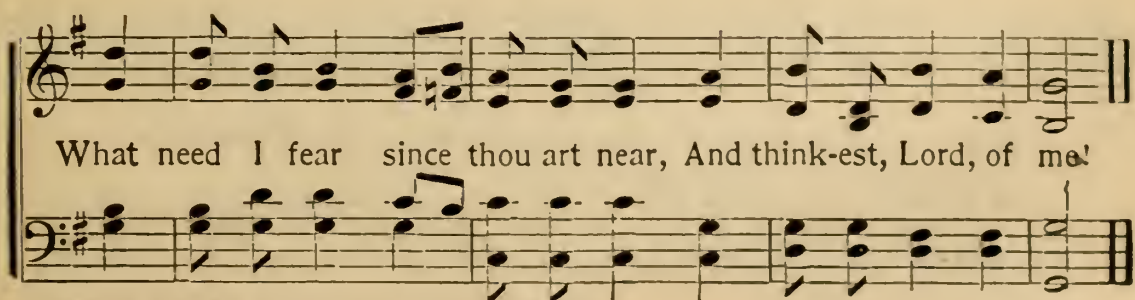


One thought re-mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

CHORUS.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
of me, of me!



What need I fear since thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me!

When the Harvest is Past.

S. F. SMITH, Alt.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. When the har-vest is past and the sum - mer is gone, And the
 2. When the rich gales of mer - cy no long - er shall blow, And the
 3. When the ho - ly have gone to the re - gions of peace, And shall
 4. Tell me, sin - ner, who liv - est at rest and se - cure, Nev - er

ser-mons and prayers are all o'er, When no more breaks the dawn of the
 gos - pel no more be de - clared, And the Christ-less at last to their
 dwell in the man-sions a - bove, When their spir - its a - wake to the
 fear - ing the e - vil to come, Is it well to go on in the

bright Sabbath morn, And the sea-son of mer-cy and grace is no more:
 own place shall go, To the dark, painful doom which their own hands prepared.
 ful - ness of bliss, In that wondrously beau - ti - ful coun - try a - bove:
 course you have run, Till you reach at the last the im-pen-i-tent's doom?

CHORUS.

Then, im-pen - i - tent soul, what, O what will you do At the
 Then, im-pen - i - tent soul, what, O what will you do

close of your pray'r - less years? Can you go to meet God, un-con-
 At the close of your pray'rless years?

When the Harvest is Past.

demned and with joy, As the dawn of the long, long e - ter - ni - ty nears?

Musical notation for the first system of 'When the Harvest is Past.' in G major, 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melody line.

93

Satisfied.

CLARA TEARE.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feed-ing on the husks around me, Till my strength was almost gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for riches, Something that would sat-is - fy,
4. Well of wa-ter, ev - er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,

Musical notation for the first system of 'Satisfied.' in G major, 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melody line.

That I hop'd would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
Longed my soul for something bet-ter, On - ly still to hun-ger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On - ly mock'd my soul's sad cry.
Un - told wealth that nev-er fail - eth My Re-deem - er is to me.

Musical notation for the second system of 'Satisfied.' in G major, 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melody line.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I have found him Whom my soul so long has crav'd!

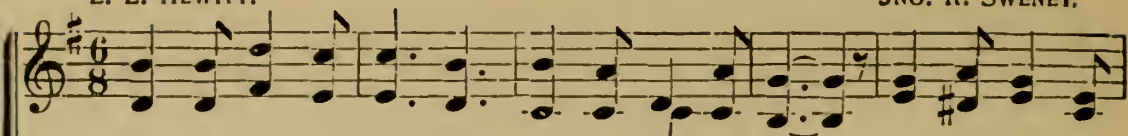
Musical notation for the third system of 'Satisfied.' in G major, 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melody line.

Je-sus sat - is - fies my longings; Thro' his blood I now am sav'd.

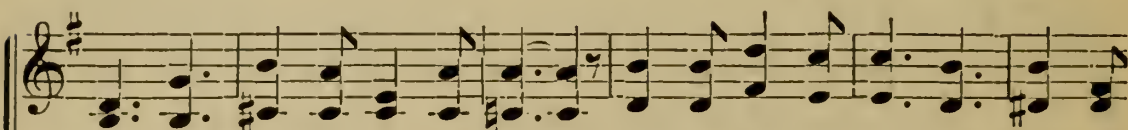
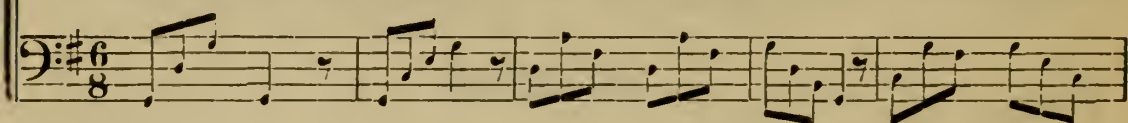
Musical notation for the fourth system of 'Satisfied.' in G major, 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melody line.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



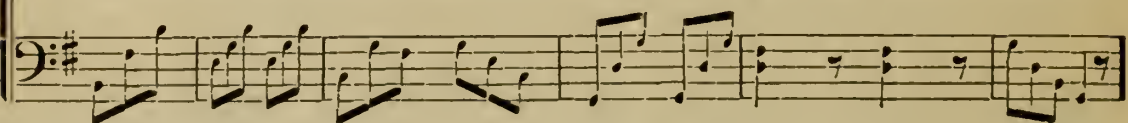
1. Seek ye first the kingdom; Not the things of earth, Price-less are the
2. Seek ye first the kingdom; Ev - er - last - ing love Woos you to the
3. Seek ye first the kingdom; Seek the "Gift of God;" 'Tis the Savior's



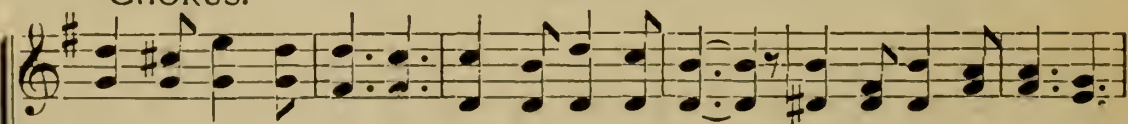
treasures Of im-mor-tal worth. Like a flit-ting shad-ow, Time will
blessings From the land a - bove. Par-don and re - new - al, Righteous-
of - fer, Purchased by his blood. Seek ye first his glo - ry; Be it



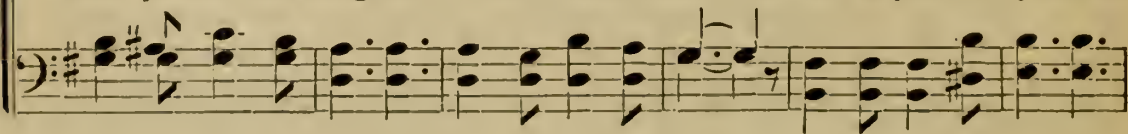
pass a - way, But the heav'nly rich - es Change not, nor de - cay.
ness and peace, Grace for ev-'ry tri - al, Joys that nev - er cease.
life's sweet aim, Him to serve and hon - or, Trust-ing in his name.



CHORUS.



Seek ye first the kingdom; 'Tis the Master's voice; In his precious promise



Ev - er - more re - joice, "All things else," his word is true, "Shall be added



Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

un - to you," In his pre-cious prom - ise Ev - er-more re - joice.

95

Coming.

MAY MAURICE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He will come, perhaps, at dawn-ing Of some sunny, summer's day;
2. Or, when sul - try noon is beam-ing, He, per-chance, will come a-gain;
3. When the shades of night are fall - ing, It may be, my Lord will come;

Fair - er than the tints of morn-ing, Glo-ry shall at-tend his way.
O'er his path a glo - ry stream-ing, Fair-est of the sons of men.
I may hear him sweetly call - ing, Call-ing me to share his home.

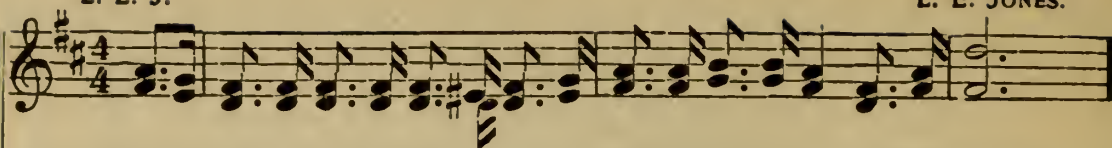
CHORUS.

O my soul, go forth to greet him, Greet him on his glorious way;
O my soul, Greet him on

O my feet, go out to meet him, When he cometh that glad day.
O my feet,

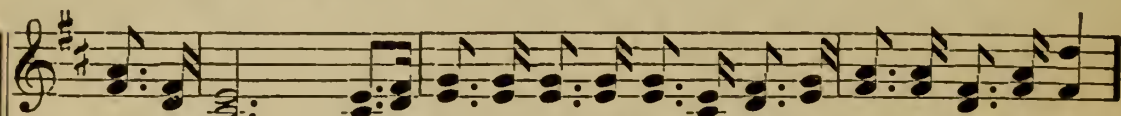
L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



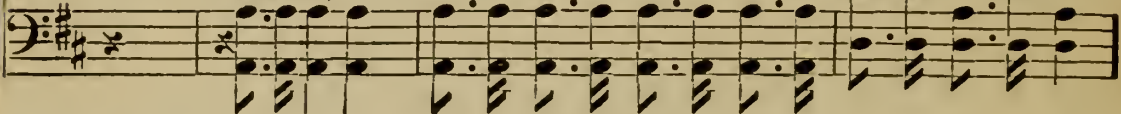
1. When Je-sus calls for witnesses, to tell his love to men, I'll be one,
2. When willing hands are needed to lift up his banner high, I'll be one,
3. With those who stand redeem'd and wash'd in Jesus' precious blood, I'll be one,
4. With those who gladly walk with him in shadow or in shade, I'll be one,

I'll be one,

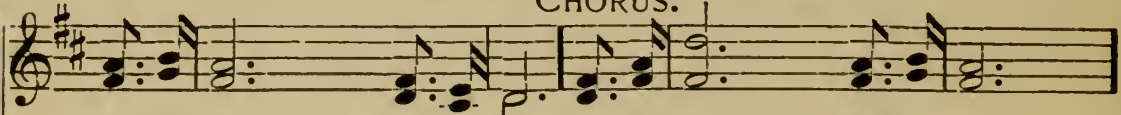


I'll be one, To swell the glad hosannas till the earth shall ring again,
 I'll be one; Of those who, trusting Jesus, tread his footprints to the sky,
 I'll be one; With those who sing tri-umph-ant in the king-dom of our God,
 I'll be one; Of those who trusting in his love shall never be afraid,

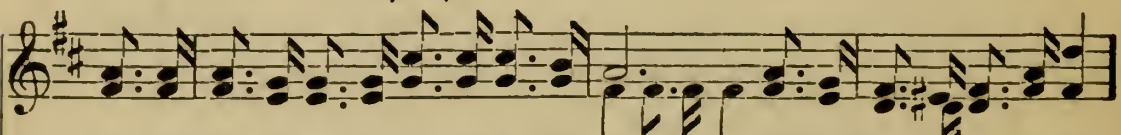
I'll be one,



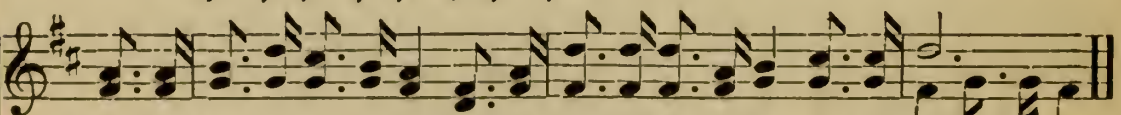
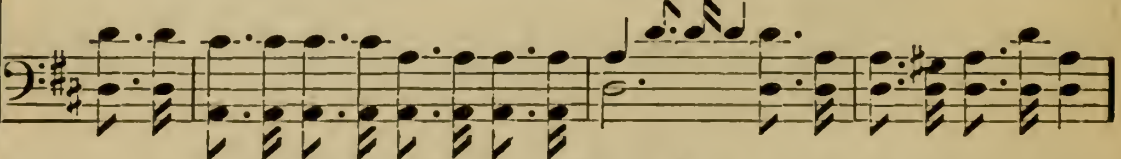
CHORUS.



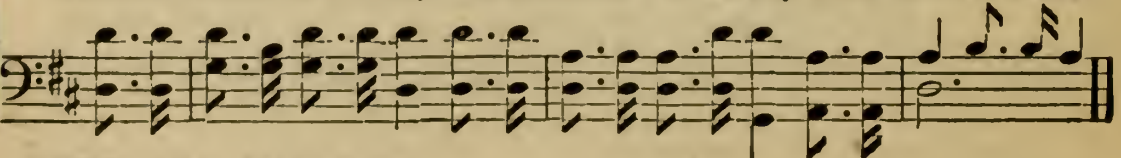
I'll be one, I'll be one. I'll be one, I'll be one,
 I'll be one, I'll be one, I'll be one, I'll be one,



With the sav'd who shout his praises I'll be one, With the hearts who trust and pray,
 I'll be one.



And the Master's will obey, With the ransom'd on the way, I'll be one. I'll be one.

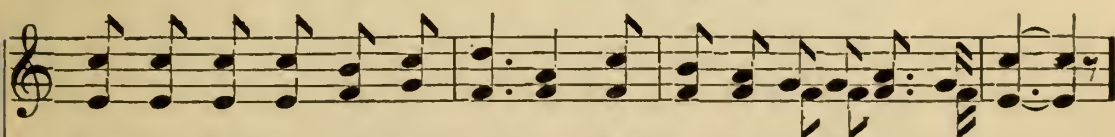
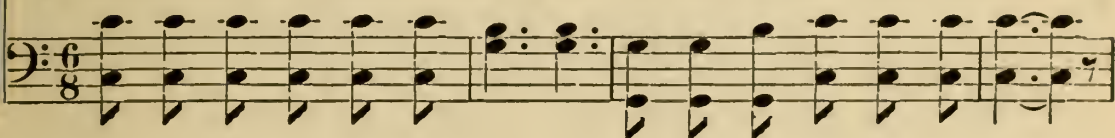


L. E. J. Alt.

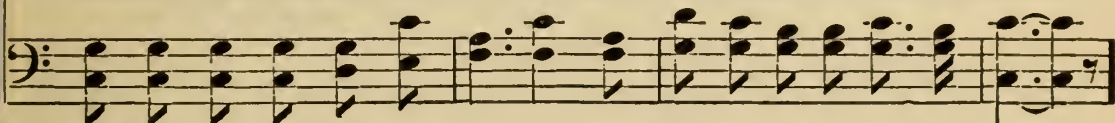
L. E. JONES.



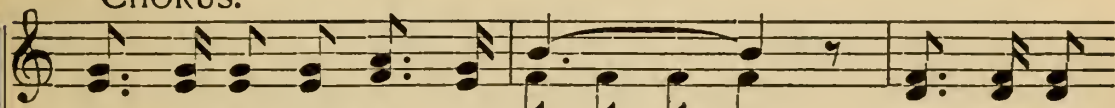
1. When on life's journey I wea-ry, When all looks dark on be - fore,
2. Hushed is the voice of temp-ta-tion, Van-ished the bur-dens I bore,
3. His presence fills me with glad-ness, His love my peace doth re-store,
4. Life grows the brighter and sweeter, Glad-ness is mine more and more



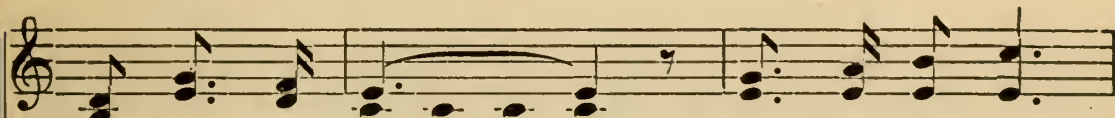
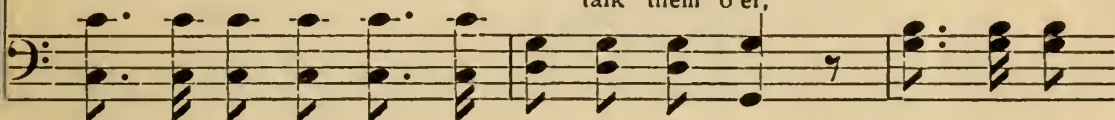
Trustful I come with my tri - als, And Je-sus and I talk them o'er.
 Gone is the heartache and sor-row When Je-sus and I talk them o'er.
 Quickly my troubles are scat-tered When Je-sus and I talk them o'er.
 When I tell him all my longings, And Je-sus and I talk them o'er.



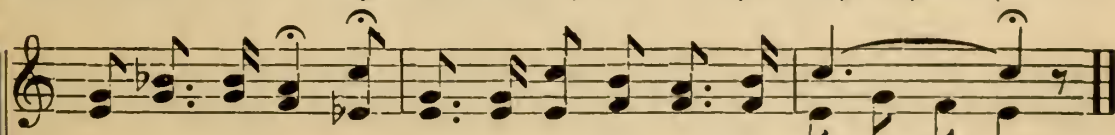
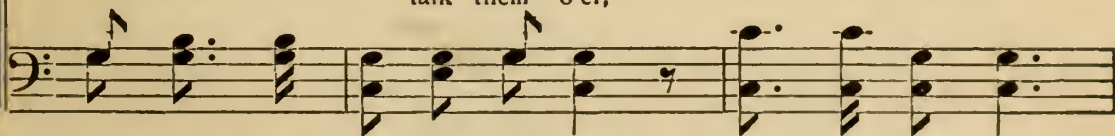
CHORUS.



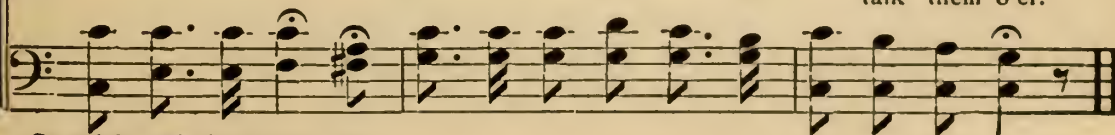
Je - sus and I talk them o'er, talk them o'er, Je - sus and



I talk them o'er, talk them o'er, Scat - tered each fear,



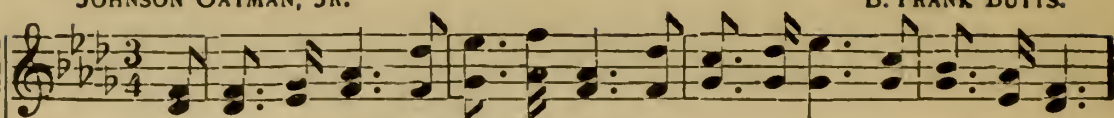
Ills dis - ap-pear When Je-sus and I talk them o'er. talk them o'er.



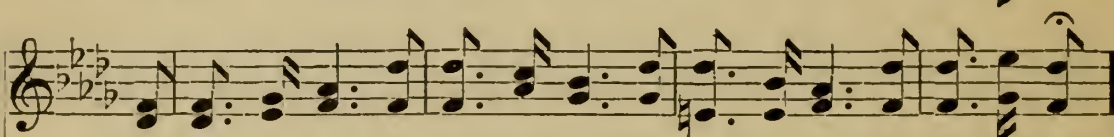
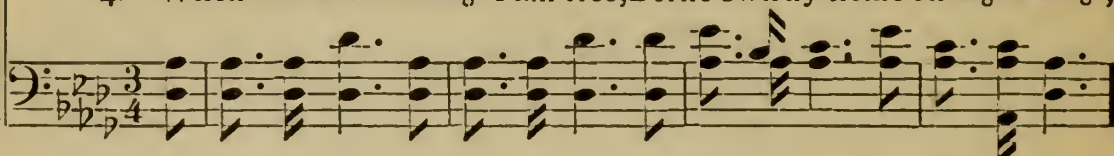
The Prince of Kings.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

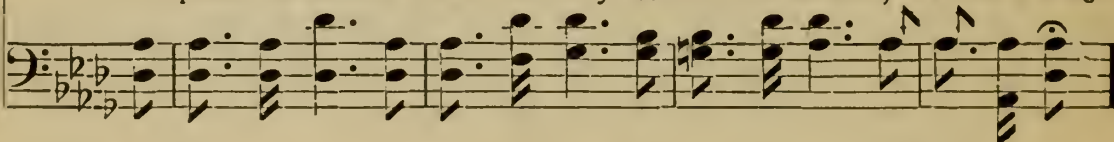
B. FRANK BUTTS.



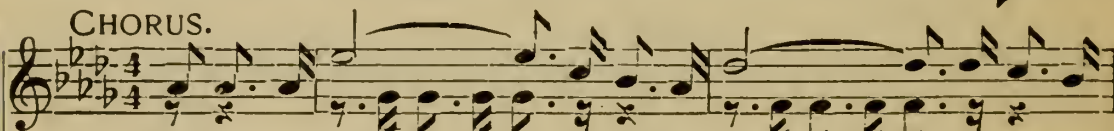
1. I love to read of Christ my Lord, What joy to me the message brings!
2. He is the light, he is the way, From him salvation's waters springs,
3. Of him the angels tune their praise, Of him each harp in heaven rings,
4. When from earth's bondage I am free, Borne swiftly home on angels' wings,



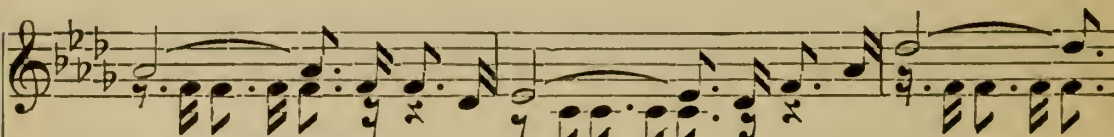
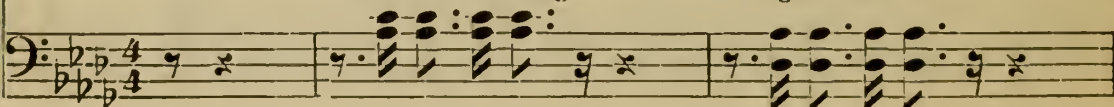
And this I find in his dear word, That he is called the Prince of Kings.
 He is our help from day to day, He is our life, the Prince of Kings.
 The mighty God, ancient of days, Im-man - u - el, the Prince of Kings.
 I'll spend a blest e - ter - ni - ty With Christ our Lord, the Prince of Kings.



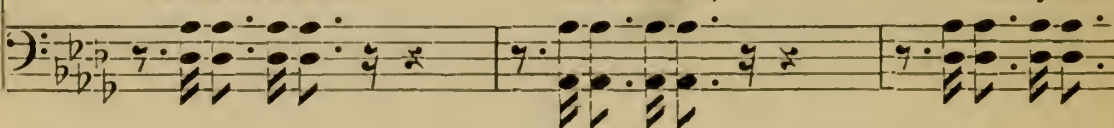
CHORUS.



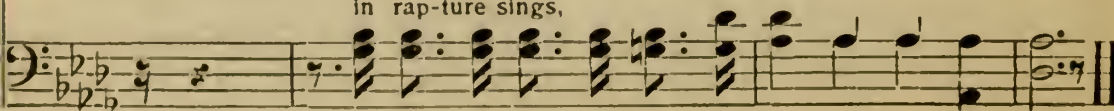
The Prince of Kings, . . . high o - ver all! . . . Let heav'n and
 The Prince of Kings, high o - ver all



earth . . . be-fore him fall; . . . Of him my heart . . .
 Let heav'n and earth before him fall, Of him my heart

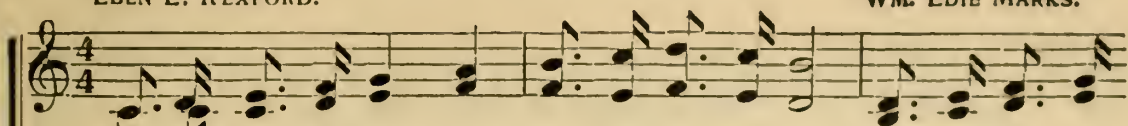


in rap-ture sings, . . . To him I bow, the Prince of Kings,
 in rap-ture sings,

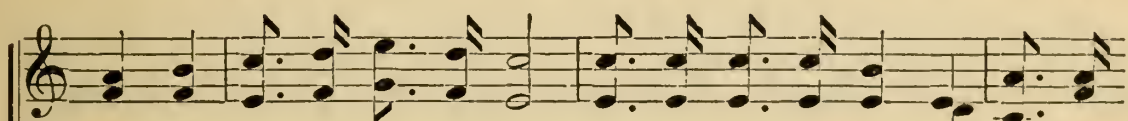
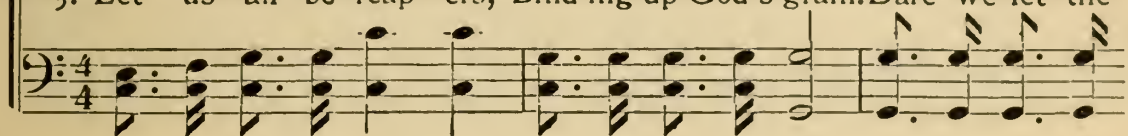


EBEN E. REXFORD.

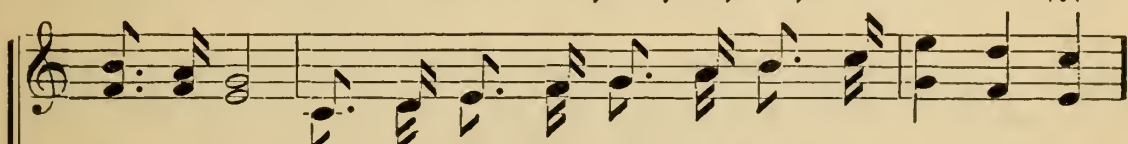
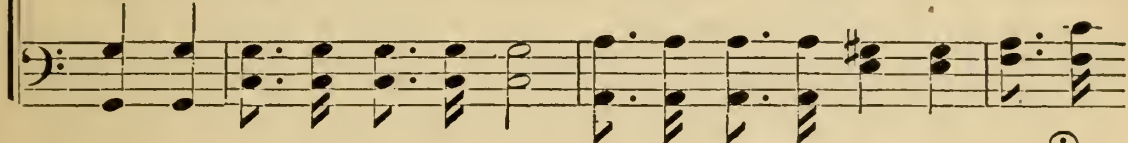
WM. EDIE MARKS.



1. Hark! a call for reap - ers Ring-ing thro' the land! Lo, all white for
2. Let's a - way to har - vest, And with sick-le keen In the nooks and
3. Let us all be reap - ers, Bind-ing up God's grain. Dare we let the



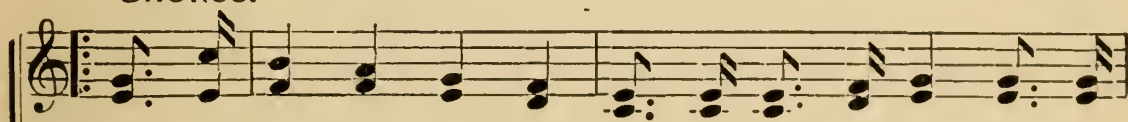
har-vest See the wheatfields stand! Great the work before us, But the
by-ways Seek and reap and glean; Then when night-fall com-eth We may
Mas-ter Call to us in vain? Keen will be the sor-row Of the



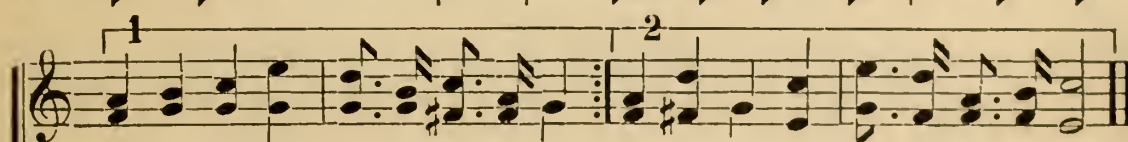
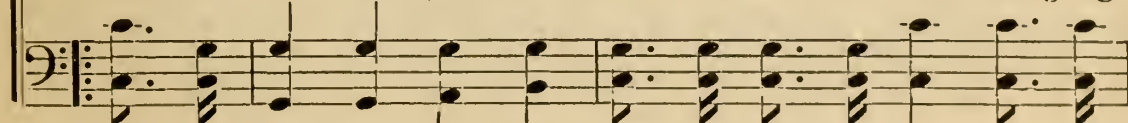
lab-'rers few; Have you tho't, my com-rade, That the Lord needs you?
glad - ly say, "Take the sheaves, my Mas-ter, Bound for thee to-day."
one who grieves, When the har - vest's o - ver, That he has no sheaves.



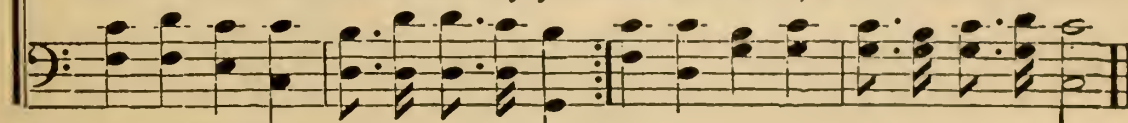
CHORUS.



{ Come and be a reap - er In the Lord's em-ploy, Sing-ing
Great will be our glad - ness, If at eve we come Bring-ing



as we la-bor With a worker's joy. sheaves for Jesus, To his Harvest Home.



"I Am the Vine."

K. S.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. "I am the vine, and ye are the branches," Bear precious fruit for
 2. "Now ye are clean thro' words I have spok-en; A-bid-ing in me, much
 3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walk-ing in love as

Je - sus to - day; "The branch that in me no fruit ev - er bear-eth,"
 fruit ye shall bear; Dwell - ing in thee, my prom-ise un - brok - en,
 chil-dren of day; Fol - low your guide, he passed on be-fore you,

CHORUS.

Je - sus hath said, "He tak-eth a - way."
 Glo-ry in heav'n with me ye shall share." "I am the vine, and ye are the
 Lead-ing to realms of glo - ri - ous day.

branch-es; I am the vine, be faith-ful and true; Ask what ye will, your

rit.
 pray'r shall be grant-ed, The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

The Vale of Content.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There's a vale of con-tent and of heav-en-ly peace, Where
2. I was long years a stran-ger to peace and con-tent, And
3. I am rest-ful and calm what-so-ev-er be-fall, Con-

those who love Je-sus a-bide, Where the friends of the Lord share his
lived in the dark-ness and night, But have found at the last in this
tent in each troub-le and care; Christ may lead in-to sor-row and

D.S.—*pres-ence of Christ makes it*

fel-low-ship sweet, And lin-ger in joy by his side.
beau-ti-ful vale A life of un-end-ing de-light.
tri-al and pain, His love cheers my heart e-ven there.

heav-en to me, And his love cheers my heart day by day.

CHORUS.

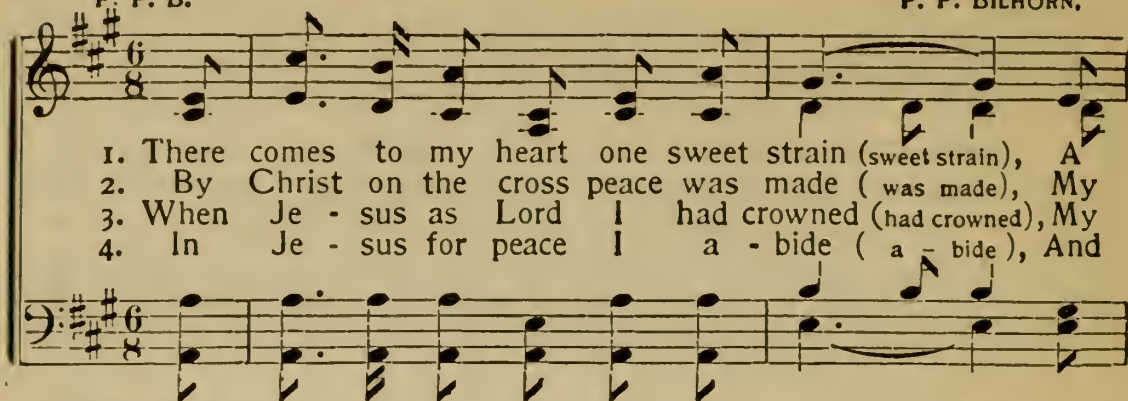
I have en-tered this vale of con-tent-ment so sweet, And

walk in its sun-shine al-way; For the

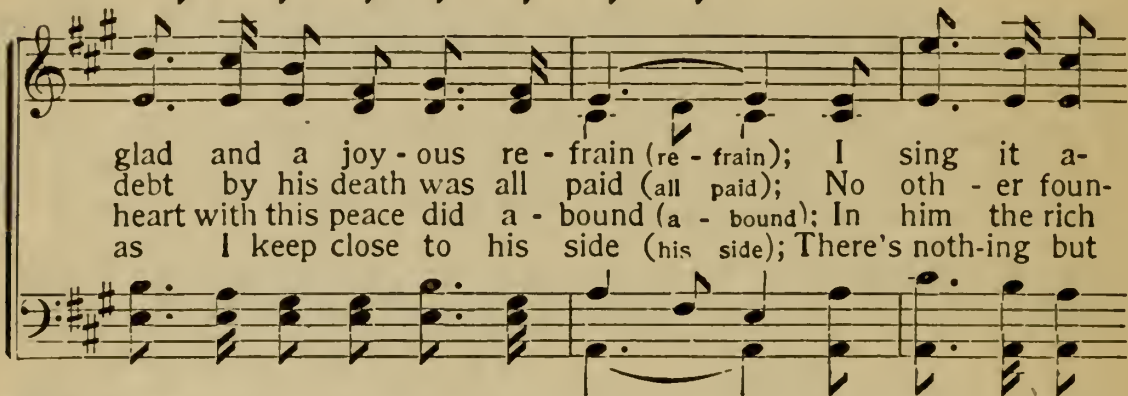
102 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B.

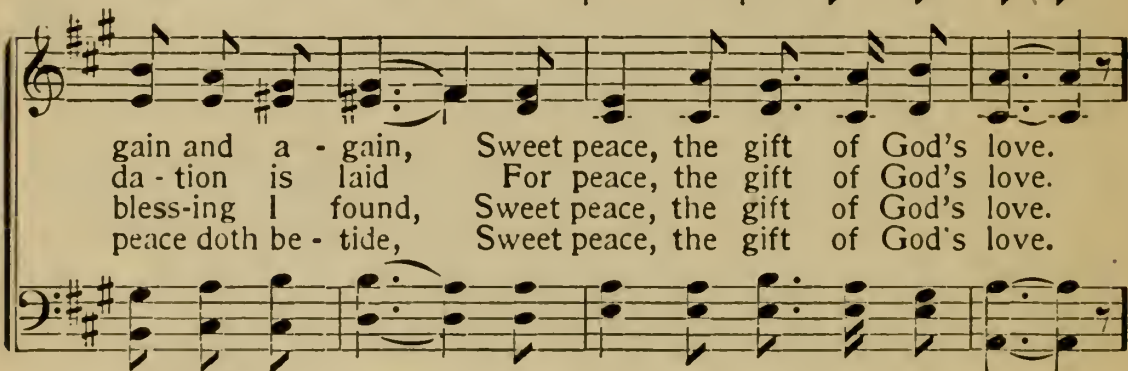
P. P. BILHORN.



1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide (a - bide), And

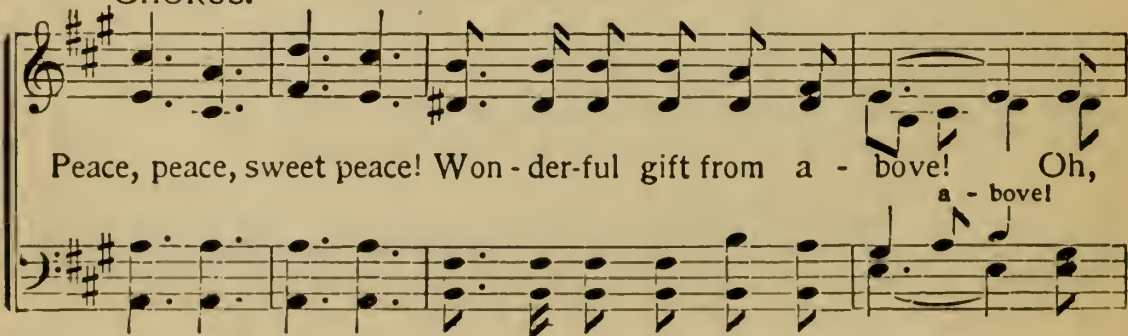


glad and a joy - ous re - frain (re - frain); I sing it a -
 debt by his death was all paid (all paid); No oth - er foun -
 heart with this peace did a - bound (a - bound); In him the rich
 as I keep close to his side (his side); There's noth - ing but

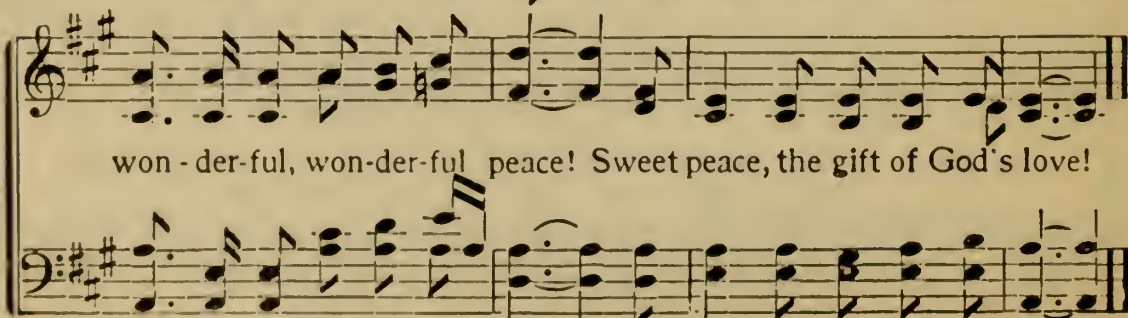


gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! Oh,
 a - bove!



won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

ABNER F. BOWLING.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Troub-led art thou? oh, be of good cheer; ♪ Go and tell Je-sus, he
 2. Tempt-ed art thou? the Lord will provide A way of es-cape; keep
 3. Doubting art thou? ex-am-ine thine heart, Per-haps from the Sav-ior you're
 4. Wea-ry art thou, press on in the way, ♪ Strength shall be giv-en to

ev-er is near; No an-guish so deep, no troub-le so dark, But
 close to his side; In watch-ing and pray'r, by look-ing to him, A
 prone to de-part; Your love grow-ing cold, your faith get-ting weak, Re-
 thee with the day; The bur-dens of life, if pa-tient-ly borne, Give

CHORUS.

Je-sus can bid it for-ev-er de-part.
 crown of re-joic-ing, a vic-t'ry you'll win. Go and tell Je-sus, he
 pair to thy clos-et, with Je-sus go speak.
 place un-to rest at the break of the morn.

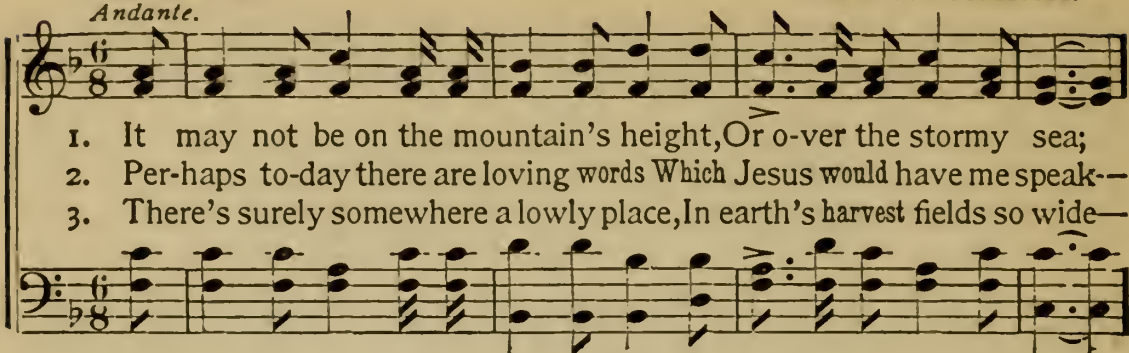
ev-er is near; Go and tell Je-sus, have nothing to fear; No an-guish so

deep, no troub-le so dark, But Je-sus can bid it for-ev-er de-part.

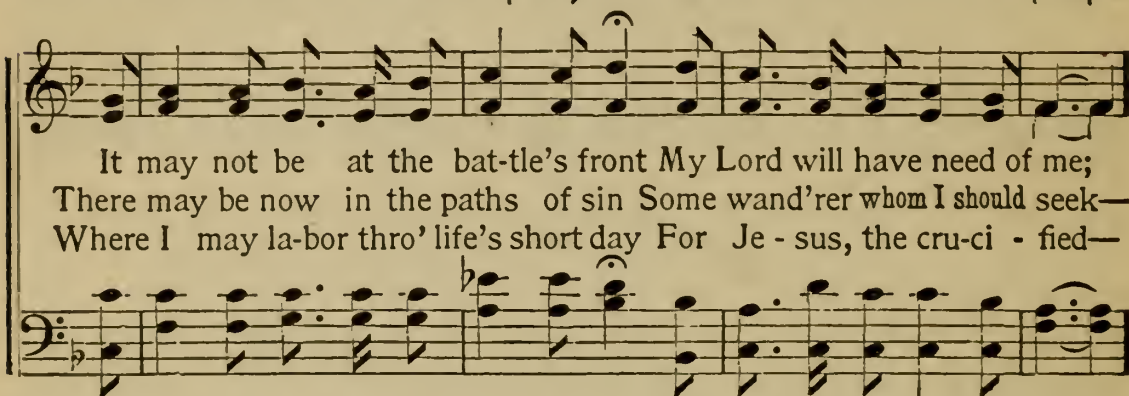
104 I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

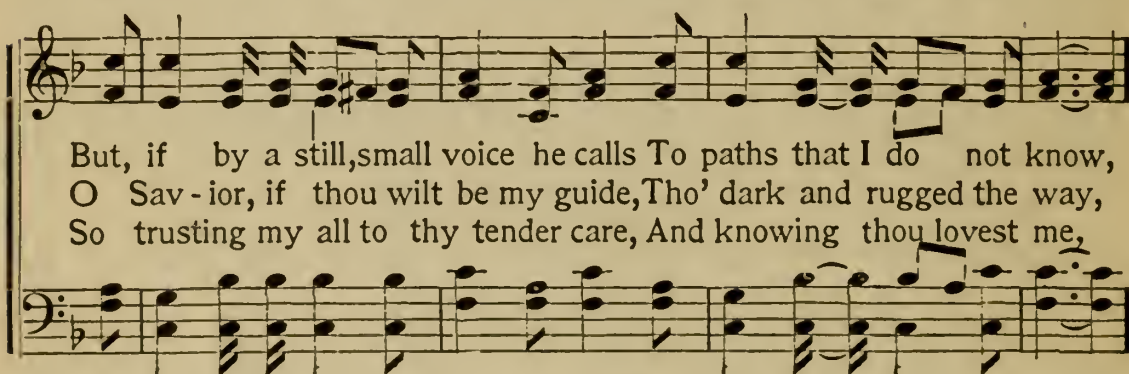
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



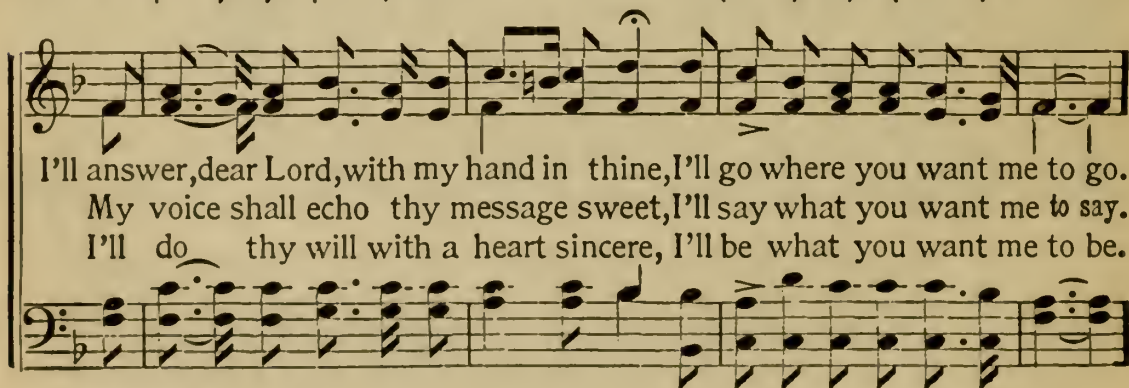
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak--
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide--



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek--
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru-ci - fied--

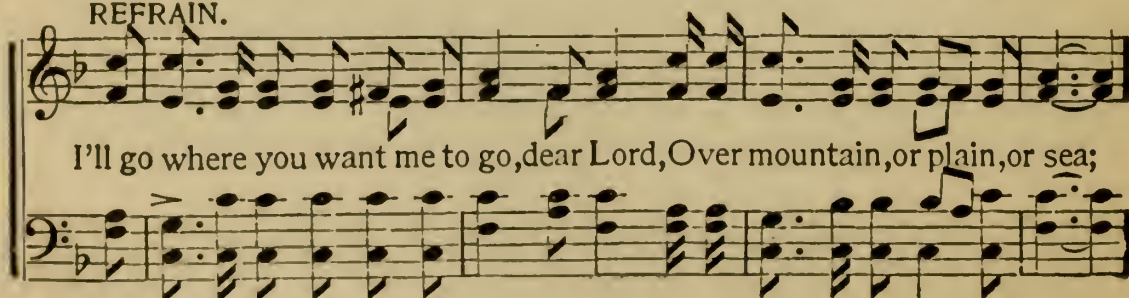


But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,



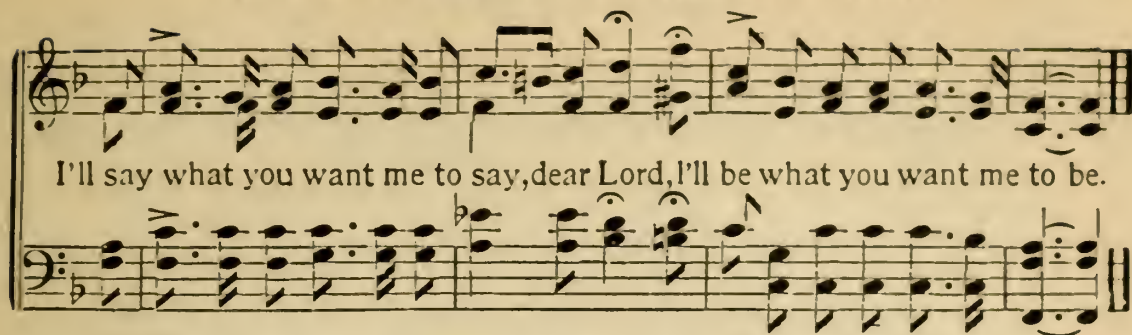
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

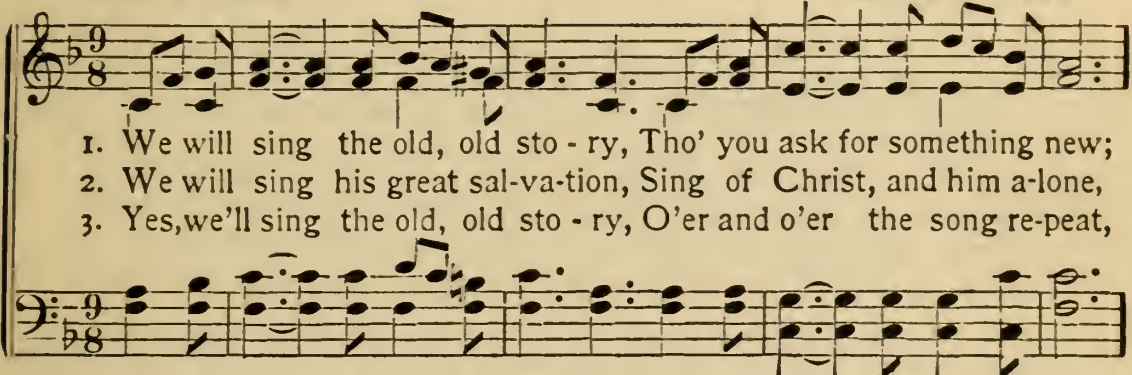


I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

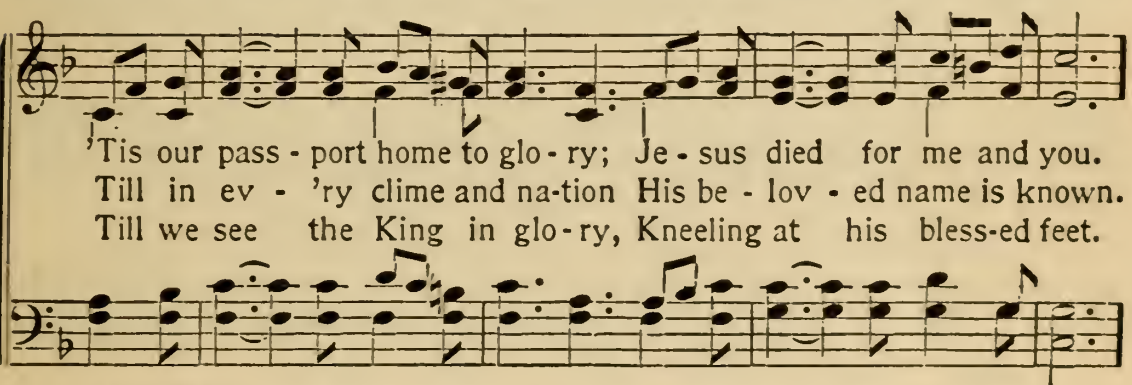
105 We Will Sing the Old, Old Story.

MARY R. TILDEN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

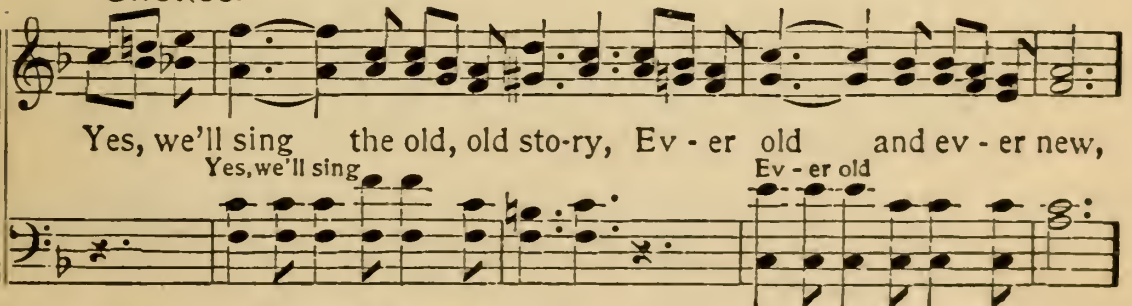


1. We will sing the old, old sto - ry, Tho' you ask for something new;
2. We will sing his great sal - va - tion, Sing of Christ, and him a - lone,
3. Yes, we'll sing the old, old sto - ry, O'er and o'er the song re - peat,

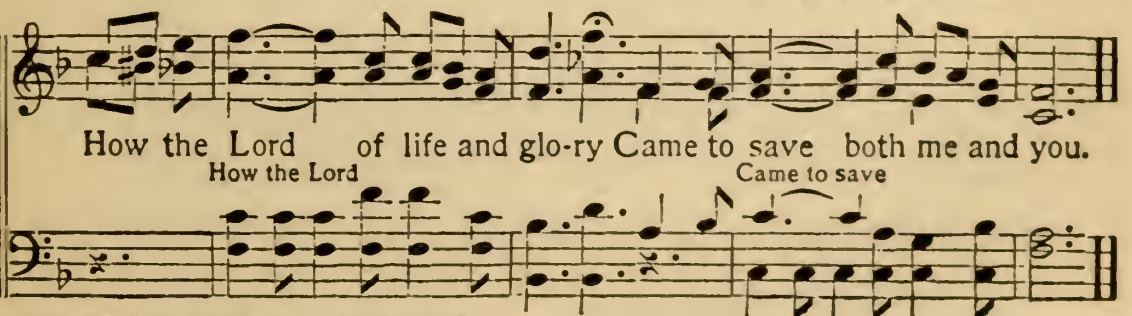


'Tis our pass - port home to glo - ry; Je - sus died for me and you.
Till in ev - 'ry clime and na - tion His be - lov - ed name is known.
Till we see the King in glo - ry, Kneeling at his bless - ed feet.

CHORUS.



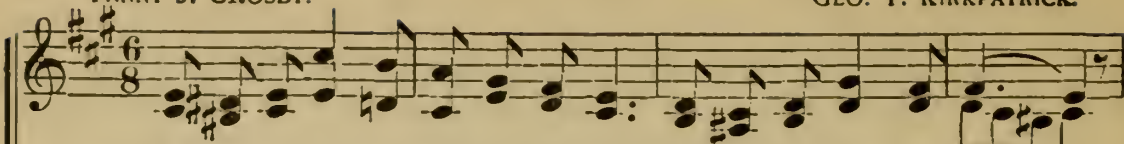
Yes, we'll sing the old, old sto - ry, Ev - er old and ev - er new,
Yes, we'll sing Ev - er old



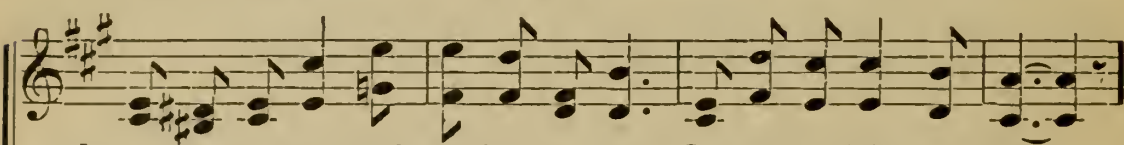
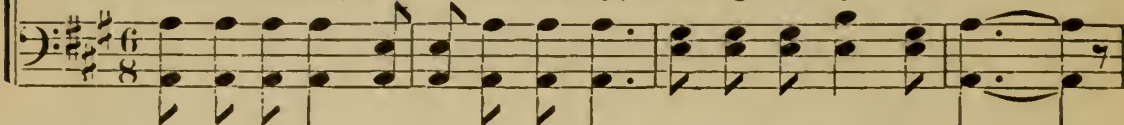
How the Lord of life and glo - ry Came to save both me and you.
How the Lord Came to save

FANNY J. CROSBY.

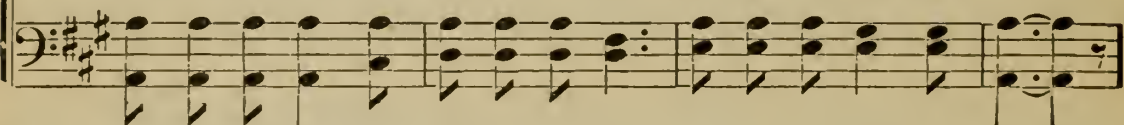
GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.



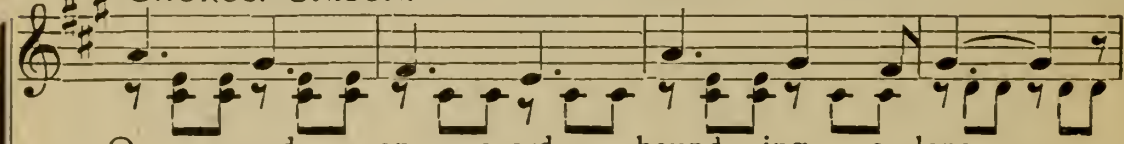
1. Let us a way, no lon-ger de-lay, Morning with joy is bright;
2. Let us a-way, the mes-sage o-bey, Je - sus re-peats the call;
3. Let us a-way, we can-not de-lay, Har-vest will soon be o'er;
4. Let us a-way, O let us a-way, Lift-ing our eyes a - bove;



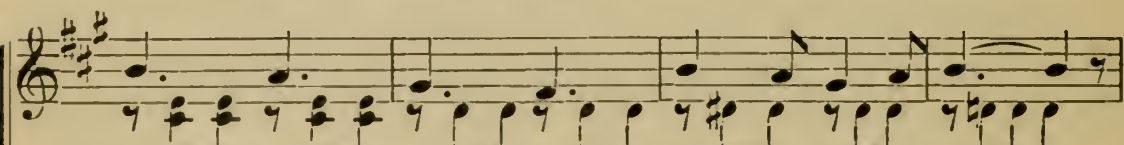
Let us a-way and la-bor to-day Out in the fields so white.
 Come with a will our mis-sion ful-fill, Haste to the work for all.
 Moments and hours, like beautiful flow'rs, Soon will re-turn no more.
 Faith-ful and true our la-bor pur-sue, Trust-ing a Sav-ior's love.



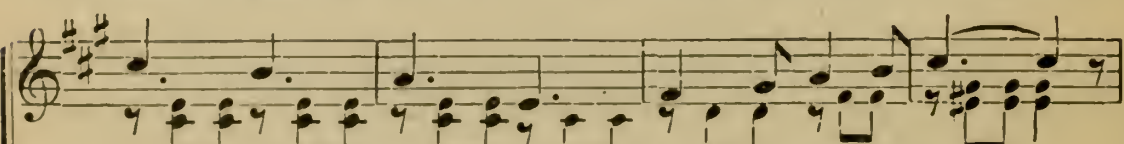
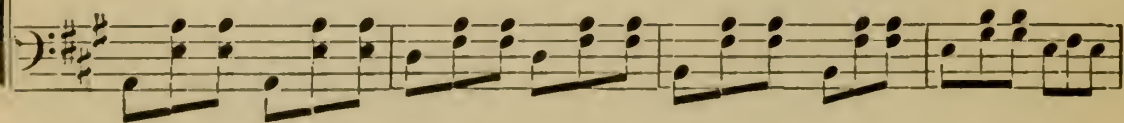
CHORUS. UNISON.



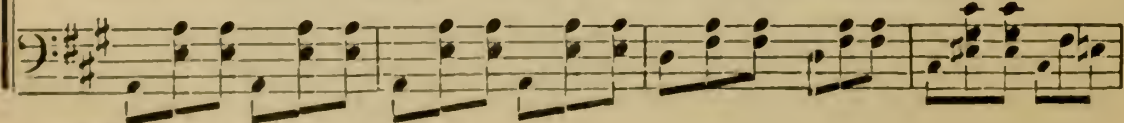
On - ward, on - ward, bound - ing a - long,



On - ward, on - ward, join the bus-y throng,



Shout - ing, sing - ing o'er the har-vest plain; ..



Let Us Away.

Joy - ful, joy - ful, gath - er in the grain.

107

Shall We Meet.

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll,
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine,
 4. Where the mu-sic of the ransom'd Rolls its har - mo - ny a-round,

Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce - les-tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine?
 And cre - a - tion swells the chorus With its sweet mel-o-dious sound?

D.S.-Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

CHORUS.

D. S.

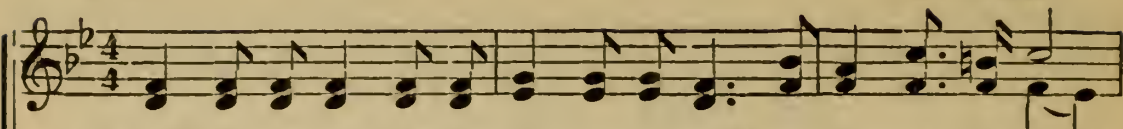
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv-er?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 Shall we meet there many lov'd ones
 Who were torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?</p> | <p>6 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
 When he comes to claim his own?
 Shall we know his blessed favor,
 And sit down upon his throne?</p> |
|--|--|

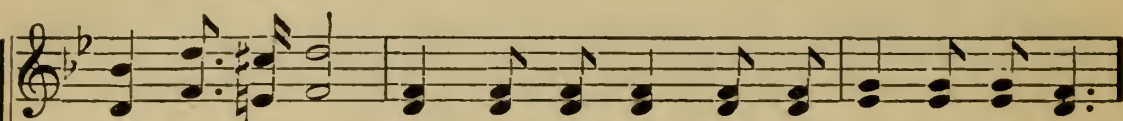
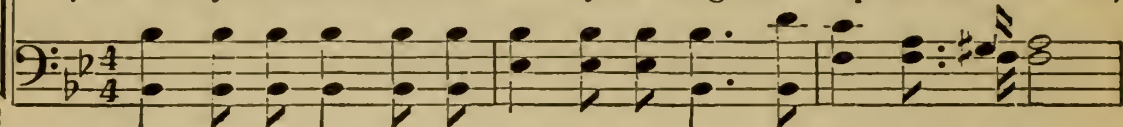
Used by per.

L. E. J.

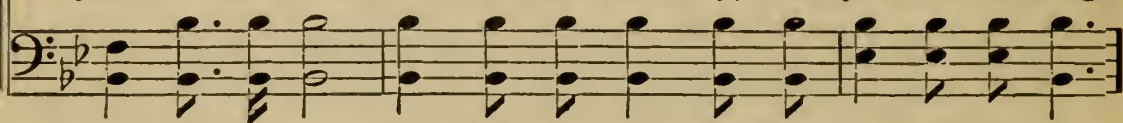
L. E. JONES.



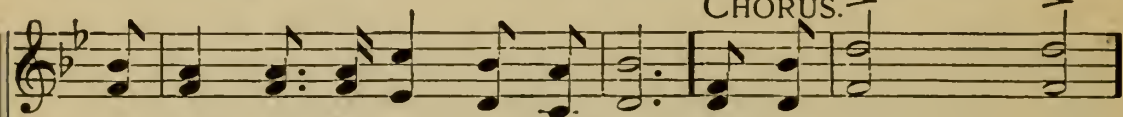
1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



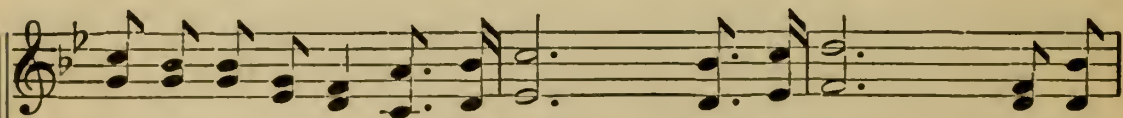
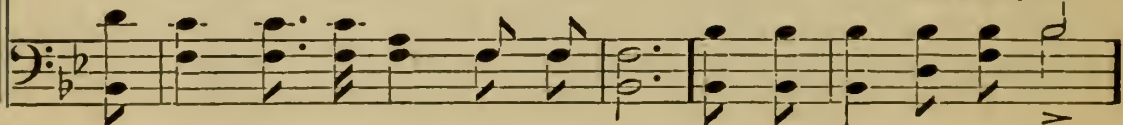
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide.
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow.
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?



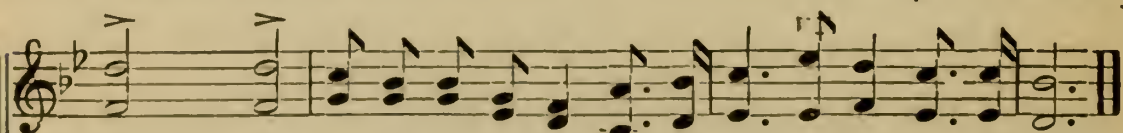
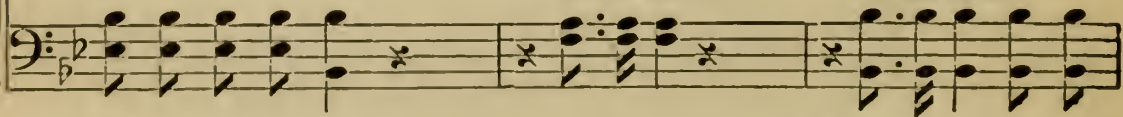
CHORUS.



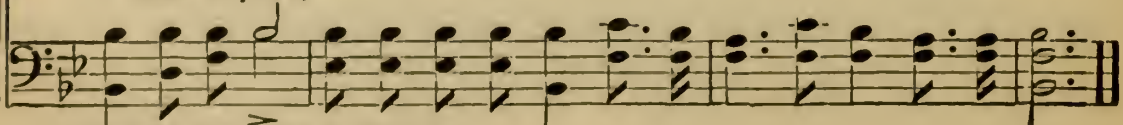
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,



Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb,



pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

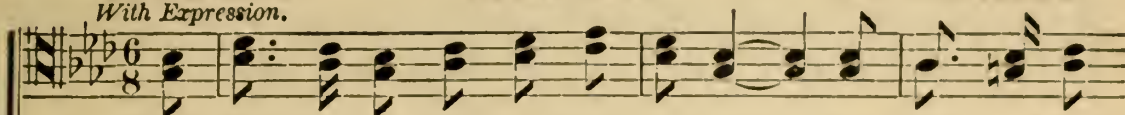


Drifting With the Tide.

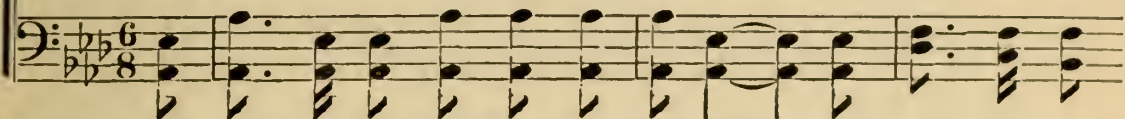
ADA BLENKHORN.
With Expression.

For Male Voices.

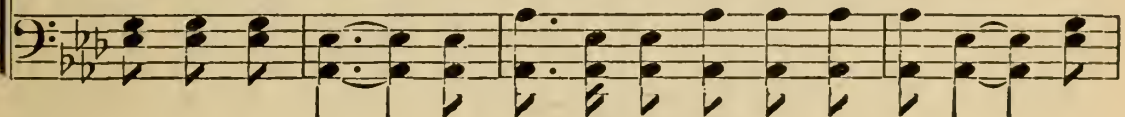
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



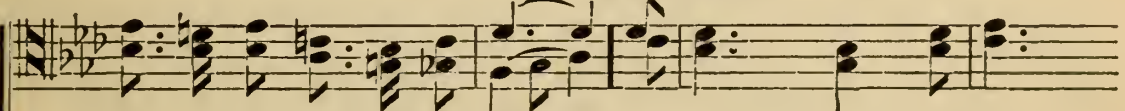
1. Dear broth - er, on life's bil-lowy o - cean, No strong hand your
2. You've sailed from the har - bor of safe - ty, The home-land is
3. O why will you drift, thus, my broth-er, When Je - sus your
4. Now list to the voice of the Mas - ter! Your sins and your



ves - sel doth guide; Great dan-gers un-seen lie a - round you, As
hid - den from sight; A-round you the tem-pest is ra - ging, To
pi - lot will be? He'll speak to the voice of the temp-est And
wan-der-ings cease, O'er life's troubled sea let him guide you To



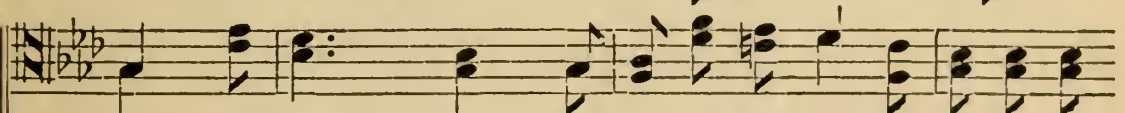
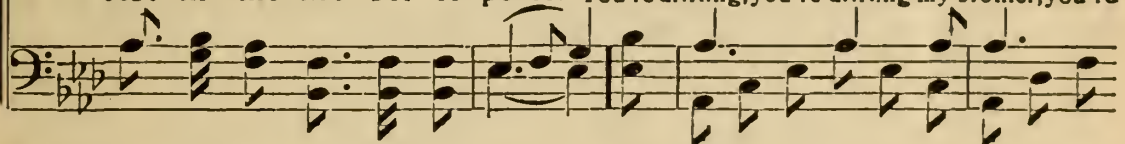
REFRAIN.



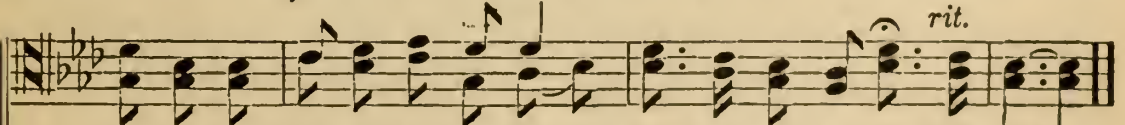
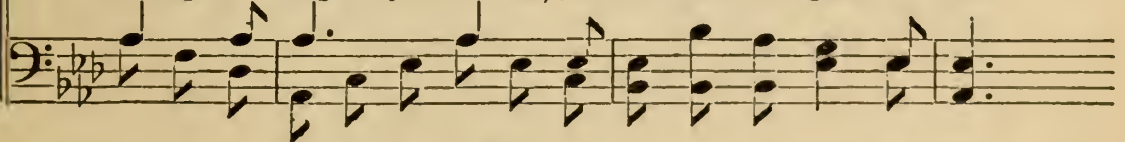
help - less you drift with the tide.

guide you there shineth no light. You're drift - ing, you're drift-
qui - et the waves of the sea.

rest in the har - bor of peace. You're drifting, you're drifting my brother, you're

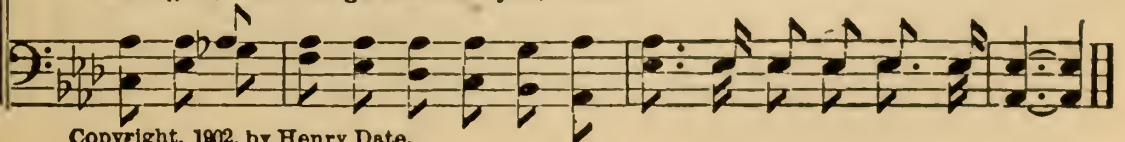


ing, No strong arm your ves-sel doth guide A-mid all the
drift-ing, No strong arm your ves - sel, your ves - sel doth guide A - mid



dangers, the dan-gers a-round, You're drift-ing to death with the tide.

dan - gers, 'mid dan - gers a-round you, You're



I Know that My Redeemer.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth
2. I know his promise nev-er fail - eth, The word he speaks,
3. I know my mansion he pre - par - eth, That where he is

again shall stand; I know e - ter - nal life he giv - eth, That grace and
it can - not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall
there I shall be; O wondrous tho't, for me he car - eth, And he at
again shall stand;

CHORUS.

pow'r . . . are in his hand.
see . . . him by and by. I know, I know . . .
last . . . will come for me. I know, I know

that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the earth . . . a gain shall
And on the earth

stand; I know, I know . . . that life he giv - eth,
I know, I know

I Know That My Redeemer.

That grace and pow'r . . . are in his hands.

III Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

JOHN BOWRING.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are:
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as-cends:
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn:

Trav - 'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry-beam-ing star;
Trav - 'ler, bless - ed-ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends.
Trav - 'ler dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.

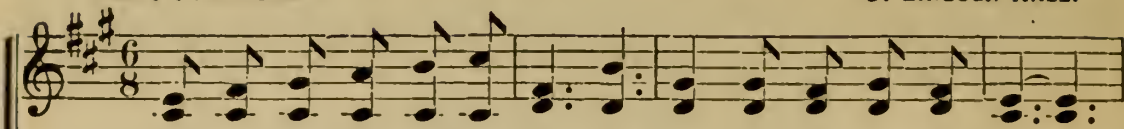
Watchman, does its beau - teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home;

Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav-'ler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav-'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come.

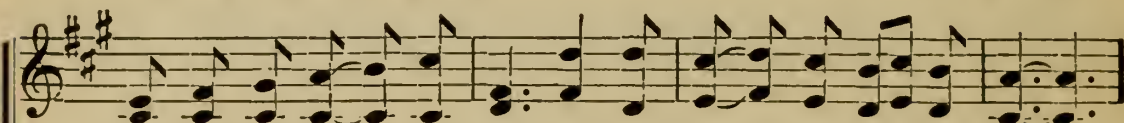
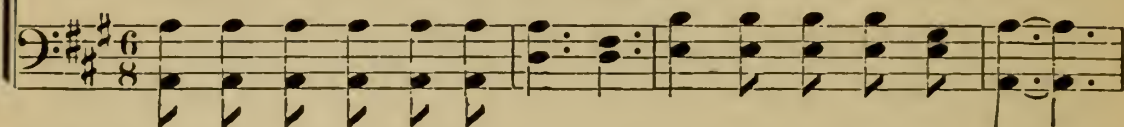
112 What are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER.

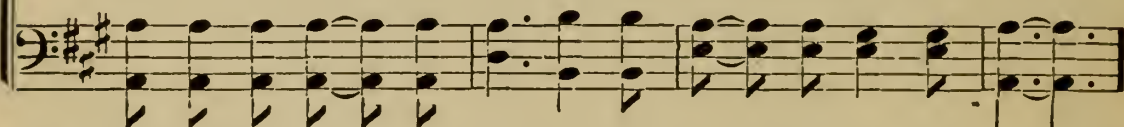
J. LINCOLN HALL.



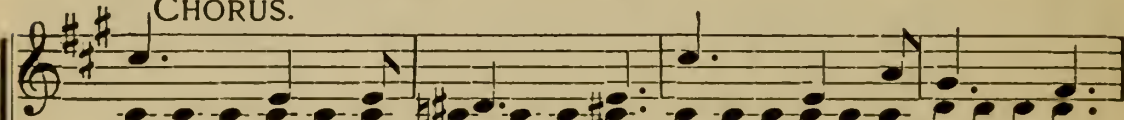
1. What are you do-ing for Je - sus, As you jour-ney thro' life?
2. What are you do-ing for Je - sus? Are you striv-ing each day,
2. What are you do-ing for Je - sus? Soon comes set-ting of sun;



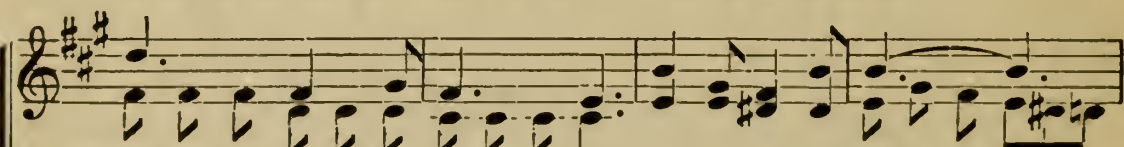
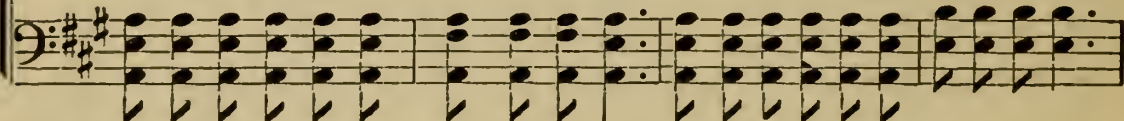
Sow-ing the grain for the har-vest, Or scat-ter-ing seeds of strife?
By lit-tle acts of kind-ness, To bright-en some one's way?
Has - ten to tell the glad ti-dings, Lest you leave some work un-done.



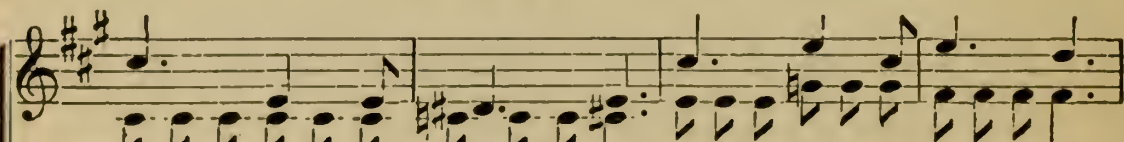
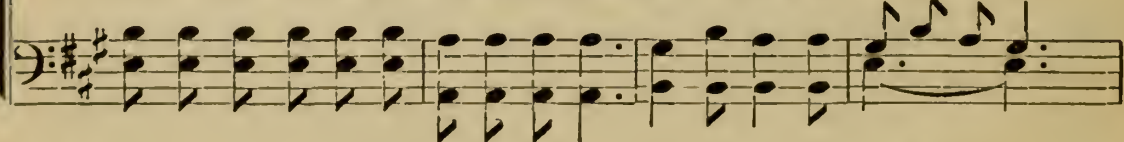
CHORUS.



What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend? What are you do-ing for Je-sus to-day?



What are you do - ing As the days go by?
What are you do - ing for Je-sus your friend As the days go by, days go by?



What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend? What are you do-ing for Je-sus to-day?



What are You Doing for Jesus?

What are you do - ing As the days go by?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend, days go by?

113

Sweeter Than All.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Christ will me his aid af - ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall,
 2. I will fol - low all the way, Hear - ing him call, hear - ing him call,
 3. Though a ves - sel I may be, Brok - en and small, broken and small,
 4. When I reach the crys - tal sea, Voic - es will call, voic - es will call;

While I find my pre - cious Lord Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.
 Find - ing him, from day to day, Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.
 Yet his bless - ings fall on me, Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.
 But my Sav - ior's voice will be Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.

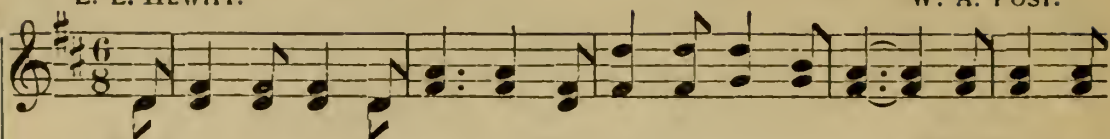
CHORUS.

Je - sus is now and ev - er will be Sweet - er than all the world to me,

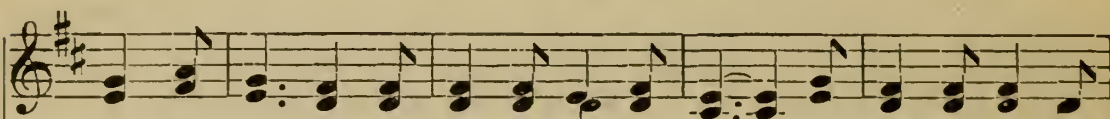
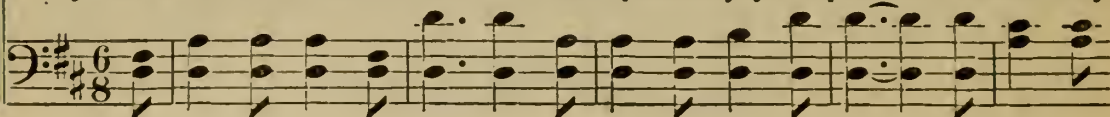
Since I heard his lov - ing call, Sweeter than all, sweet - er than all.

E. E. HEWITT.

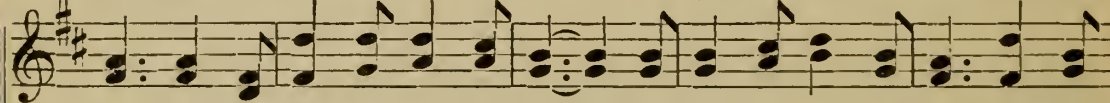
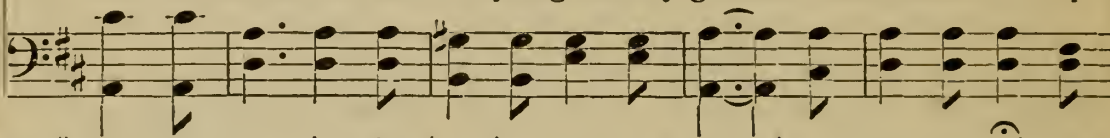
W. A. POST.



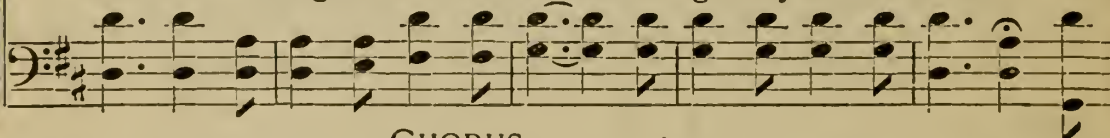
1. How do I know there's pardon For sins as great as mine? Why, thro' the
2. How do I know his blessing A-vails from day to day? His grace for
3. How do I know that sor-row Shall yield to joys supreme? That win-try



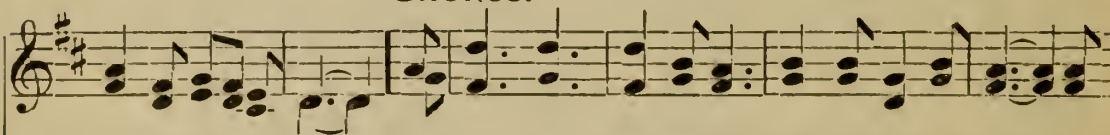
clouds of midnight, Should love's bright splendor shine? Because he came to
 ev - 'ry du - ty, His guidance for the way? Because he clothes the
 storms shall vanish Be-fore springs sunny gleam? That life shall be up-



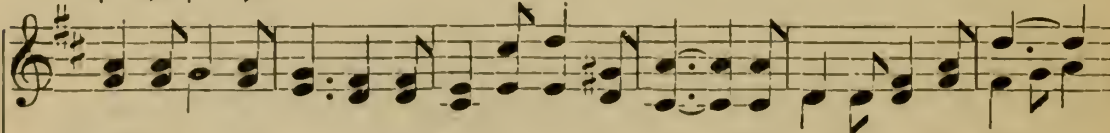
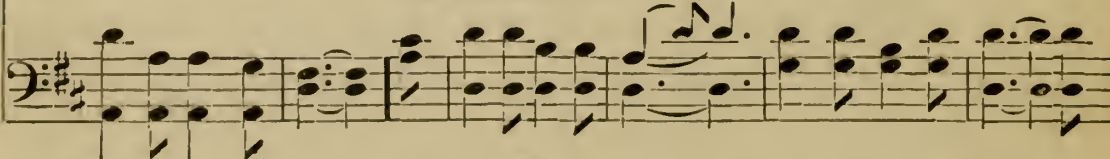
save me; The Shepherd's voice I heard; Snow-white the blood is cleansing, 'Tis
 lil - y, He feeds the hun-gry bird, And for my need he car - eth; 'Tis
 lift - ed To brighter realms transferred? All glo - ry be to Je - sus! 'Tis



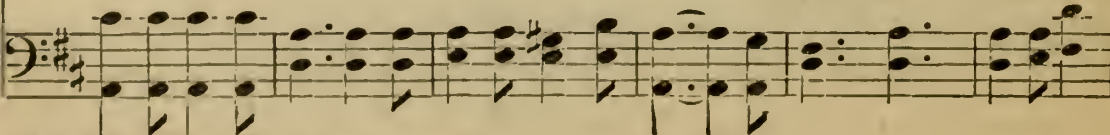
CHORUS.



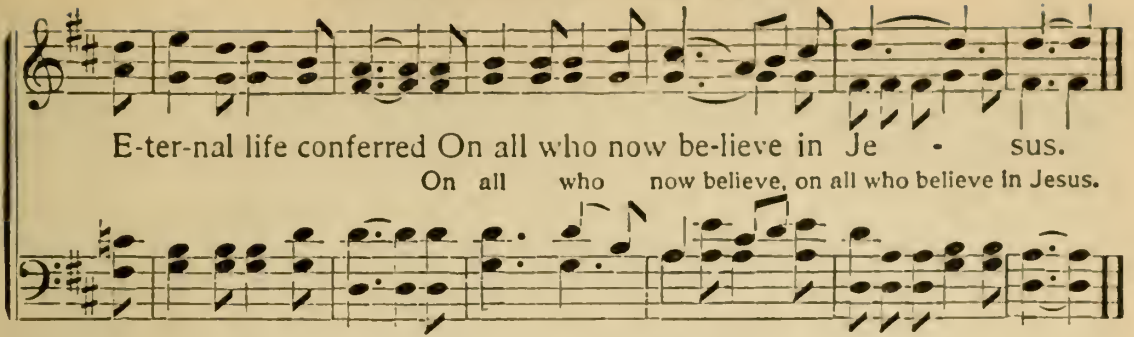
writ-ten in the Word. 'Tis writ - ten in the Word, Book of truth di-vine; I'll
 Tis written in the Word,



praise the Lord for-ev-er for ev-'ry precious line; 'Tis written in the Word,
 'Tis writ - ten in the Word,



'Tis Written in the Word

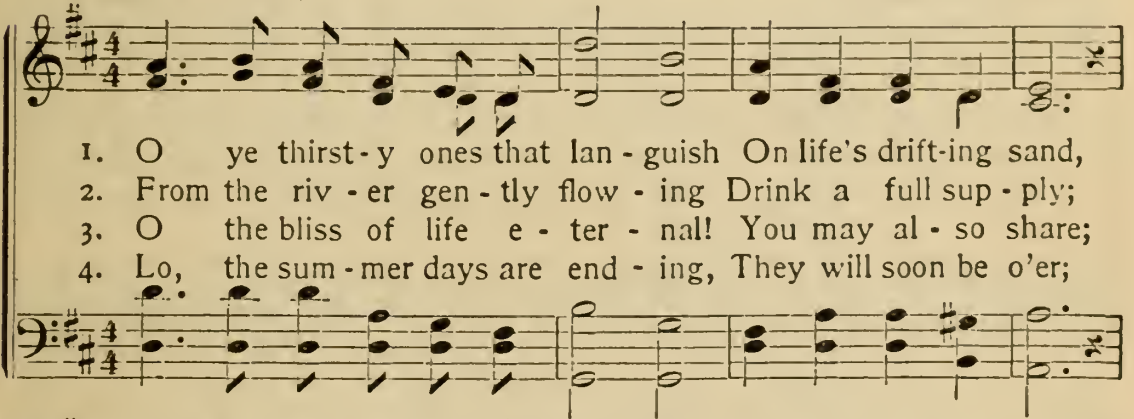


E-ter-nal life conferred On all who now be-lieve in Je - sus.
On all who now believe, on all who believe in Jesus.

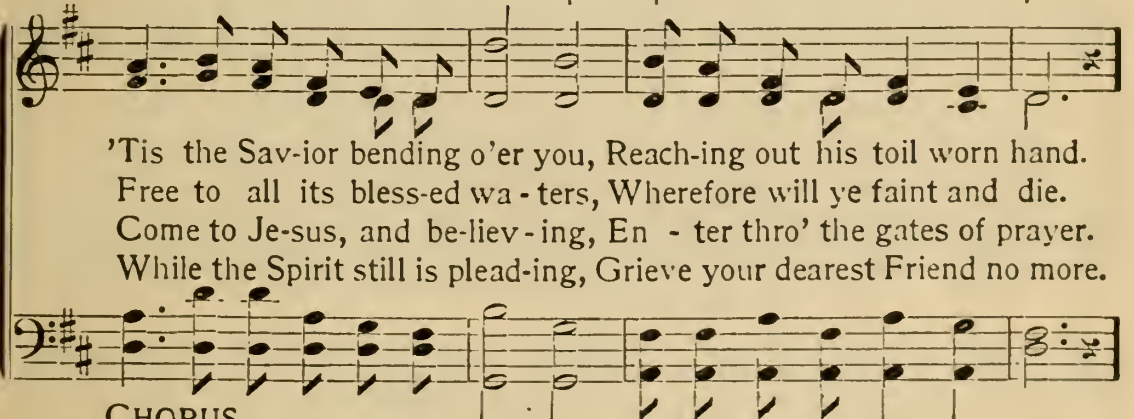
115 Whosoever Will May Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

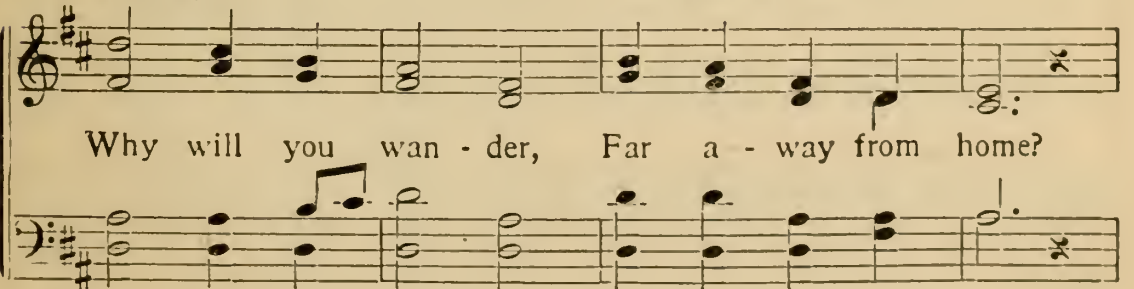


1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan-guish On life's drift-ing sand,
2. From the riv-er gen-tly flow-ing Drink a full sup-ply;
3. O the bliss of life e-ter-nal! You may al-so share;
4. Lo, the sum-mer days are end-ing, They will soon be o'er;

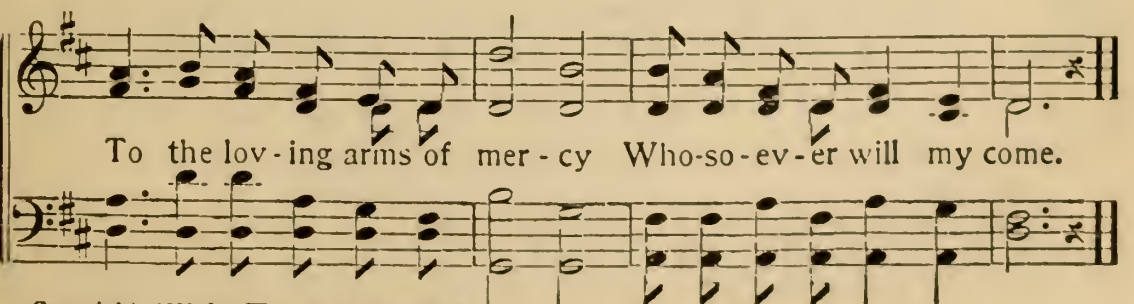


'Tis the Sav-ior bending o'er you, Reach-ing out his toil worn hand.
Free to all its bless-ed wa-ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die.
Come to Je-sus, and be-liev-ing, En-ter thro' the gates of prayer.
While the Spirit still is plead-ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.

CHORUS.



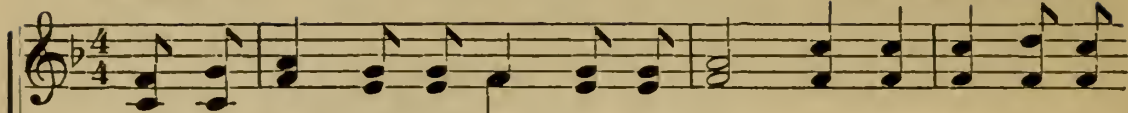
Why will you wan-der, Far a-way from home?



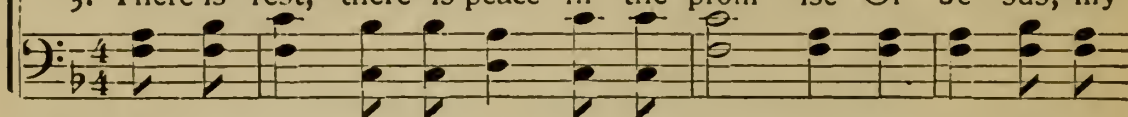
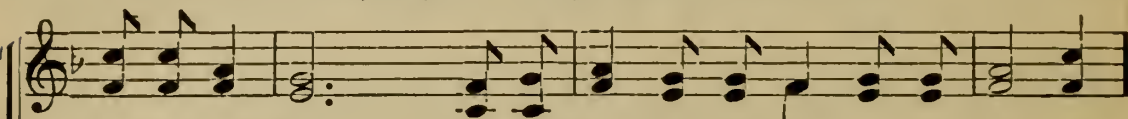
To the lov-ing arms of mer-cy Who-so-ev-er will my come.

IDA L. REED.

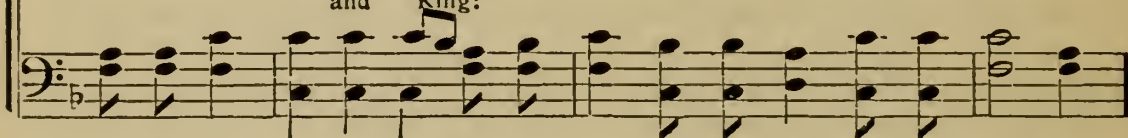
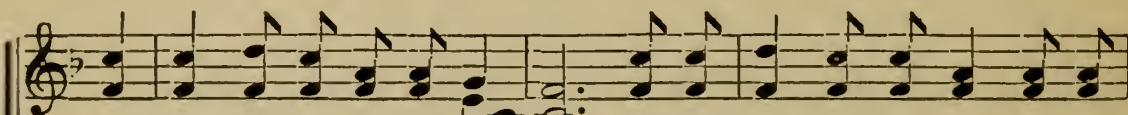
HOWARD E. SMITH.



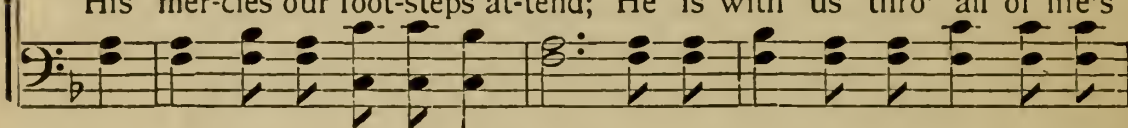

1. There is rest, there is peace in the prom - ise Of Je - sus, my
 2. There is rest, there is peace in the prom - ise That nev - er, no
 3. There is rest, there is peace in the prom - ise Of Je - sus, my

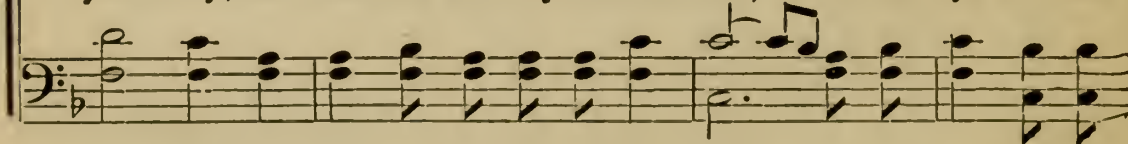

Sav-ior and King: Tho' the storm-clouds the pathway may dark-en,
 nev - er grows old; There is com-fort and hope for the wea - ry,
 Sav-ior and Friend; For his bless-ings are free and un-ceas - ing,
 and King:

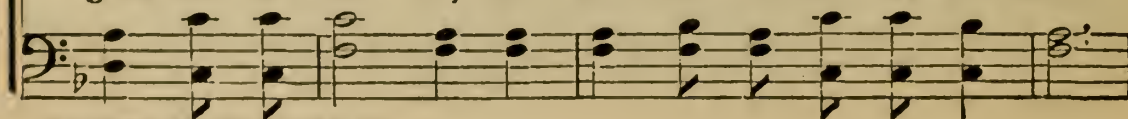
In tri - umph his praises I sing; For his love thro' each sorrow doth
 And blessings that can-not be told; For the Lord who hath promised is
 His mer-cies our foot-steps at-tend; He is with us thro' all of life's

cheer me, His prom-ise un-fail-ing is mine; Thro' each per - il he
 faith - ful, And a - ble, and willing to do All the things which his
 jour - ney, He knoweth the way that we take; With his eye he doth

ev - er is near me To guard by his pow - er di - vine.
 pure lips have spok - en To those who are humb - le and true.
 guide and di - rect us, Still faith - ful tho' oth - ers for - sake.



Rest in the Promise.

CHORUS.

There is rest, there is peace in the promise, There is joy in the love of my King,

So with gladness his footsteps I fol-low, And ev - er his praises I sing.

117

I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWES.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No tea-der voice like
2. I need thee ev'ry hour, Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need thee ev'ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich promis-
5. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me thine in-

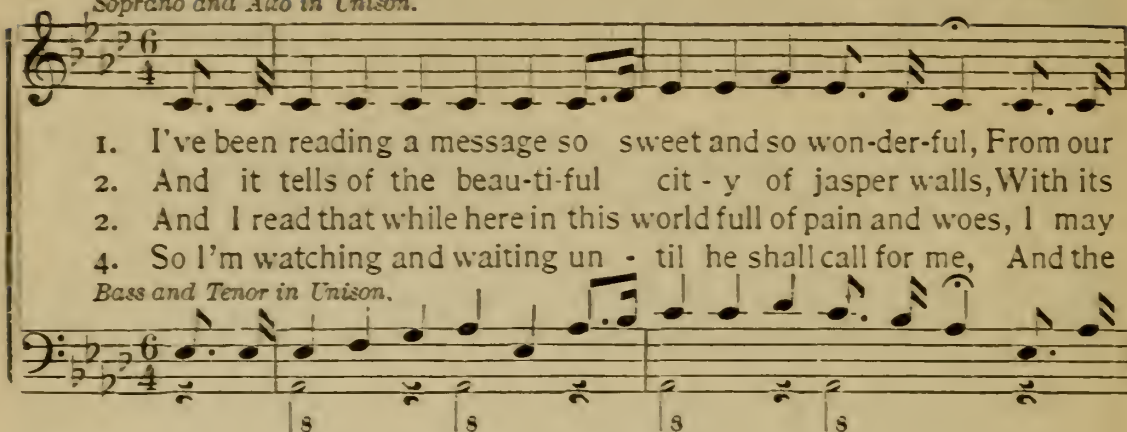
REFRAIN.

thine can peace af - ford.
pow'r when thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain. I need thee, O I need thee, Ev'ry hour I
es in me ful - fill.
deed, thou blessed Son!

need thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to thee!

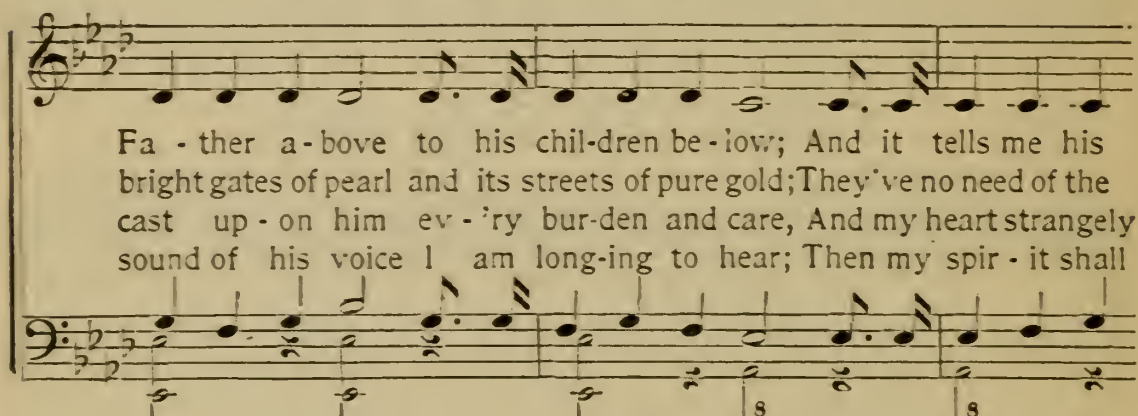
Mrs. C. H. M.
Soprano and Alto in Unison.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

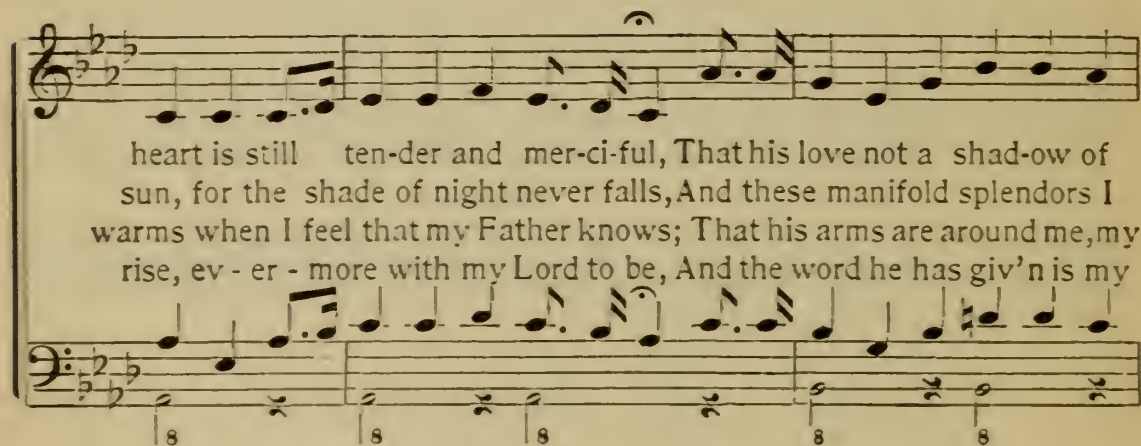


1. I've been reading a message so sweet and so won-der-ful, From our
 2. And it tells of the beau-ti-ful cit - y of jasper walls, With its
 2. And I read that while here in this world full of pain and woes, I may
 4. So I'm watching and waiting un - til he shall call for me, And the

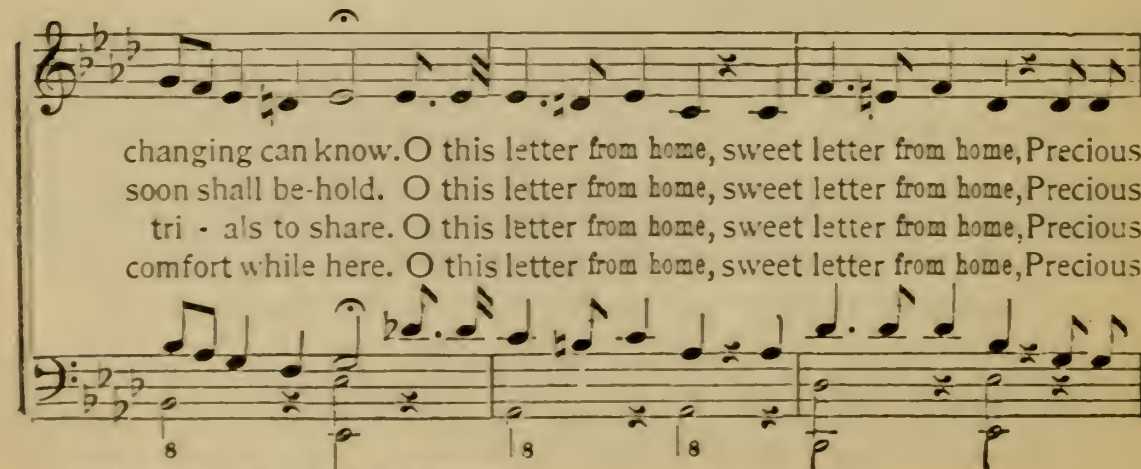
Bass and Tenor in Unison.



Fa - ther a - bove to his chil-dren be - low; And it tells me his
 bright gates of pearl and its streets of pure gold; They've no need of the
 cast up - on him ev - 'ry bur - den and care, And my heart strangely
 sound of his voice I am long - ing to hear; Then my spir - it shall



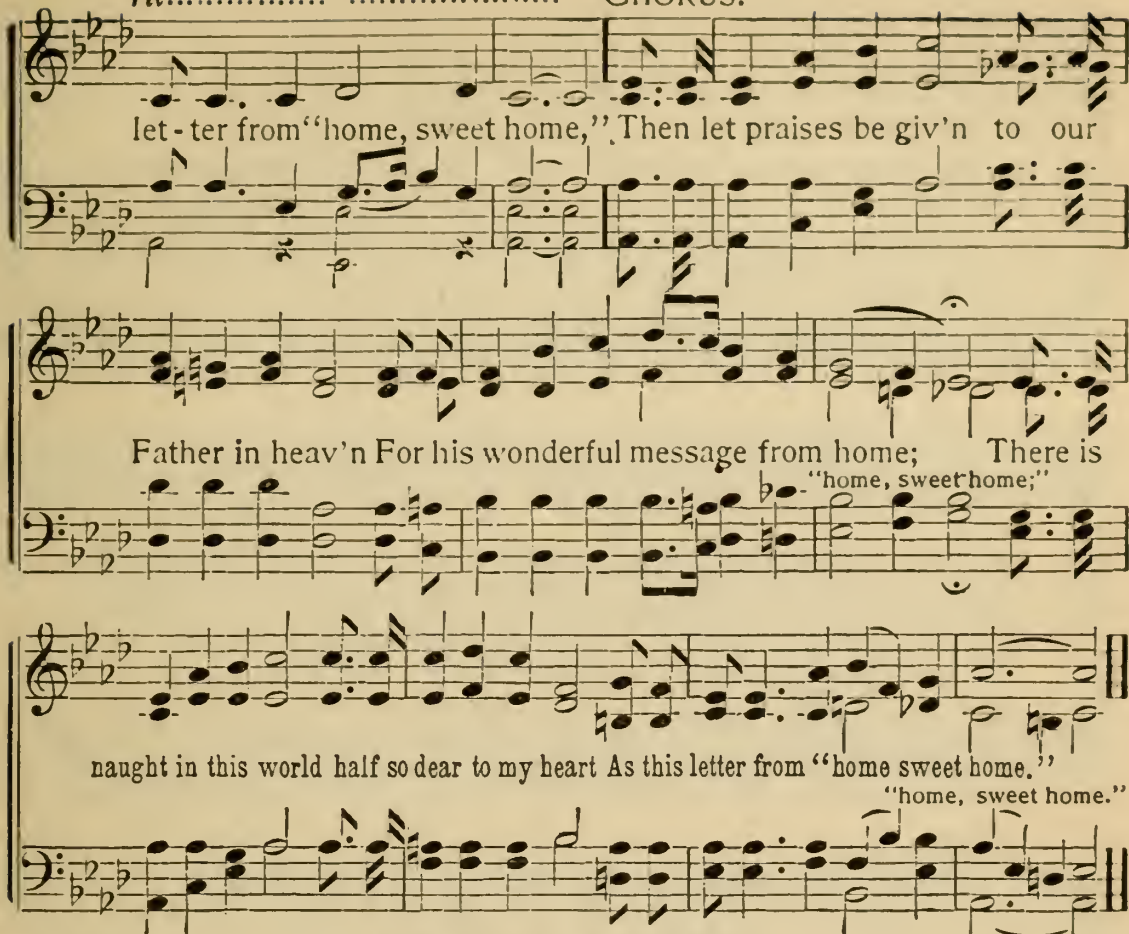
heart is still ten - der and mer - ci - ful, That his love not a shad - ow of
 sun, for the shade of night never falls, And these manifold splendors I
 warms when I feel that my Father knows; That his arms are around me, my
 rise, ev - er - more with my Lord to be, And the word he has giv'n is my



changing can know. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
 soon shall be - hold. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
 tri - als to share. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
 comfort while here. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious

A Letter From Home.

rit...... CHORUS.



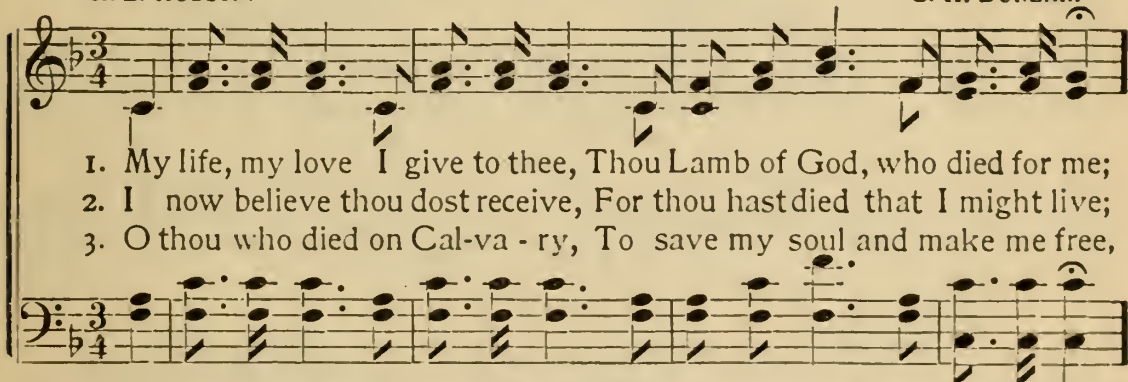
let-ter from 'home, sweet home,' Then let praises be giv'n to our
 Father in heav'n For his wonderful message from home; There is
 "home, sweet home;"
 naught in this world half so dear to my heart As this letter from "home sweet home."
 "home, sweet home."

119

I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

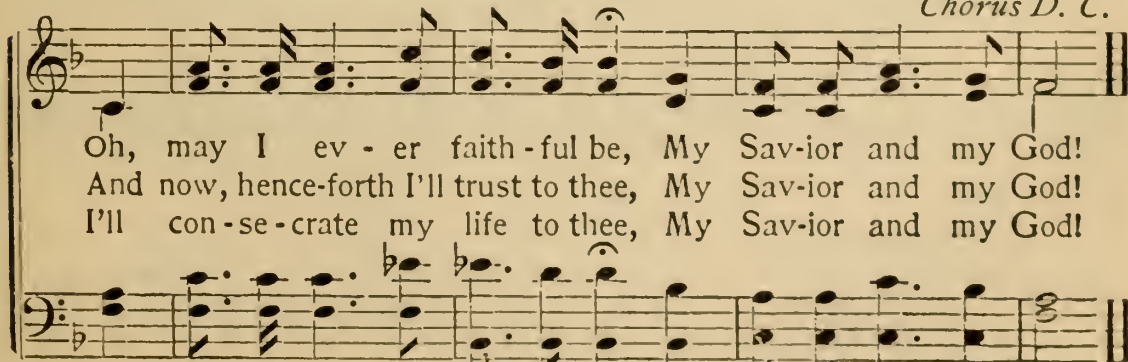
C. H. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

Chorus D. C.

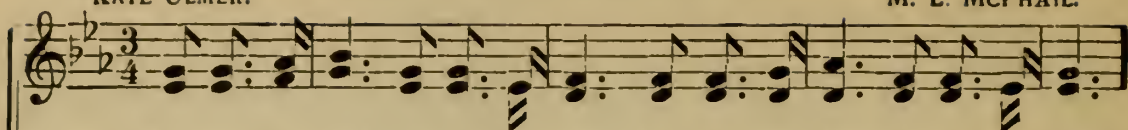


Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
 And now, hence-forth I'll trust to thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
 I'll con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-ior and my God!

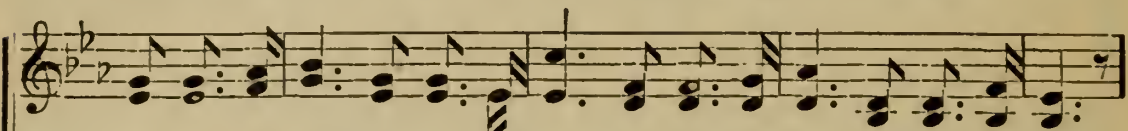
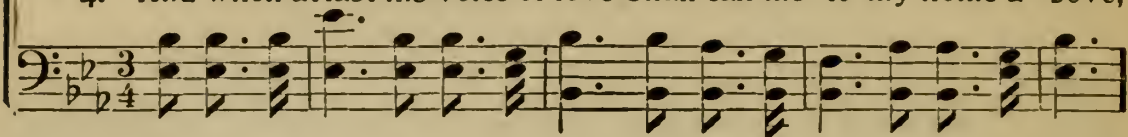
I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

KATE ULMER.

M. L. MCPHAIL.



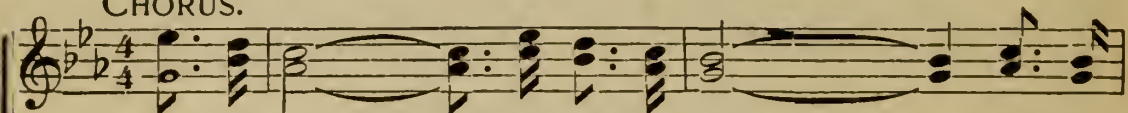
1. My Sav-ior died that I might live, And now my life to him I give;
2. In meekness sitting at his feet, I learn love's lessons passing sweet;
3. When as his mes-sen-ger I go Up - on glad er-rands to and fro,
4. And when at last his voice of love Shall call me to my home a - bove;



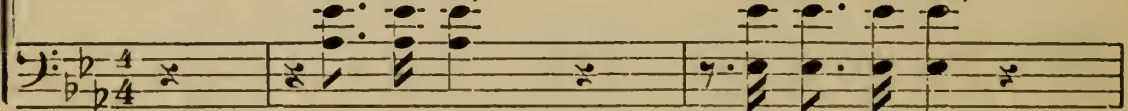
No oth - er mas - ter would I own, But serve my Lord, and him a - lone.
 'Tis joy su - preme to lin - ger here, Communing with my Lord so dear.
 His presence with me still a - bides, With counsel true my way he guides.
 Up there my joy shall ev - er be That I am his e - ter - nal - ly.



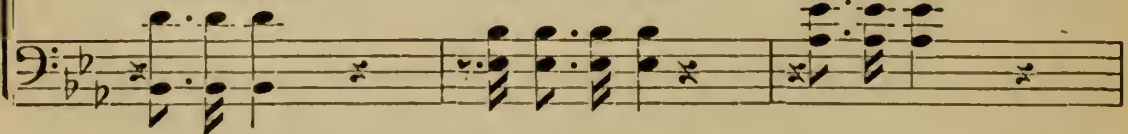
CHORUS.



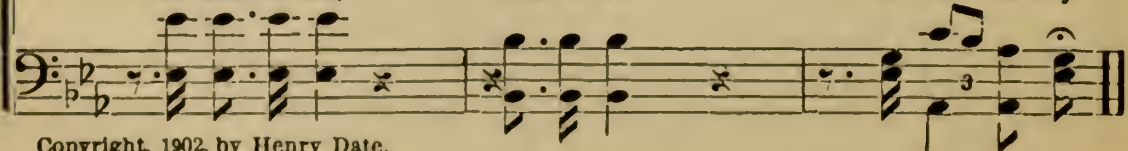
I am his . . . and he is mine . . . Wondrous
 I am his, and he is mine,



bond . . . of life di - vine, . . . He has set . . . his seal on
 Wondrous bond of life di-vine, He has set



me, . . . His to be . . . e - ter - nal - ly.
 his seal on me, His to be e - ter - nal - ly.



Just Lean Upon Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just lean up-on Je - sus; He'll help you a - long, And bright-en your
 2. Just lean up-on Je - sus, In serv - ice per-plexed, And ask him to
 3. Just lean up-on Je - sus, And bring ev-'ry care, Tho' tri - fling or
 4. Just lean up-on Je - sus When troubles dismay; He counts ev - 'ry

path-way With ma - ny a song, Glad songs of re - joic - ing Be-
 show you The work that comes "next;" Then sim - ply o - bey - ing, Re-
 heav y, To him who hears pray'r. He tells you so kind - ly In
 foot - step That leads up to Day. So near "the Be - lov - ed" No

cause he is near, So might - y to save you, So will - ing to cheer.
 sults leave with him; His arm is un-fail - ing, His eye nev - er dim.
 him to con - fide, O trust him most ful - ly, There's joy at his side.
 ill need af-fright; The val - ley of shad-ow His presence makes bright.

CHORUS.

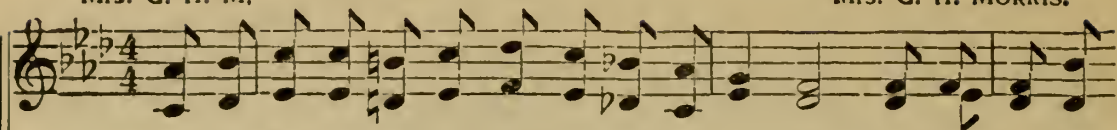
Just lean . . . upon Je - sus, Dear child . . of his care; . . .
 Just lean up-on Je-sus, just lean up-on Je-sus, Just lean upon Je-sus, Dear child of his care;

Just lean . . . up-on Je - sus, Your bur - den he'll share. . .
 Just lean up-on Je-sus, just lean upon Je-sus, Your burden he'll share, your burden he'll share.

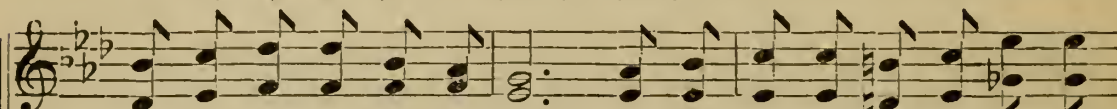
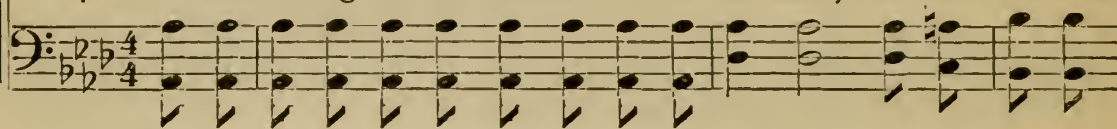
Growing Brighter Every Day.

Mrs. C. H. M.

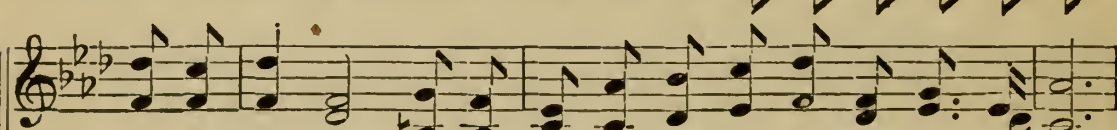
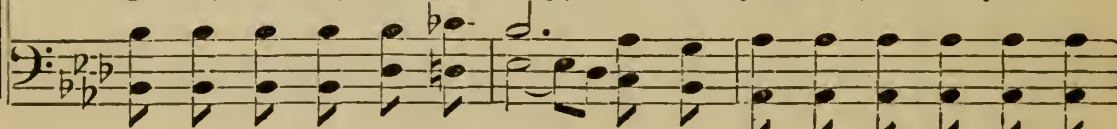
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



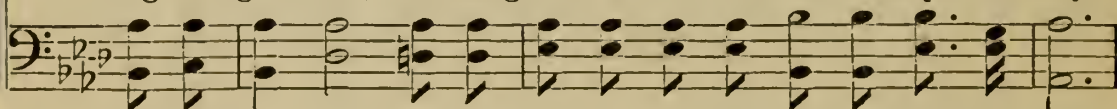
1. I can ne'er forget the day when Jesus saved me, Speak-ing pardon
2. What he gave me in that hour was but a fore-taste Of the ful-ness
3. In his pastures green and large I'm ever feed-ing, And my thirst is
4. I am rest-ing on the won-der-ful as-sur-ance, While so crown'd with



to my guilt-y, sin-sick soul, Or the bless-ed words of com-fort
of his bless-ing yet in store, And the sun-light of his pres-ence
quench'd where living waters flow, While from "grace to grace" the Spirit
glo-ry is my pil-grim way, That the path-way of the just still



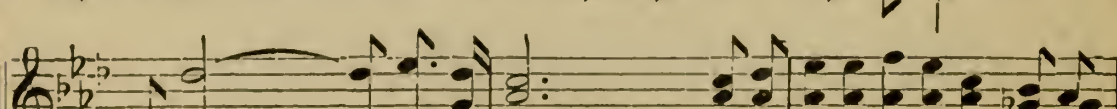
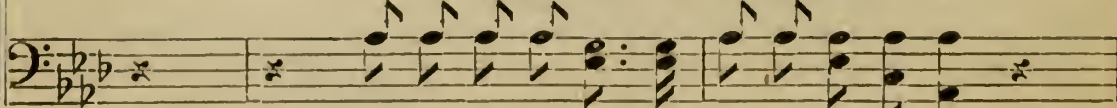
there he gave me, "Go in peace, thy faith hath sav'd and made thee whole."
grow-eth bright-er, Day by day his grace a-bound-eth more and more.
still is lead-ing And from "glo-ry un-to glo-ry" here be-low.
bright-er grow-eth, "Shining more and more un-to the per-fect day."



CHORUS.



Grow-ing brighter ev-'ry day, Growing
Grow-ing bright-er, grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day,



bet-ter all the way; Let the hallelujahs roll, Jesus
Grow-ing bet-ter, grow-ing bet-ter all the way;



Growing Brighter Every Day.

sweet-ly saves my soul, And my way is growing brighter ev'ry day.
ev-'ry day.

123

Who'll be the Next?

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus-Fol-low his wea-ry, bleed-ing feet?
3. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
4. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus, Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev'ry burden Down at the Father's mer-cy seat?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption-Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransom'd, Sing-ing up-on the oth-er side?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus?

Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus now? Fol-low Je-sus now?

E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.

1. Nev - er will the Lord for - get his own, Dark may be the
 2. Close - ly 'round us thron'g the hosts of sin, Yet his grace can
 3. Light will break a - long the east - ern sky, Let our joy - ful

night of sor - row; Trust on in his might - y arm a -
 keep us ev - er, Look to him, the vic - t'ry we will
 songs be ring - ing; Je - sus lives, our King enthroned on

lone, He'll bring to us a bright to - mor - row.
 win, He'll help each brave and true en - deav - or.
 high, March on, with glad, tri - umph - al sing - ing.

CHORUS.

Trust on, thro' the dark - est night, Press on, thro' the hard - est fight;

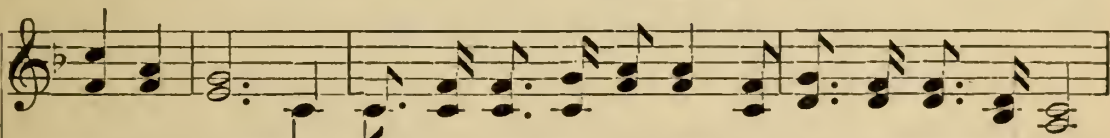
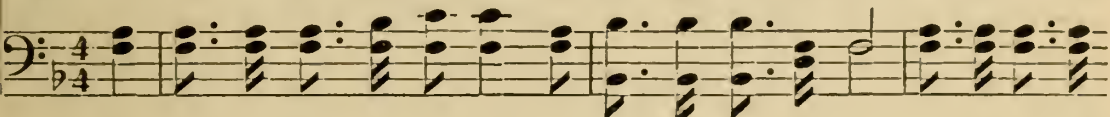
Hope on, sing - ing of his love, Praise the King a - bove.

E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.



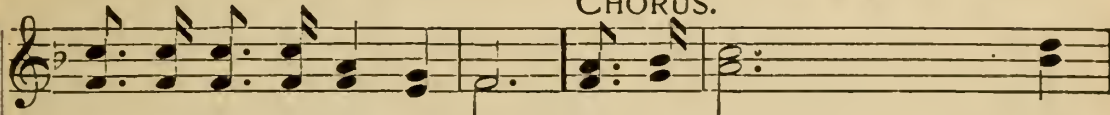
1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ringing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
2. When-ever this sweet message in God's own word I see, Who-so-ev-er
3. I heard the lov - ing message, and now to oth - ers say, Who-so-ev-er
4. To God be all the glo - ry! his on - ly Son he gave, Who-so-ev-er



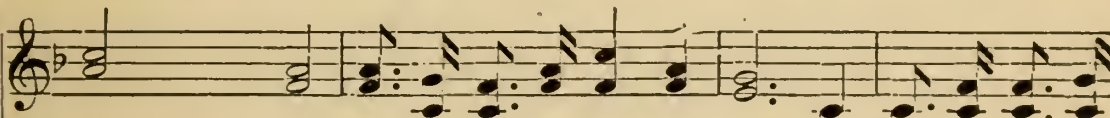
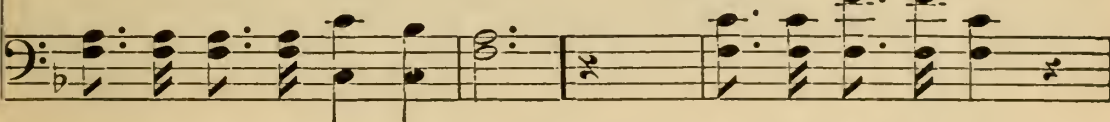
will may come; In riv - ers of sal - va - tion the liv - ing wat - ers roll,
will may come, I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Savior, and he'll be yours to - day,
will may come; And those who come believing, he'll to the ut - most save,



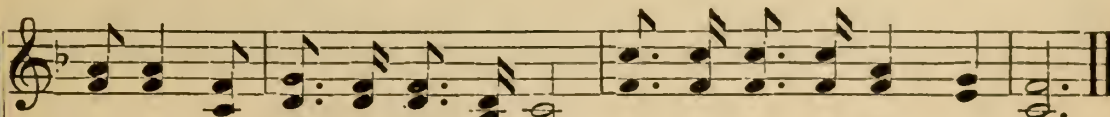
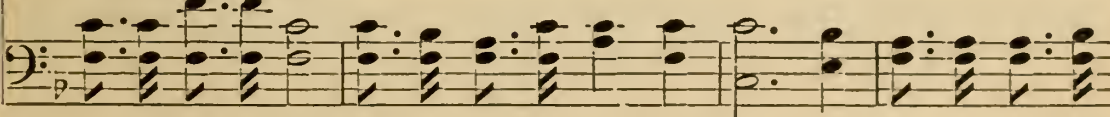
CHORUS.



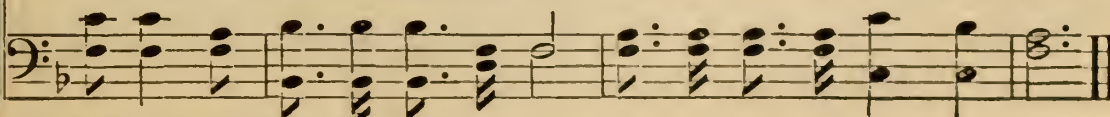
Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - so - ev - er will, so -



ev - er"! Who-so-ev - er will may come; The Sav - ior's in - vi -
who - so - ev - er will,

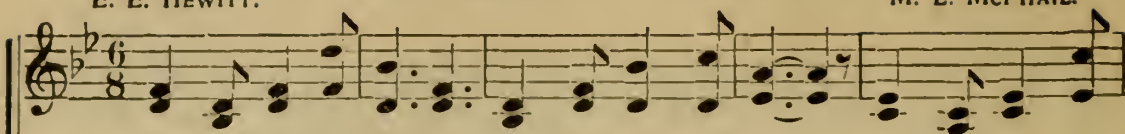


ta - tion is free - ly sounding still, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

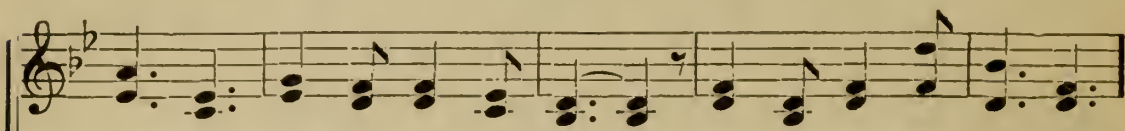


E. E. HEWITT.

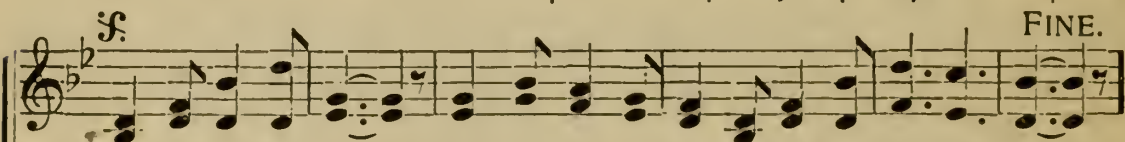
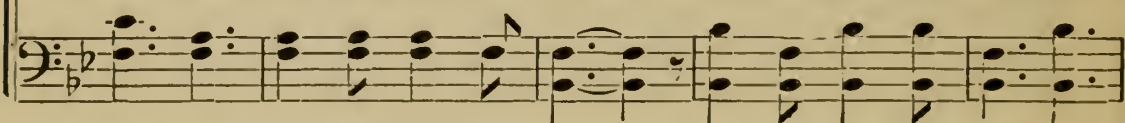
M. L. McPHAIL.



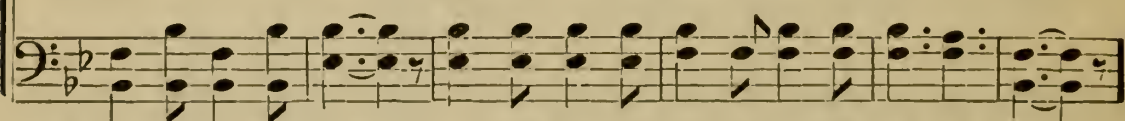
1. Wit-ness-ēs for Je-sus, ye who know his pow'r, In his great sal-
 2. Wit-ness-es for Je-sus, let the cheer-ful face Show the joy-ous
 3. Wit-ness-es for Je-sus, let the life of love Be the high-est



va - tion, trust-ing ev - 'ry hour; To the world a-round you,
 tem - per of the in - ner grace; Let the bless - ed Spir - it,
 trib - ute to our King a - bove; May the Mas - ter's im - age



show by look and tone, How the precious Savior guides and keeps his own.
 dwell-ing in your soul, Ev - 'ry word and ac-tion, ev-'ry tho't con-trol.
 bright-en more and more, Till we bear his likeness on the gold-en shore.

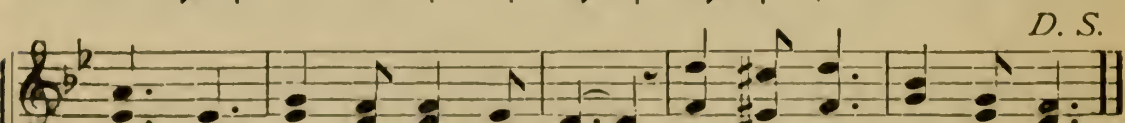
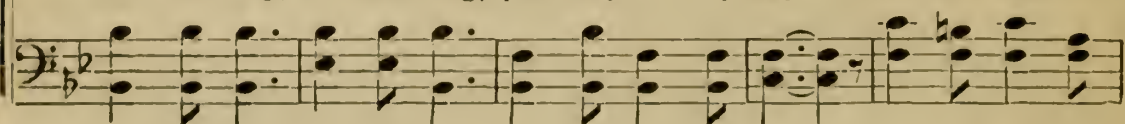


D. S.—faithful be and true, Tell-ing, glad-ly tell-ing, what he is to you.

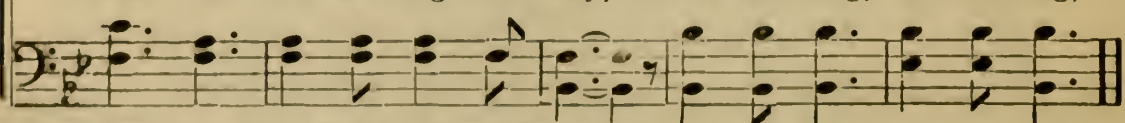
CHORUS.



Wit-ness-ing, wit-ness-ing; prov-ing ev - 'ry day That the Mas-ter's

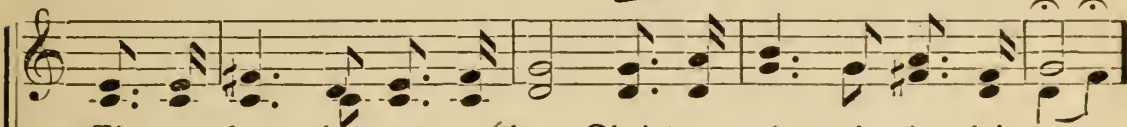
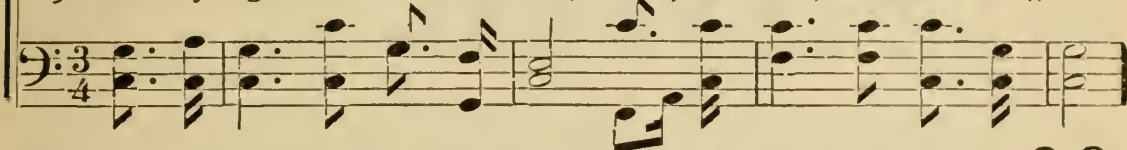


with us all a - long the way, Wit - ness-ing, wit-ness-ing,

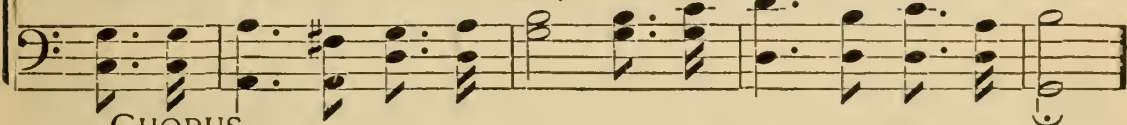




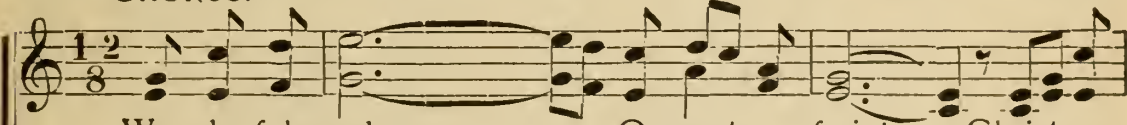
1. Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain Glo-rious mes-sage, clear and plain;
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! pro-claim to all
3. Years of sin con-demn us not, Pure be - fore the law we stand;
4. He will take the sin - ful - est, Make the scar - let white and pure;
5. In thy right-eous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest for-giv'n;



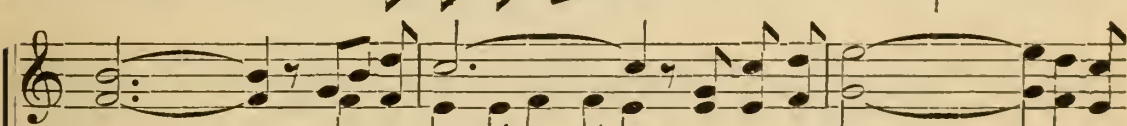
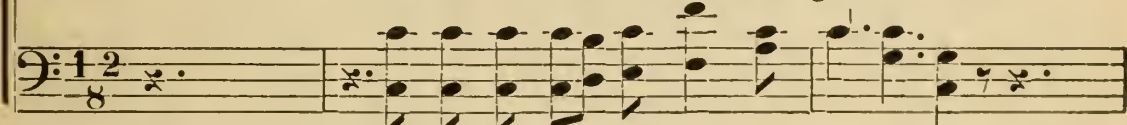
'Tis to - day the same as then, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Who the heav'n-ly pathway leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 Je - sus' blood removes each spot, Sat - is - fies its full de-mand.
 Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his word, for - ev - er sure.
 Self is lost in love di - vine, Death in life, and earth in heav'n.



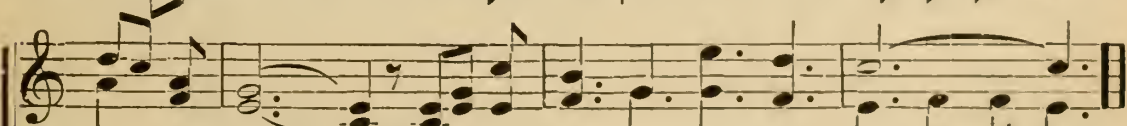
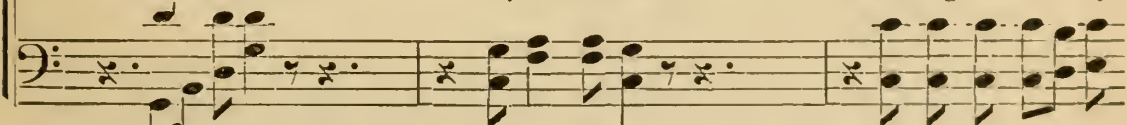
CHORUS.



Won-der-ful word, O sweet re - frain! Christ re -
 Won - der - ful word, O sweet and glad re - frain!

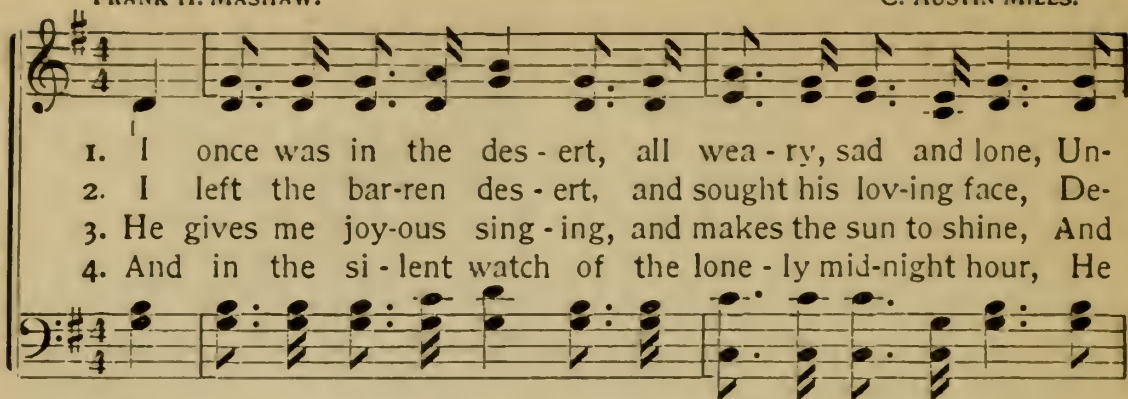


ceives sin-ful men Message of mer - - - - cy,
 Christ re-ceives O praise his name! Message of mer - cy,

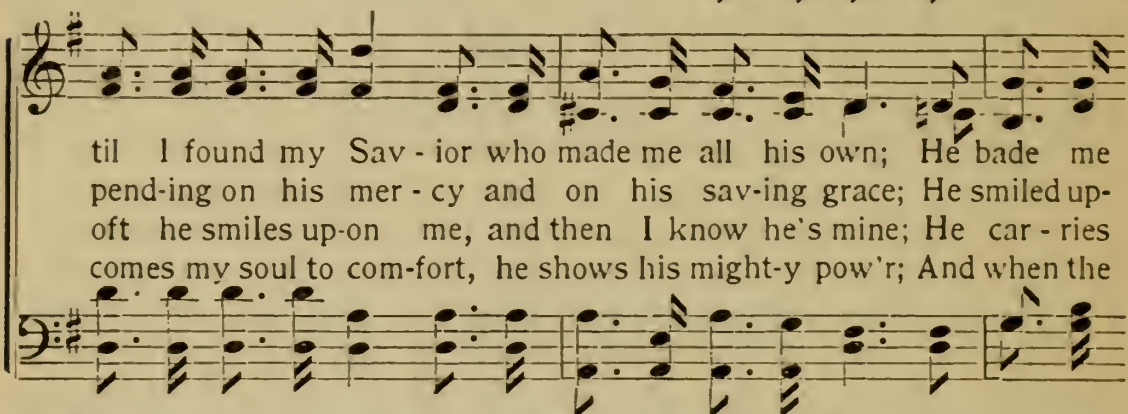


clear and plain, — Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 clear and pure and plain, praise his name!

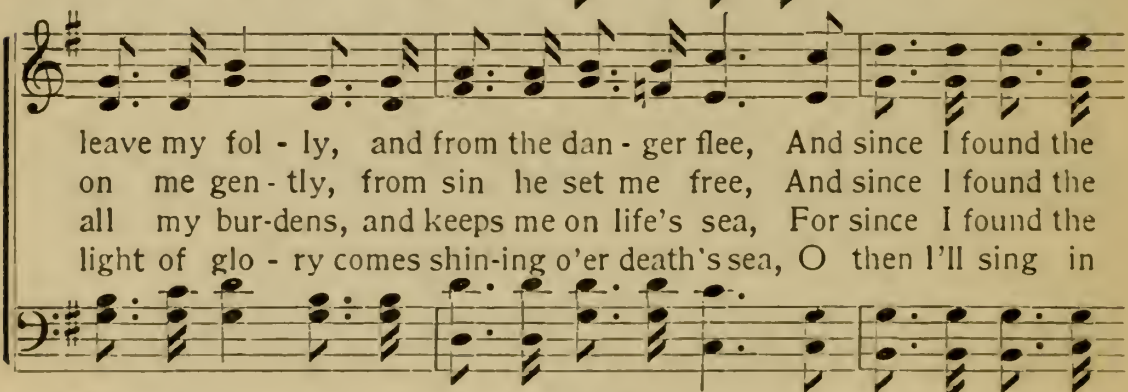




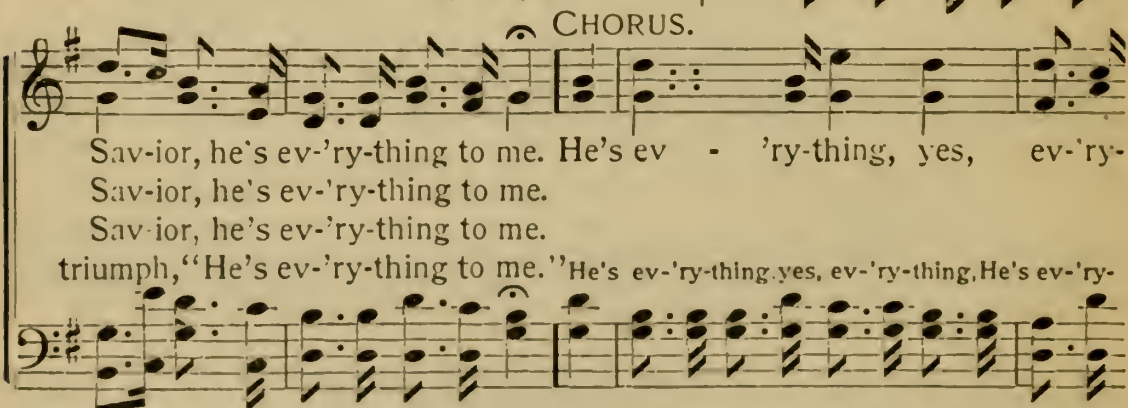
1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un-
 2. I left the bar-ren des - ert, and sought his lov-ing face, De-
 3. He gives me joy-ous sing-ing, and makes the sun to shine, And
 4. And in the si-lent watch of the lone - ly mid-night hour, He



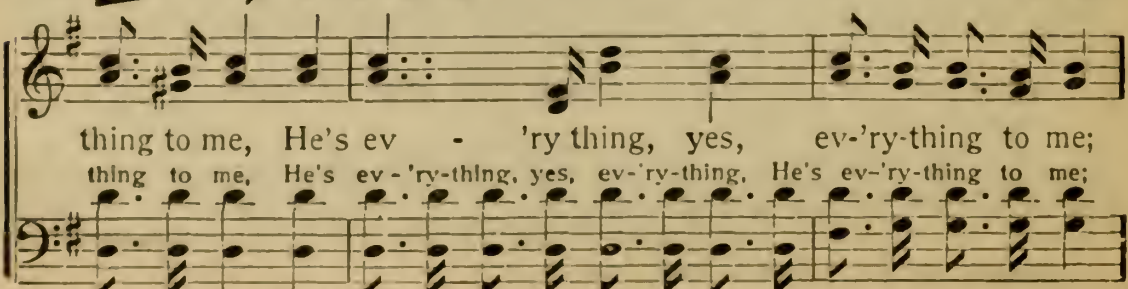
til I found my Sav - ior who made me all his own; He bade me
 pend-ing on his mer - cy and on his sav-ing grace; He smiled up-
 oft he smiles up-on me, and then I know he's mine; He car - ries
 comes my soul to com-fort, he shows his might-y pow'r; And when the



leave my fol - ly, and from the dan - ger flee, And since I found the
 on me gen - tly, from sin he set me free, And since I found the
 all my bur-dens, and keeps me on life's sea, For since I found the
 light of glo - ry comes shin-ing o'er death's sea, O then I'll sing in



CHORUS.
 Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me. He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-
 Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
 Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
 triumph, "He's ev-'ry-thing to me." He's ev-'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing, He's ev-'ry-



thing to me, He's ev - 'ry thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing to me;
 thing to me, He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing, He's ev-'ry-thing to me;

He's Everything to Me.

Thro' night and day, my Strength and Stay, He's ev-'ry-thing to me.

to me.

129

Move Forward.

G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Move for-ward! val-iant men and strong, Ye who have pray'd and la-bored long,
 2. Move for-ward! each and ev - 'ry one, The gold-en har - vest is be-gun,
 3. Move for-ward! reap-ing as you move! An-gels are watching from a-bove!
 4. Move for-ward! day will die full soon, How quickly evening fol-lows noon.

The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
 Ye reap-ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sick-le's glitt'-ring blade.
 A-round are wit - ness - es a host, A-rouse ye now and save the lost.
 Now is the time to work and pray, Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

CHORUS.

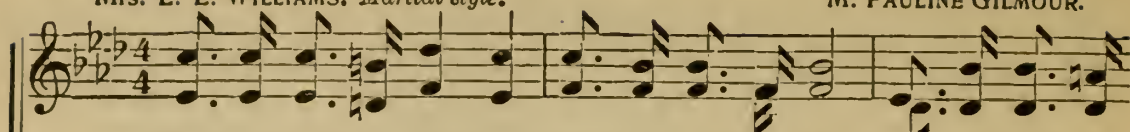
Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line, . . .
 Move for-ward, move for-ward, All a - long the line, move for-ward,

Move for - ward, move for - ward The light be-gins to shine.
 Move for-ward, move for-ward,

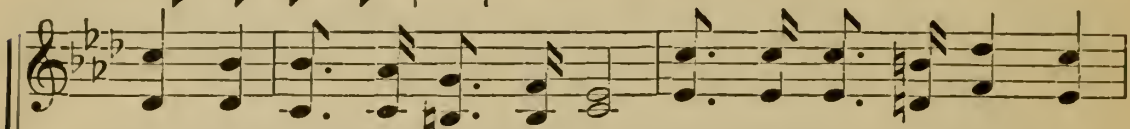
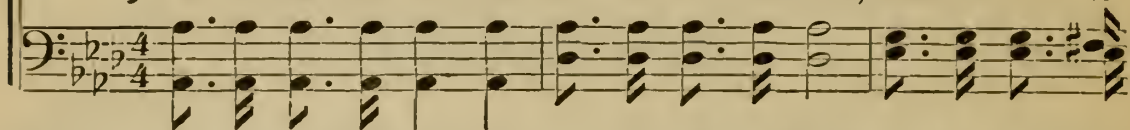
Volunteers, to the Front!

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS, *Martial style.*

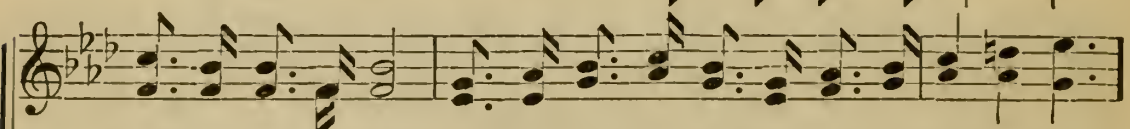
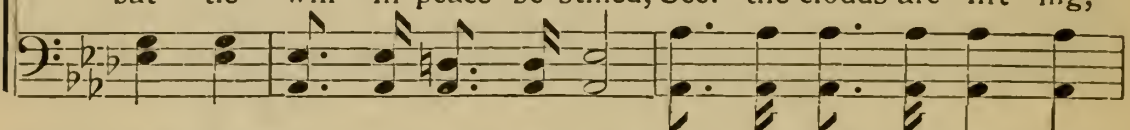
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



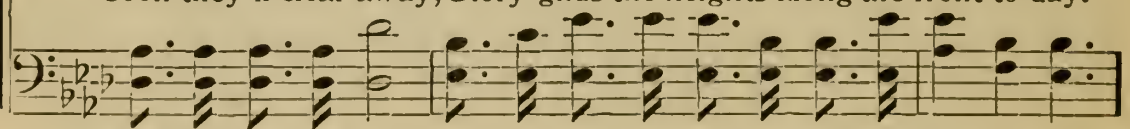
1. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! hear the stir-ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! val-iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! for on land and sea Satan's starving
4. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! on the bat-tle-plain Soldiers brave are
5. Vol-un-teers are want-ed! let the ranks be filled; Soon the din of



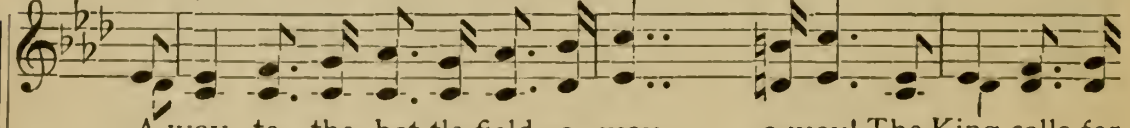
an-swer, comrades, one and all; Gird-ing on your ar-mor,
broth-er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand-er,
bond-men clam-or to be free; Hast-en to their res-cue,
fall-ing, ne'er to fight a-gain; Who will take their plac-es
bat-tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift-ing,



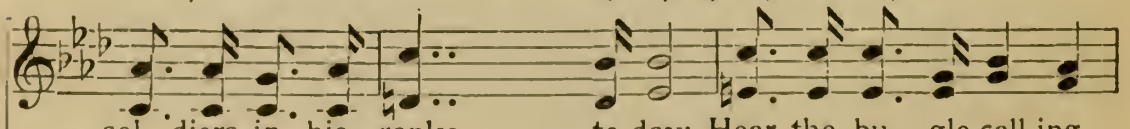
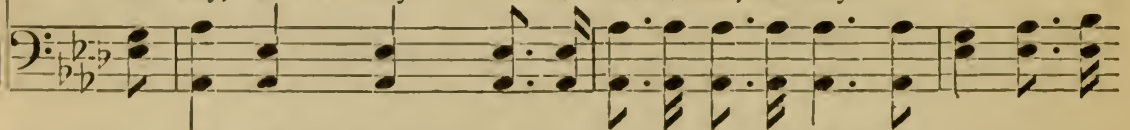
haste to march a-way, For the Lord is call-ing, "To the front to-day!"
let us all o-bey When he gives the order, "To the front to-day!"
if you still delay Blood-bought souls must perish; to the front to-day!
in the dead-ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to-day?
soon they'll clear away, Glory gilds the heights along the front to-day.



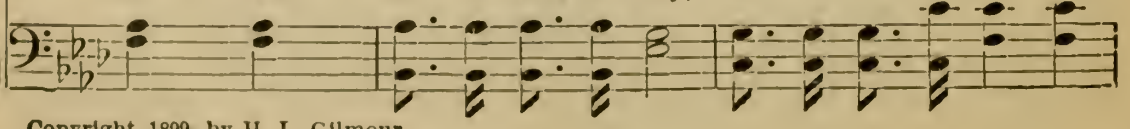
CHORUS.



A-way to the bat-tle-field, a-way, a-way! The King calls for
A-way, a-way to the bat-tle-field, a-way!



sol-diers in his ranks to-day; Hear the bu-gle call-ing,
sol-diers in his ranks to-day;



Vounteers, to the Front!

in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat - tle - field, a - way, a - way!

131

No, Not One.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr;
Slow and with feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

Drifting Down.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.
Slowly, with expression.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, leaning on an i - dle oar, You are
 2. Lights up-on the homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
 3. Voices from the homeland shore fainter grow, as they implore, You are

drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the
 drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the harbor bar will your
 drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down. O my brother, do not wait; heed them

rit. ad lib.
 o-cean wild and wide, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
 boat be car-ried far, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
 ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drifted, drift-ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*
 You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
 You are drift - ing, slow - ly drift - ing, you are slow - ly drift - ing down

rit. *a tempo.*
 dark and awful sea; You are drift-ing down From a Father's loving care,
 dark and aw - ful sea; You are drifting slowly drift-ing,

Drifting Down.

rit. ab lib.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.

The musical score for 'Drifting Down.' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

133

Standing by the Cross.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY. Chorus by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for-ev-er viewing Mercy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on thee,

The musical score for 'Standing by the Cross.' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Life, and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dy-ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di-vine com-pass-ion Beam-ing in his gra-cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste thy full sal-va-tion, And, unveiled, thy glo-ry see.

The musical score for 'Standing by the Cross.' continues with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

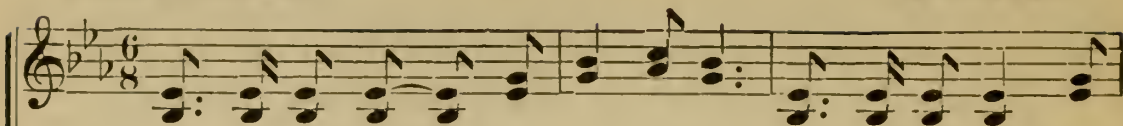
CHORUS.

Standing by the cross, stand-ing by the cross, Stand-ing by the cross of Cal-va-ry;
Look-ing up to Christ, trust-ing in his love, Hop-ing in his mer-cy full and free.

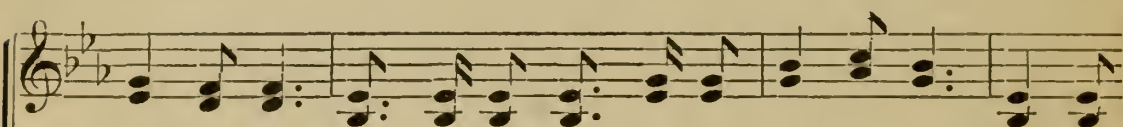
The musical score for 'Standing by the Cross.' continues with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

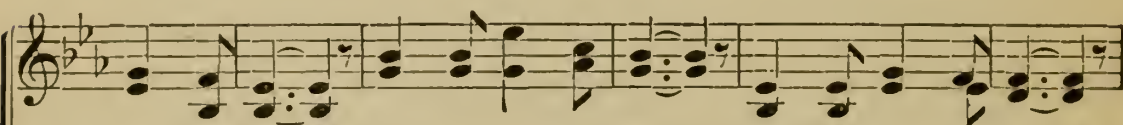
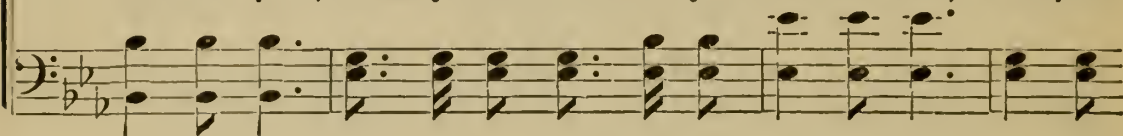
W. S. NICKLE.



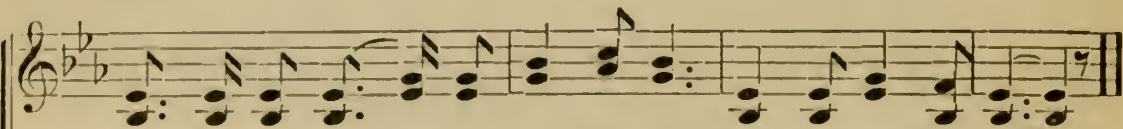
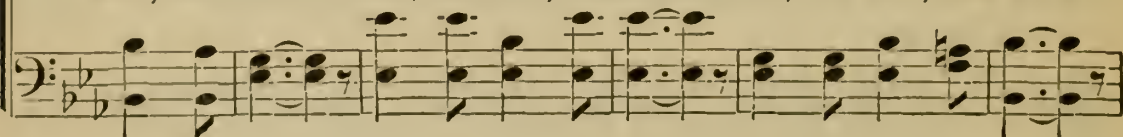
1. Aft - er the pleas - ures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face
2. Aft - er the puls - es shall cease to beat, When at the throne the
3. Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Aft - er the death-dews,
4. Aft - er the trump - et's aw - ful blast, Aft - er the judg - ment



to the shore Of the dim land of the ev - er - more, Care-less
 Lord you meet, Waiting your doom at the judgment seat, Care-less
 damp and chill, O - ver your frame of mor - tali - ty thrill, Care-less
 shall be past, When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost



soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then?



Aft - er the pleas - ures of life are o'er, Care-less soul, what then?
 Wait - ing your doom at the judgment seat, Care-less soul, what then?
 Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Care-less soul, what then?
 When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?



PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un -
 2. It is safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se -
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break - ers

fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
 cured by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, pass'd from his
 have told the reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the

ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
 heart to mine, Can de - fy that blast, thro' strength di - vine.
 wild winds blow, Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.

REFRAIN.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,

Fasten'd to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

Copyright, 1882, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our latest breath,
 On the rising tide it can never fail, While our hopes abide within the veil.

5 When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night
 The city of gold, our harbor bright,
 We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore,
 With the storms all past forevermore.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Ev-'ry-thing un-der the blood, praise his name! All the dark
 2. Ev-'ry-thing un-der the blood, praise his name! Er-rors and
 3. Ev-'ry-thing un-der the blood, praise his name! Sins by his
 4. Ev-'ry-thing un-der the blood, praise his name! His love now

sins of the past; Won-der-ful mer-cy and mar-vel-ous love!
 faults and mis-takes; Ru-ined and lost as we are by the fall,
 mer-cy all gone, Bur-ied for-ev-er 'neath Cal-va-ry's flow,
 hold-eth me fast; Wan-der-ings past, no more tossed to and fro,

All my trans-gres-sions from me to re-move As far as the
 Je-sus' a-tone-ment now cov-ers it all, And ev-er-y
 Wash'd and made whit-er, yes, whit-er than snow All through Je-sus'
 Now 'tis un-speak-a-ble glad-ness to know I'm rest-ing in

CHORUS.

east from the west.
 fet-ter he breaks. All glo-ry to God! He reigns in my soul, My
 mer-it a-lone.
 Je-sus at last.

heart and my life he doth ful-ly con-trol, And his I shall

Everything Under the Blood.

be while the a-ges shall roll, With ev-'ry-thing un-der the blood.

137

Save One.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the breakers are per-ish-ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw-ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad-ly a-stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out where the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one.
 Tell them of Je-sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
 From the sweet home-land so far, far a-way, Save one, save one.
 Go in his Spir-it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

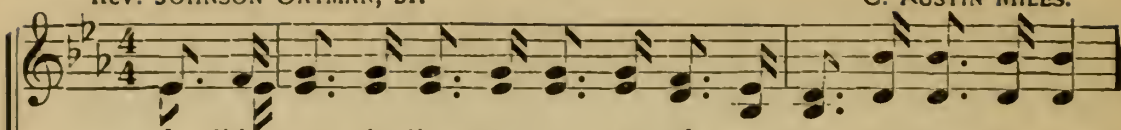
Pit-y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res-cue them,

Save one today, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

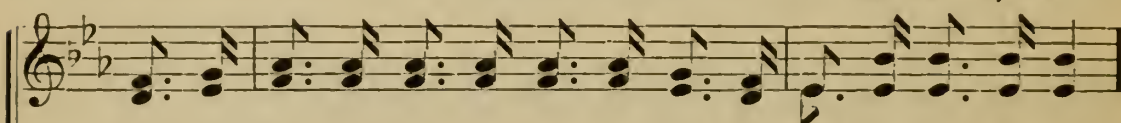
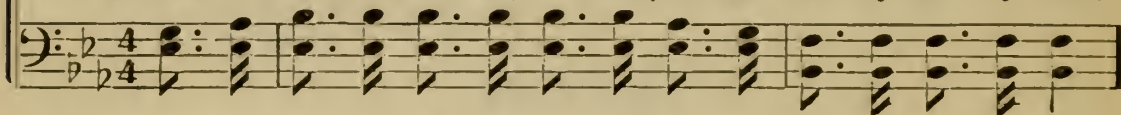
I Found It at the Cross.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

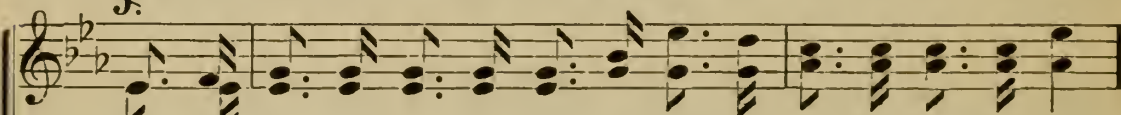
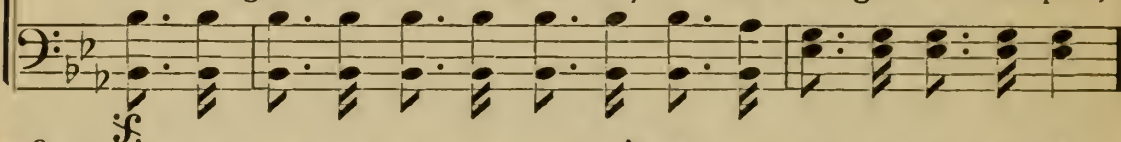
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I did not be-lieve the sto - ry of a res - ur - rec - tion day,
2. So al - tho' I first drew near it when the world seemed dark and drear,
3. At the bless - ed cross of Je - sus, there I saw my pathway clear,
4. Now I take there all my burdens, there I car - ry ev - 'ry care,



Then the grave so dark and gloom-y filled my soul with deep dis-may;
 Soon my heart was filled with singing when I heard the words of cheer;
 At the bless - ed cross of Je - sus, there he wiped a-way each tear;
 And I give them to the Mas - ter, so no lon - ger I de-spair;

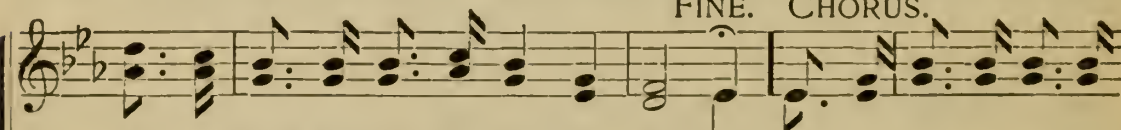


But I found one blessed morning ev-ry doubt was cleared a - way,
 As the bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it whispered to me, "Do not fear,
 There I bur - ied ev - 'ry sor - row, there I bur - ied ev - 'ry fear,
 Some sweet day my Lord will call me to come meet him in the air,

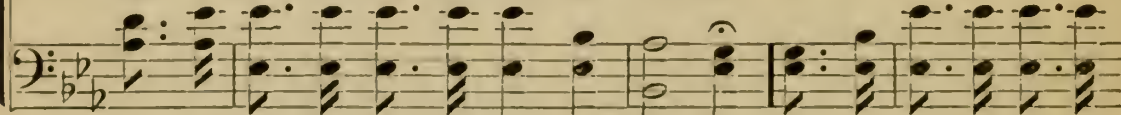


D. S. There I found one bless-ed morn-ing ev-ry doubt was cleared a - way,

FINE. CHORUS.



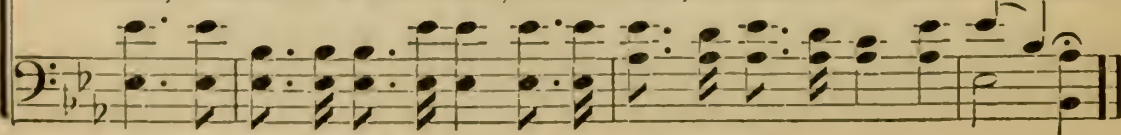
As I stood be-side the cross of Je - sus.
 There is hope in yon-der cross of Je - sus." Yes, I found it at the
 As I bowed be-fore the cross of Je - sus.
 As I wait be-side the cross of Je - sus.



As I stood be-side the cross of Je - sus.

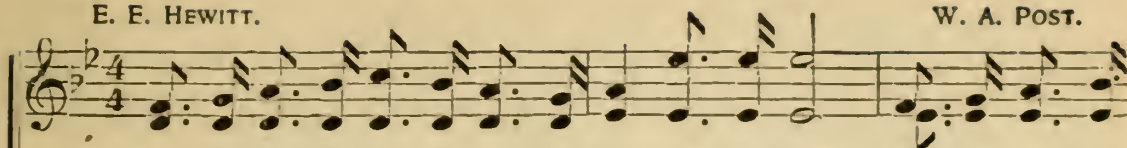


cross, I found it at the cross, At the cross, the blessed cross of Je - sus;

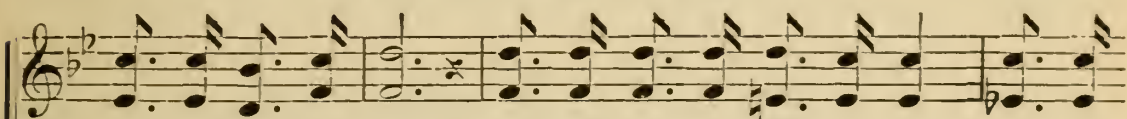


E. E. HEWITT.

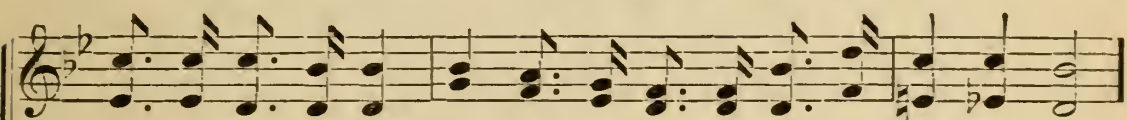
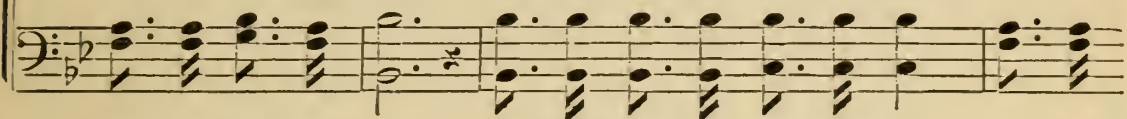
W. A. POST.



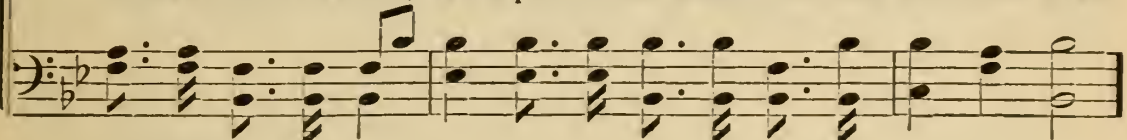
1. Marching on to-gether in the ranks of the King, Trust-ing in his
2. Marching on to-gether; from the word of the Lord Gaining strength to
3. Marching on to-gether in his name, side by side; Help - ing one an-



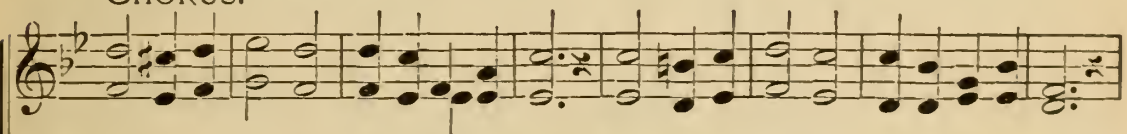
mer-cy, day by day; Un-der his bright ban-ner still, Striv-ing
o-ver-come the foe; Tho' the snares of sin a-bound, Ho-ly
oth-er as we go; We're u-nit-ed in the love Of our



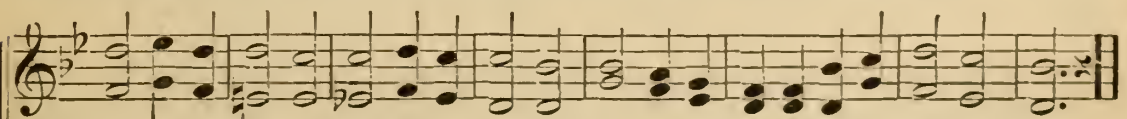
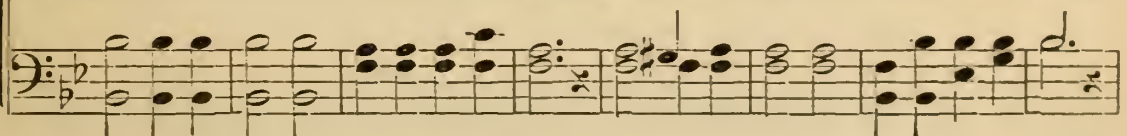
to o-bey his will, We fol-low as he leads us in his way.
an-gels camp a-round, De-liv'-rance from all e-vil we shall know.
blessed friend a-bove; We'll praise him where e-ter-nal an-thems flow.



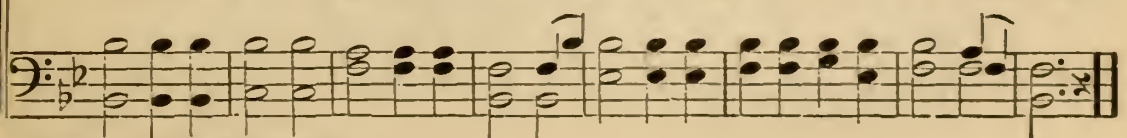
CHORUS.



March on together, soldiers of the King; March on together, he will vict'ry bring;



All, all for Je-sus; all, all for Jesus; March on together, songs of triumph sing.

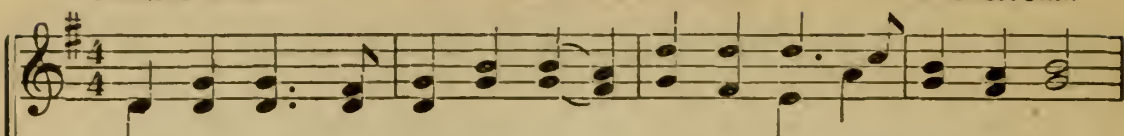


The Herald Angels Sing.

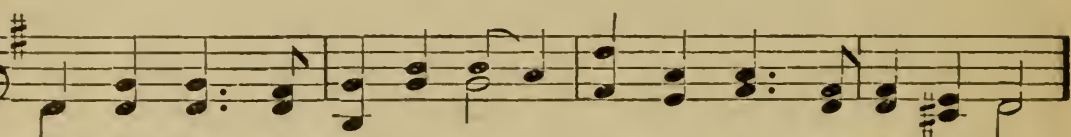
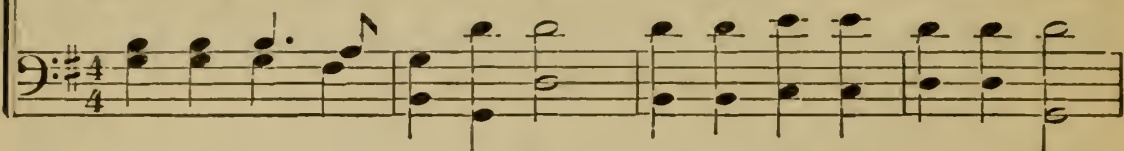
CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune—Herald. 7s. D.

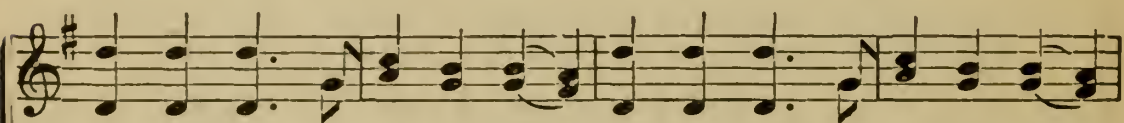
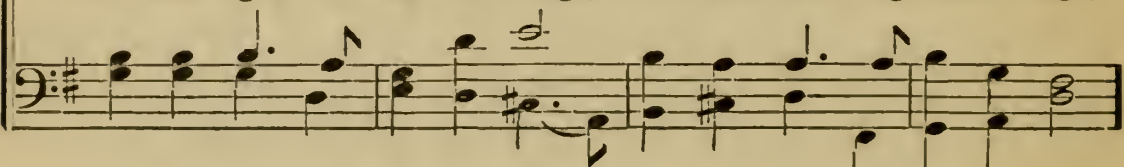
MENDELSSOHN.



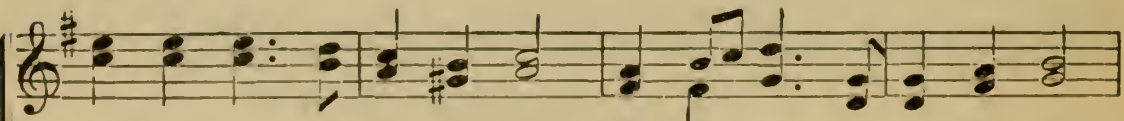
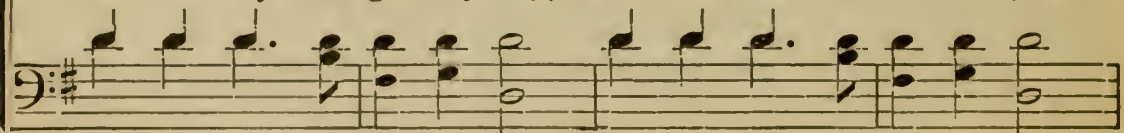
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ by high - est heav'n a-dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the son of right-eous-ness!



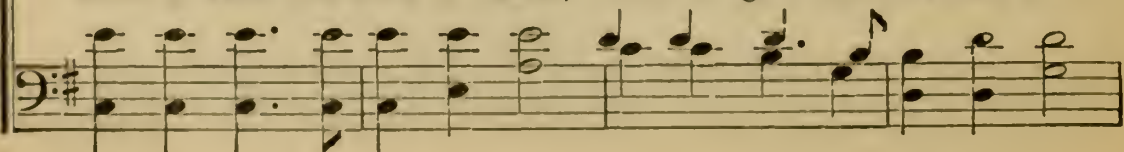
Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-on-ciled!"
 In the man - ger born a King, While a - dor - ing an-gels sing,
 Life and light to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings;



Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 "Peace on earth, to men good-will;" Bid the trem-bling soul be still,
 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,



With the an - gel host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
 Christ on earth has come to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-man-u - el!
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.



The Herald Angels Sing.

With the an - gel host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
 Christ on earth has come to dwell! Je - sus, our Em-man-u - el!
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

141

More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT,

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus I would know, More of his grace to others show;
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
 3. More a-bout Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord,
 4. More a-bout Je-sus; on his throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all his own;

More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful saying mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

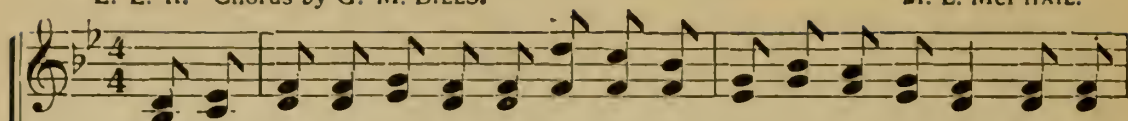
REFRAIN.

More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;

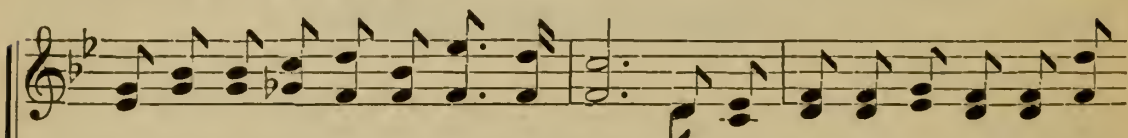
More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

E. E. R. Chorus by G. M. BILLS.

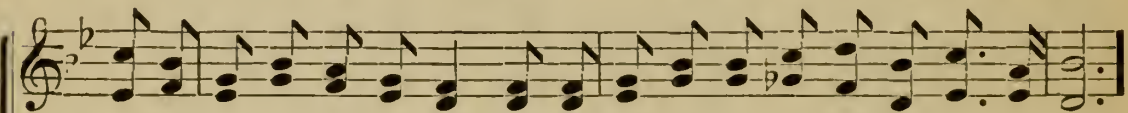
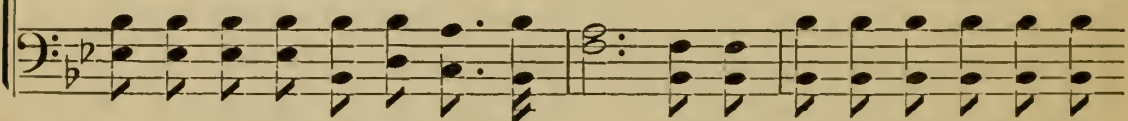
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. Who is this who for our sorrows of-fers com-fort and re-lief, Bring-ing
2. Who is this who comes with healing for the halt, the blind, the lame, Saying
3. Who is this who loves the sinner as a fa-ther loves his own, Grieving



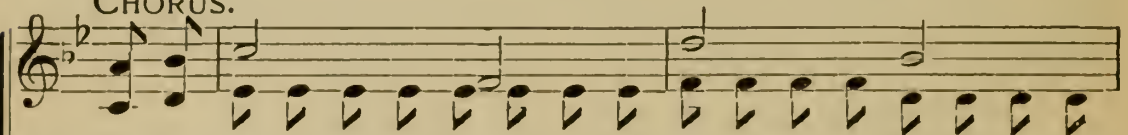
sun-shine to the dark and shadowed life? Say-ing soft-ly, "Cease repining,
soft-ly to the sin-ner, "Fol-low me; On-ly come, in faith be-liev-ing,
o-ver those who spurn his gentle plea? Al-ways read-y to for-give them



lift thy soul a-bove its grief, Let the peace past understanding still the strife."
as of old the people came, And the lame shall walk, the blind again shall see."
and to make forgiveness known, Who is this for-ev-er call-ing you and me?

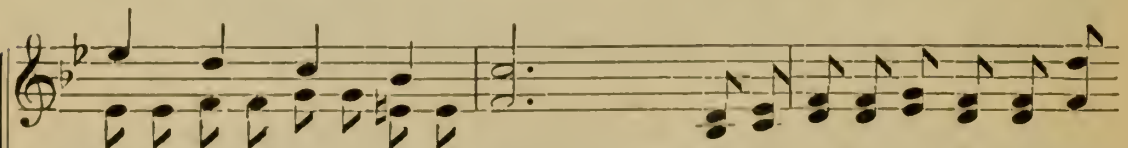
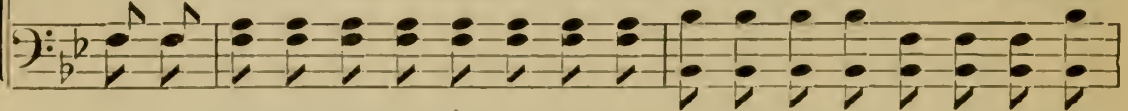


CHORUS.

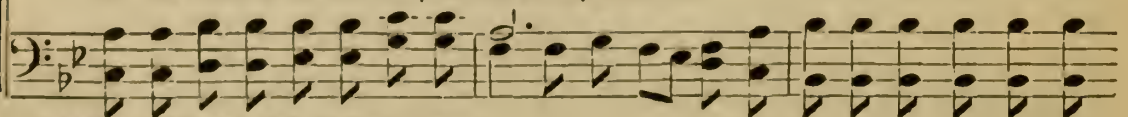


It is Je - - sus! Je - - sus!

It is Je - sus our Re-deem-er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er, He will



Sad one, weep no more! He will heal the broken-hearted,
bid the child of sor-row weep no more, weep no more.



It is Jesus.

o - pen wide the prison door, He is a - ble to de - liv - er ev - er - more.

143

Glorious Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. { The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
And there may I tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever Wash my sins a-way.

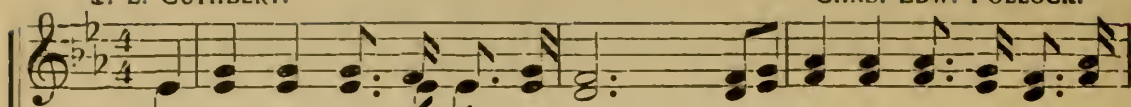
<p>3 Thou dying Lamb, : thy precious blood : Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd : church of God : Are saved, to sin no more.</p>	<p>4 E'er since by faith : I saw the stream : Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love : has been my theme : And shall be till I die.</p>
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Jesus at the Door.

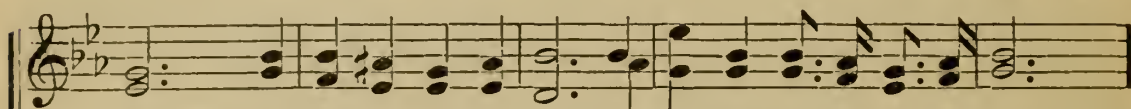
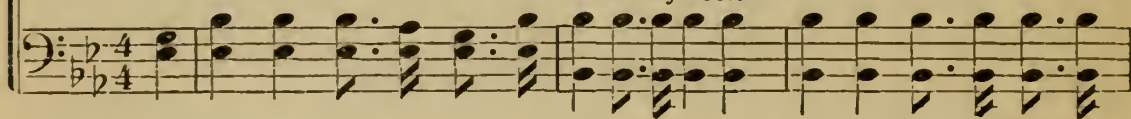
S. L. CUTHBERT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

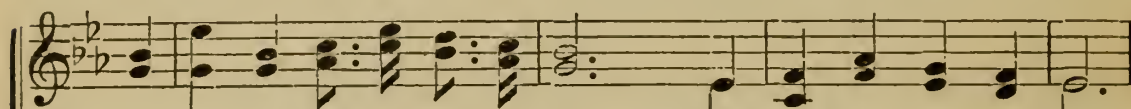
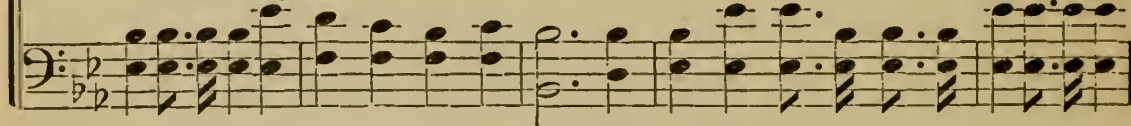


1. The Sav-ior, stand-ing at thy door, Is knocking, knocking, o'er and
2. A - rise! take down the bars of sin, And let the lov-ing Sav-ior
3. Oh! when he en - ters to thy heart His light and love shall ne'er de-
4. But is he yet be - fore thy door, Or does he wait and call no

at thy door.



o'er, He seeks thy guest to be, But should the door still closed remain,
 in, Make him thy welcome guest. He'll give thee of his richest grace,
 part, But on thee ev-er shine. And this thy joyous song shall be,
 more, Where all is closed and fast? The lamp of life may cease to burn,
 o'er and o'er, closed remain,

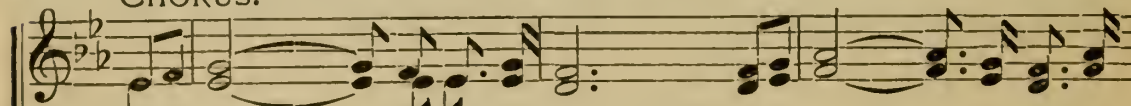


The Lord may nev-er call a - gain, Then what be-comes of thee?
 He'll make thy home his dwelling place, And with thee ev - er rest.
 "My Savior comes to dwell with me, And he is ev - er mine!"
 And Je - sus nev-er-more re-turn, This call may be the last!

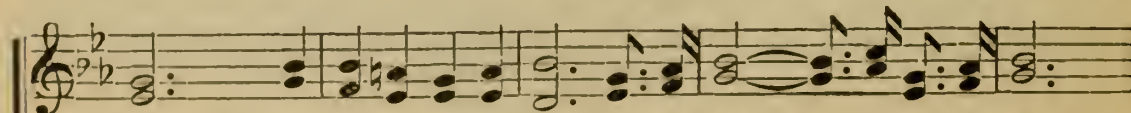
call again,



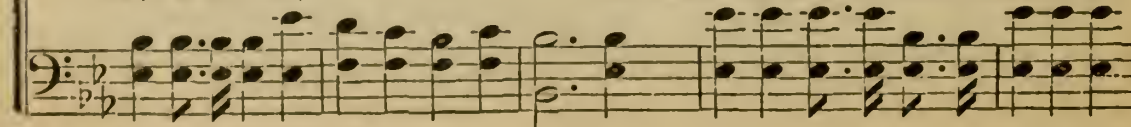
CHORUS.



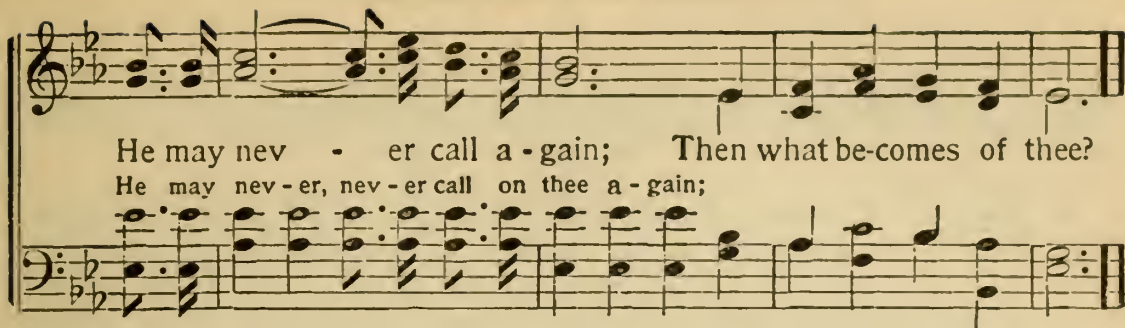
He's stand - ing at the door, Is knock - ing o'er and
 The Sav - ior Is stand-ing at the door, at the door, Is knocking, knocking, o'er and



o'er; He seeks thy guest to be; Should the door still closed remain,
 o'er, o'er and o'er; But should the door still closed remain, remain,



Jesus at the Door.



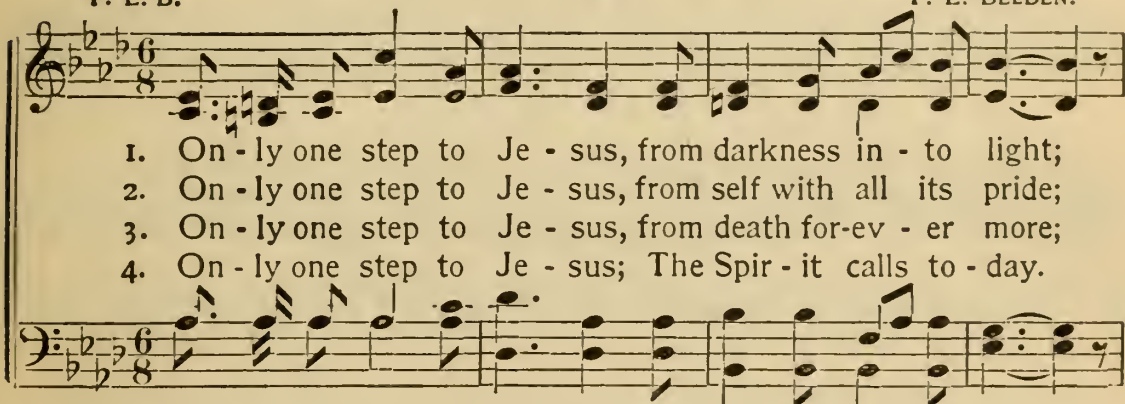
He may nev - er call a - gain; Then what be-comes of thee?
He may nev - er, nev - er call on thee a - gain;

145

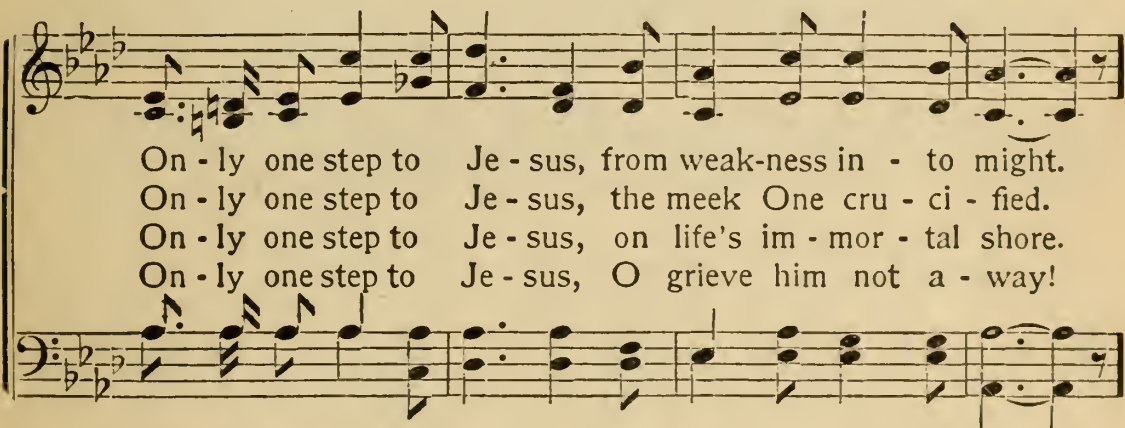
Only One Step.

F. E. B.

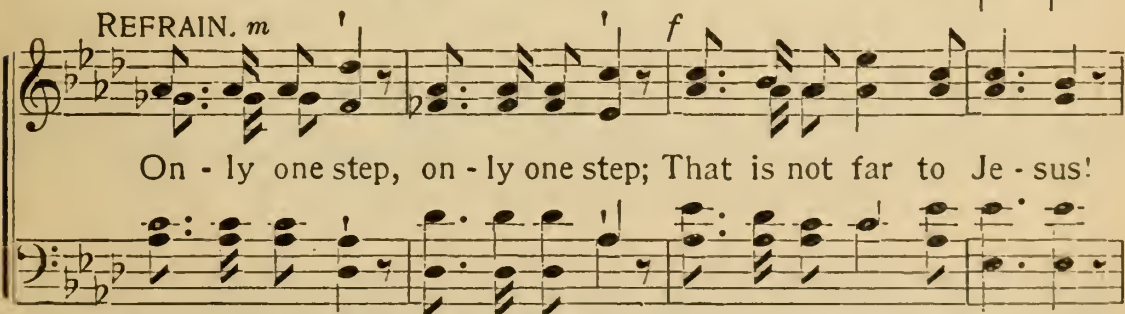
F. E. BELDEN.



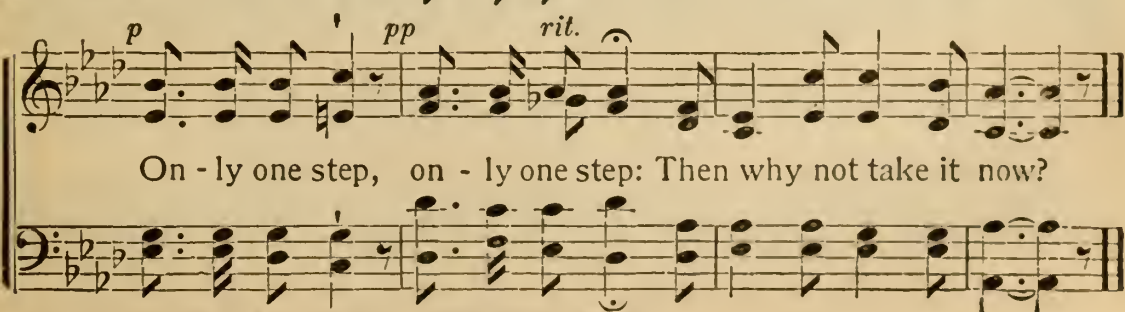
1. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from darkness in - to light;
2. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from self with all its pride;
3. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from death for-ev - er more;
4. On - ly one step to Je - sus; The Spir - it calls to - day.



On - ly one step to Je - sus, from weak-ness in - to might.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, the meek One cru - ci - fied.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, on life's im - mor - tal shore.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, O grieve him not a - way!



REFRAIN. *m* *f*
On - ly one step, on - ly one step; That is not far to Je - sus!



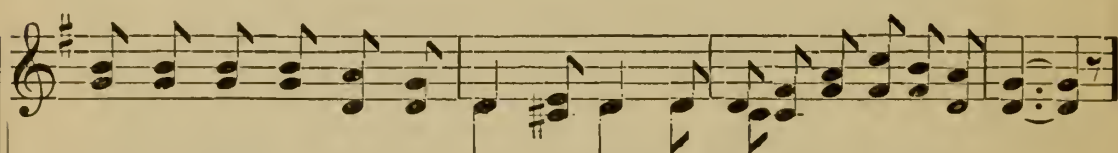
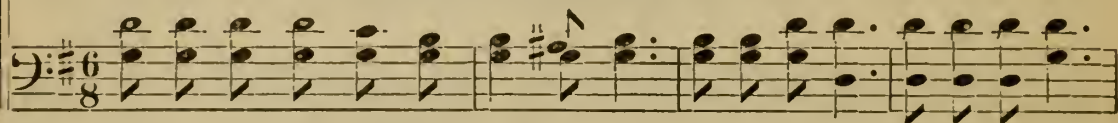
p *pp* *rit.*
On - ly one step, on - ly one step: Then why not take it now?

E. E. HEWITT, Alt.

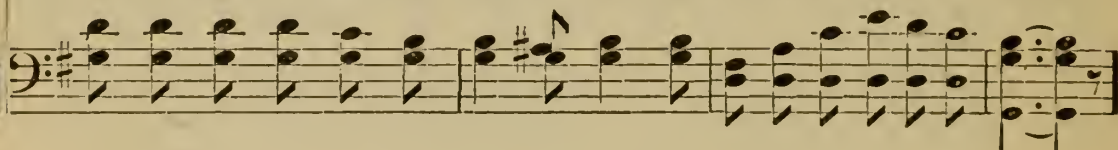
M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. "Glo-ry to Je-sus!" my glad heart sings, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
2. He is my keep-er from day to day, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
3. He is my Star thro' the gloomy night, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone,
4. He is my Strength when temptations throng, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
5. All thro' the journey my song shall be, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;



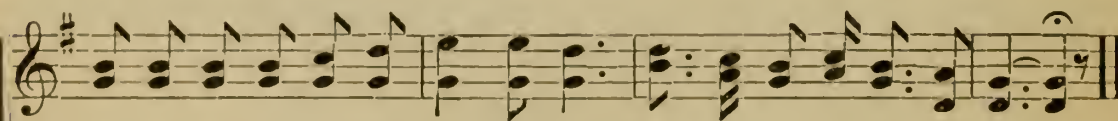
Grace and sal - va - tion to me he brings, And I am his chosen, his own.
 Held by his hand I shall nev - er stray, I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
 And my chief Joy when the skies are bright; I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
 And though the con - flict be hard and long, I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
 Chanting life's mu - sic to love's sweet key, And clinging to Jesus a-lone.



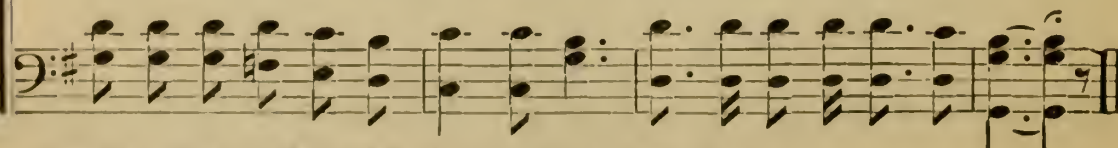
CHORUS.



I will sing prais-es to him I love; Is he not all my own?




I will press on to the home a - bove, Cling - ing to Je - sus a - lone.



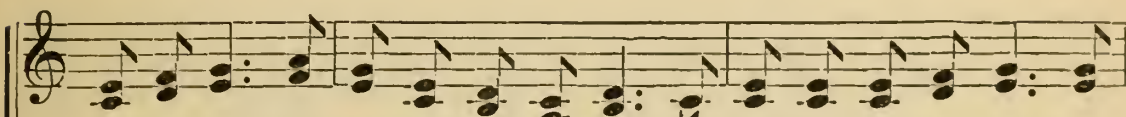
'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE.

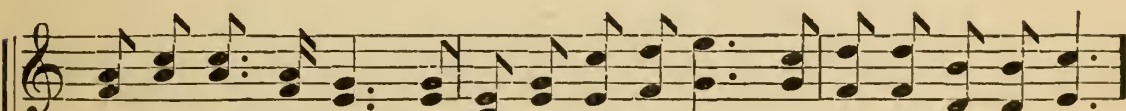
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. God sent his might-y pow'r To this poor sin-ful heart, To keep me
2. Be-fore the cross I bow, Up-on the al-tar lay A will-ing
3. No good that I have done; His prom-ise I em-brace: Ac-cept-ed




ev-'ry hour, And need-ful grace im-part; And since his Spir-it came To
off-ring now, My all from day to day. My Sav-ior paid the price, My
in the Son, He saves me by his grace; All glo-ry be to God! Let




take supreme con-trol, The love-en-kin-dled flame Is burn-ing in my soul.
name he sweetly calls; Up-on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heaven falls.
hal-le-lu-jahs roll; His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.



'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burn-ing in my soul; The fire of
Ho-ly Spir-it came, All glo-ry to his name! The fire of



heav'nly love is burn-ing in my soul. The
heav'nly love is burn-ing [Omit. . . .] in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul. burn-ing in my soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.

1. Speak up bold-ly, fel-low sold-ier, give the coun-ter-sign; Are you
 2. Nev-er need we fail nor fal-ter, nev-er need we fear, With the
 3. Ral-ly 'round the Gospel standard, lift the cross on high; O-ver

march-ing in the ar-my of the King di-vine? Do you dai-ly
 King, our great Commander, al-ways stand-ing near; He is might-y
 mount-ains, o-ver valleys, let good tid-ings fly; Star-ry crowns a-

strive to fol-low where his banners shine? An-swer brave-ly to the
 to de-fend us, he will save and cheer; Trust-ing in the Lord, our
 wait the faith-ful, far be-yond the sky; Press-ing close-ly af-ter

CHORUS. *With energy.*

challenge, "who goes there?"
 Sav-ior, who goes there? Who goes there? friend or foe? Who is on the Lord's side?
 Je-sus, who goes there?

let us know; Glad-ly, loyally, your colors show; Who goes there? friend or foe?

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Lov-ing - ly, ten-der - ly, bring in the lost ones, bring them in;
 2. Faithful - ly, loy - al - ly, seek ev - 'ry wand'rer back to win;
 3. Joy - ful - ly, cheer - ful - ly, wel - come the falt - 'ring, help them in;

Pray'r - ful - ly, trust - ing - ly, lift up the fall - en from their sin.
 Plead - ing - ly, pa - tient - ly, teach them the new life to be - gin.
 Fer - vent - ly, long - ing - ly, lead them to Christ who saves from sin.

CHORUS.

Go, gather them in from the fields of
 Go, gather them in, Go, gather them in, from the fields of sin,

sin, Souls that are dy - ing,
 from the fields of sin, Souls that are dy - ing, souls that are dy - ing,

bring them in; bring them in.
 bring them, bring them in, bring them in; souls that are dy - ing, bring them in, them in.

Count Your Mercies.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Alt.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heav-y - lad - en and with sor-row tried? Look in faith to
 2. Think of hid - den dangers he has brought you thro', Of the cares and
 3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your many
 4. As he looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not he

Christ, your Helper, Friend, and Guide; Think of all your mercies, such a
 bur - dens he has borne for you, Of his words of com-fort in your
 mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust him in the shad-ows dim and
 choos - eth what each day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the

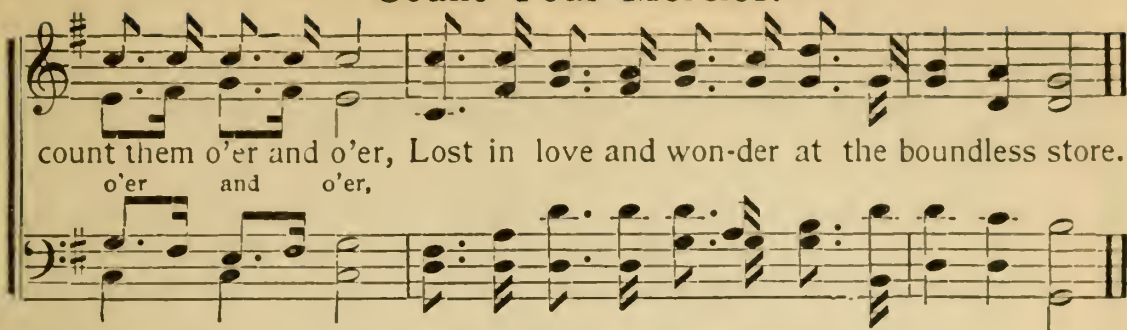
bound-less store, Tears will change to prais-es as you count them o'er.
 deep - est need, Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in-deed.
 have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet-er for the dark down here."
 hot tears start, Give to him the in - cense of a grate-ful heart.

CHORUS.

Count your mer - cies, such a bound-less store, Count your
 Count your ma - ny mer - cies, bound - less store, Count your ma - ny

mer - cies, pressed and run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies,
 mer - cies run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies, count them

Count Your Mercies.



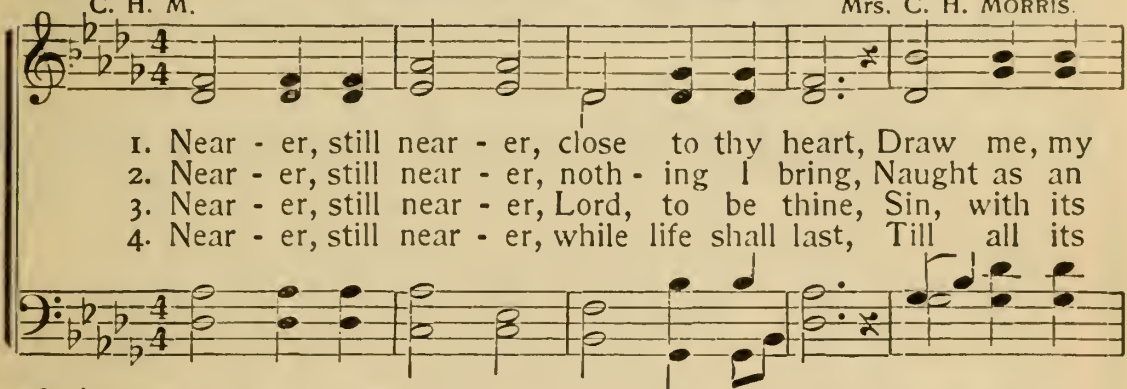
count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and won-der at the boundless store.
o'er and o'er,

151

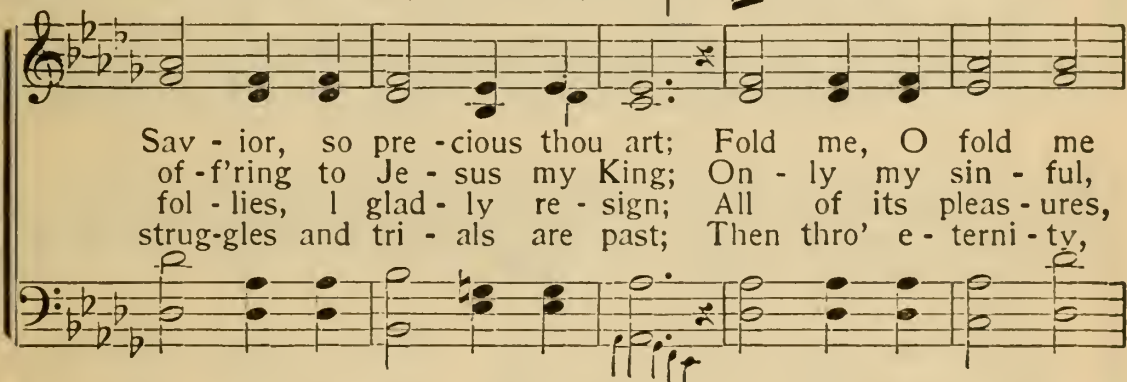
Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

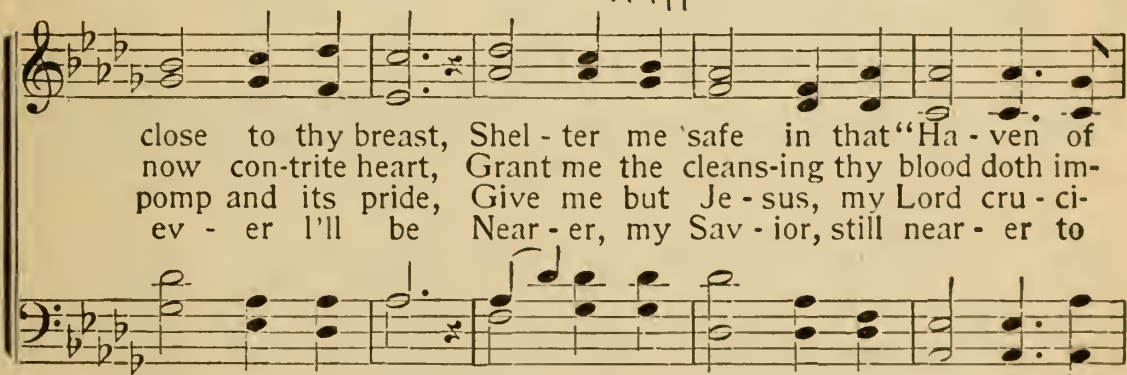
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



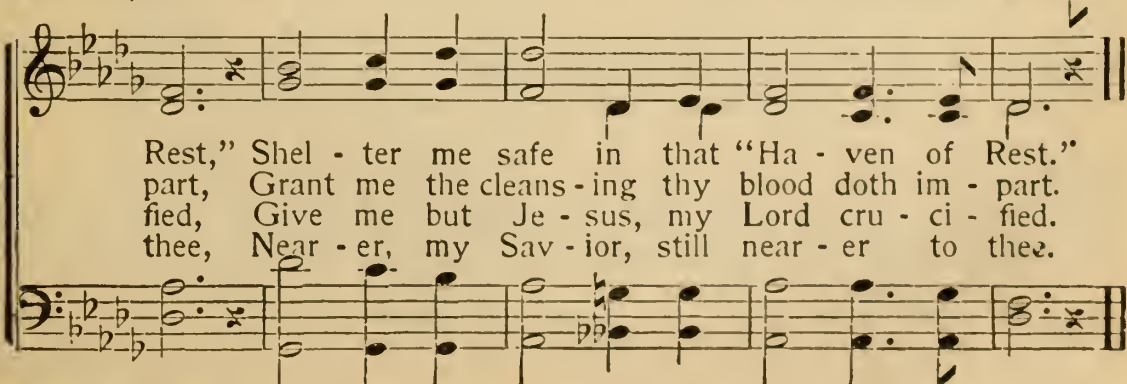
1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till all its



Sav - ior, so pre - cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me
of - f'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures,
strug - gles and tri - als are past; Then thro' e - ter - ni - ty,



close to thy breast, Shel - ter me 'safe in that "Ha - ven of
now con - trite heart, Grant me the cleans - ing thy blood doth im -
pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci -
ev - er I'll be Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to

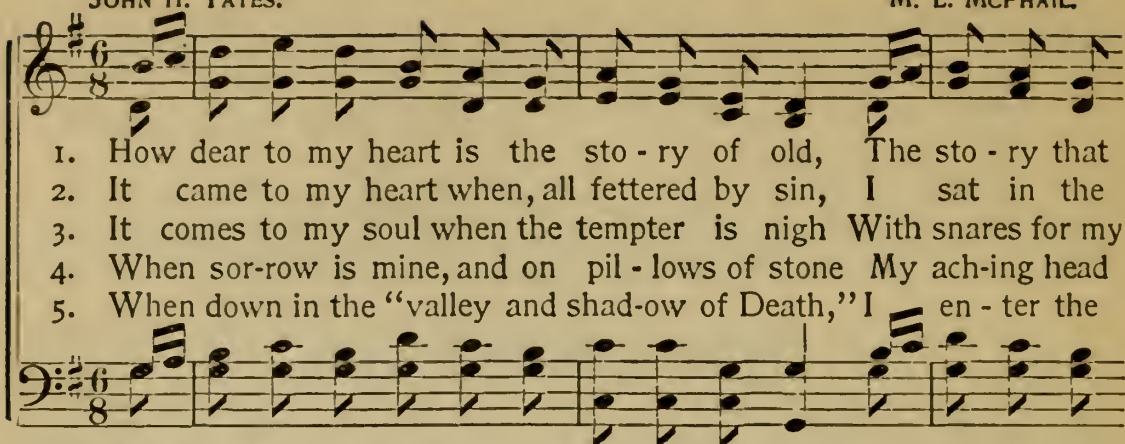


Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
part, Grant me the cleans - ing thy blood doth im - part.
fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to thee.

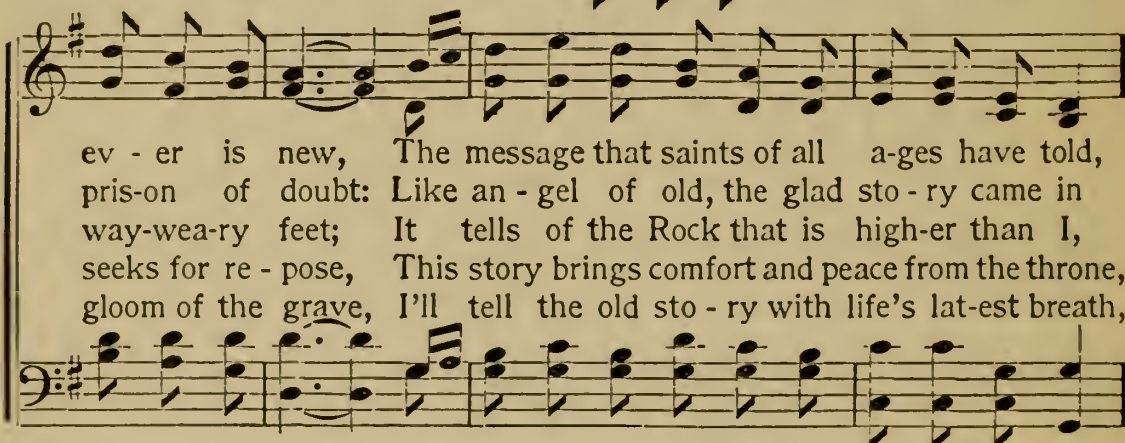
152 The Story That Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES.

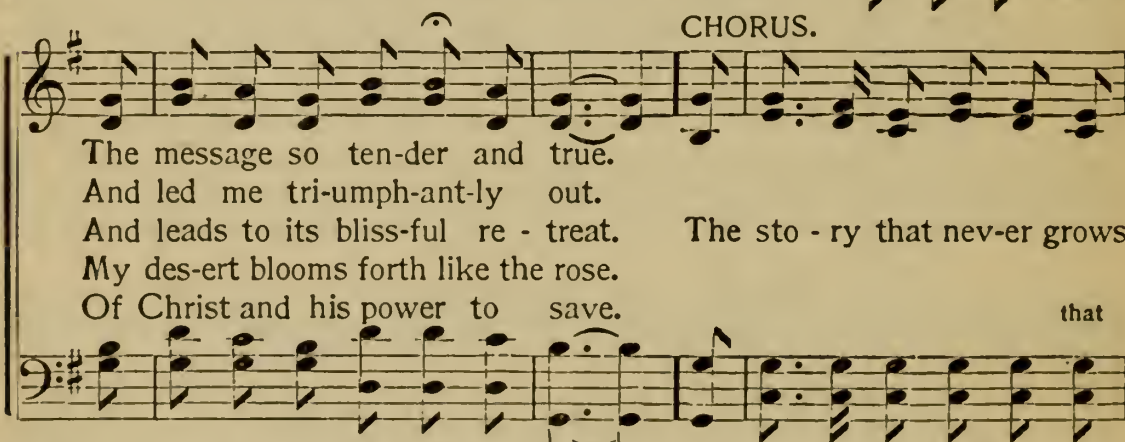
M. L. MCPHAIL.



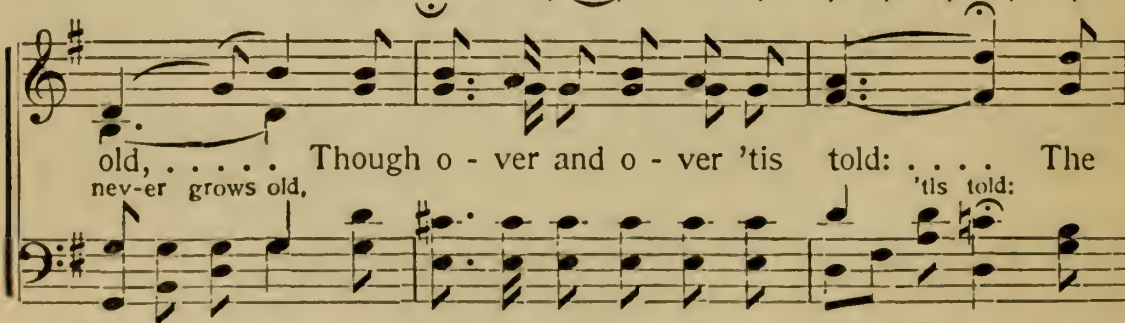
1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
 2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the
 3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my
 4. When sor - row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach - ing head
 5. When down in the "valley and shad - ow of Death," I en - ter the



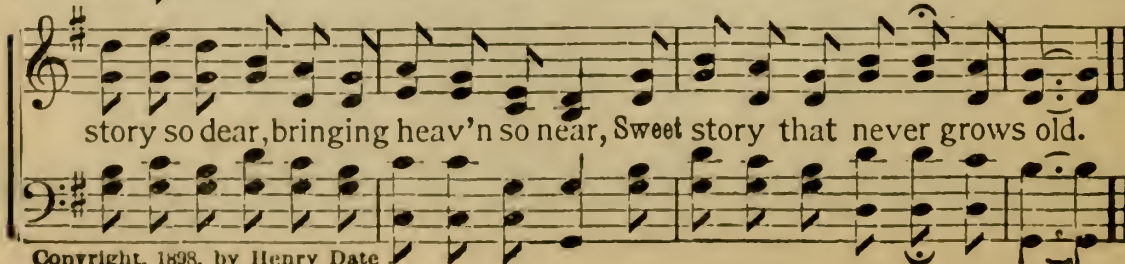
ev - er is new, The message that saints of all a - ges have told,
 pris - on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in
 way - wea - ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high - er than I,
 seeks for re - pose, This story brings comfort and peace from the throne,
 gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath,



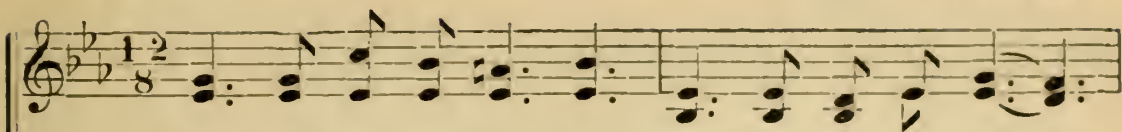
CHORUS.
 The message so ten - der and true.
 And led me tri - umph - ant - ly out.
 And leads to its bliss - ful re - treat. The sto - ry that nev - er grows
 My des - ert blooms forth like the rose.
 Of Christ and his power to save. that



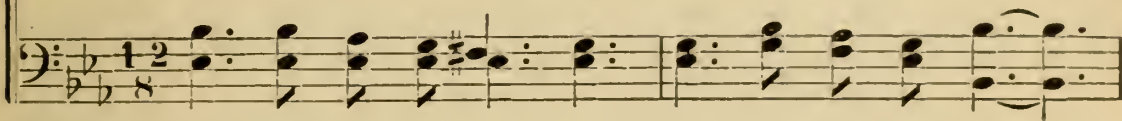
old, Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told: The
 nev - er grows old, 'tis told: 'tis told: The



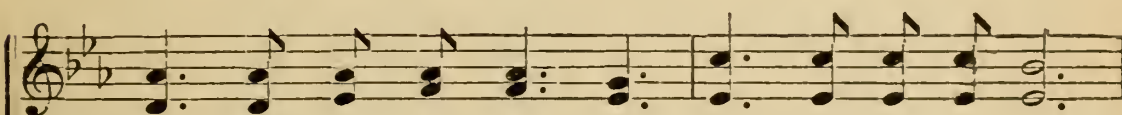
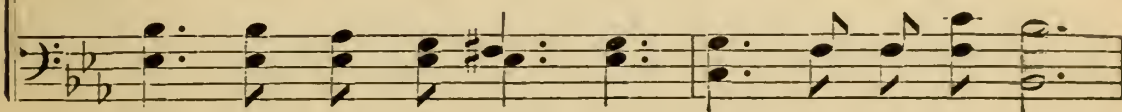
story so dear, bring - ing heav'n so near, Sweet story that never grows old.



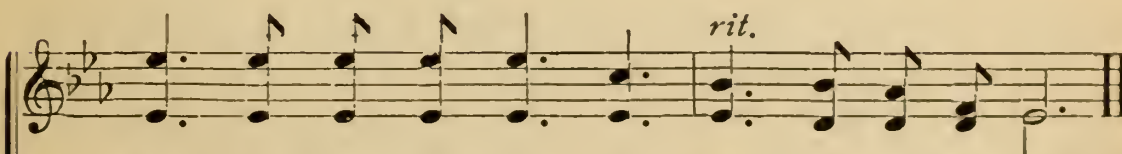
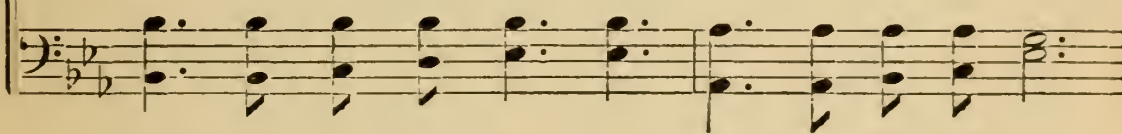
1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in;
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;



More pa - tience in suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin;
 More pride in his glo - ry, More hope in his Word;
 More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;



More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of his care;
 More tears for his sor - rows, More pain at his grief:
 More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;

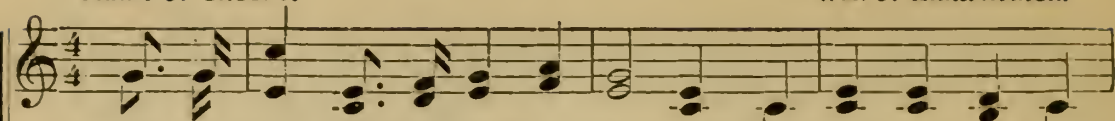


More joy in his serv - ice, More pur - pose in pray'r.
 More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
 More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like thee.

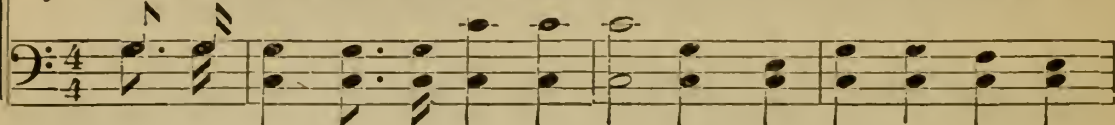


FANNY J. CROSBY.

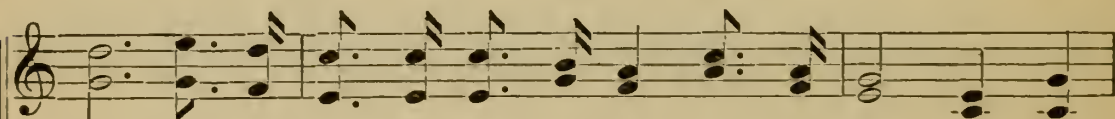
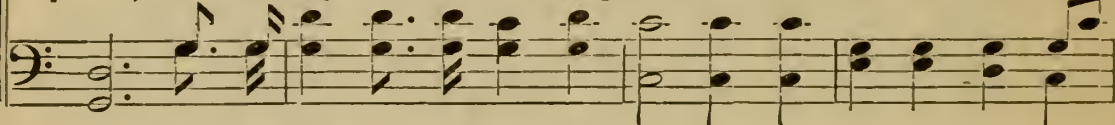
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



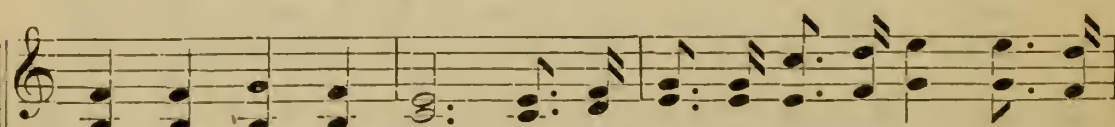
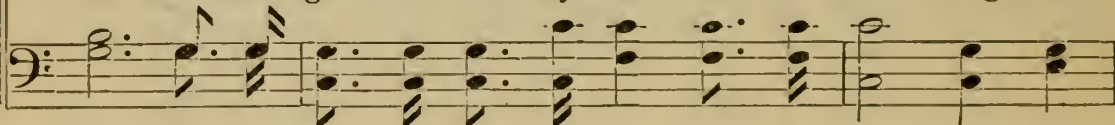
1. When the trump of the great arch-an - gel Its might - y tones shall
2. When he comes in the clouds de-scend-ing, And they who lov'd him
3. O the seed that was sown in weakness Shall then be rais'd in



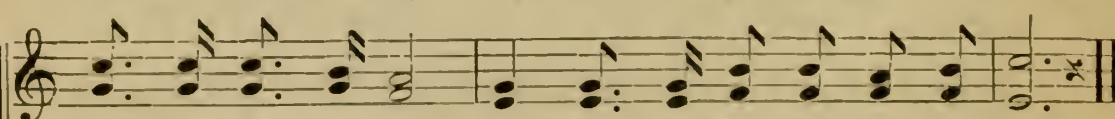
sound, And, the end of the world proclaim-ing, Shall pierce the depths pro-
here, From their graves shall awake and praise him With joy and not with
pow'r, And the songs of the blood-bought millions Shall hail that bliss-ful



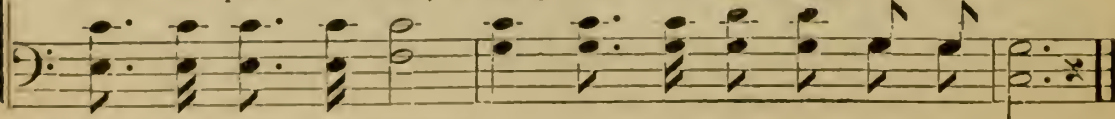
found, When the Son of man shall come in his glo - ry With
fear, When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And
hour. When we gath - er safe - ly home in the morn - ing, And



all the saints on high, What a shout-ing in the skies from the
cloth'd no more to die, What a shout-ing there will be when each
night's dark shad-ows fly, What a shout-ing on the shore when we



mul - ti - tudes that rise, Chang'd in the twink-ling of an eye.
oth - er's face we see, Chang'd in the twink-ling of an eye.
meet to part no more, Chang'd in the twink-ling of an eye.

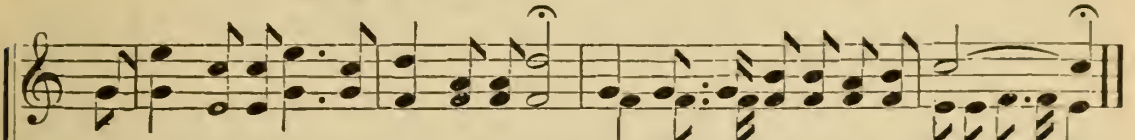
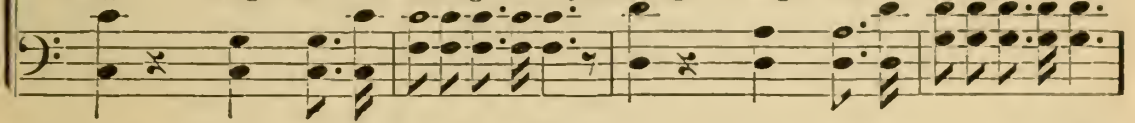


In the Twinkling of an Eye.

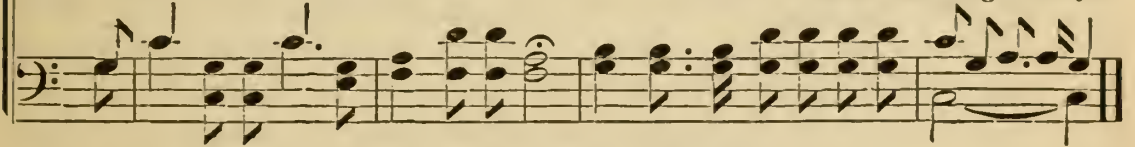
CHORUS.



Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;
Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;



The trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be rais'd, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.
in the twinkling of an eye.

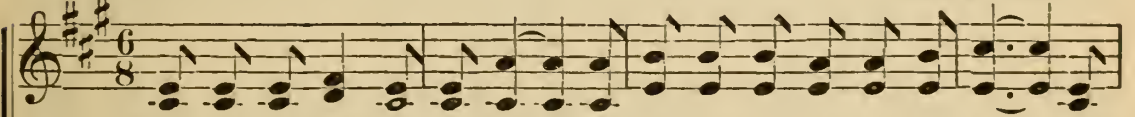


155

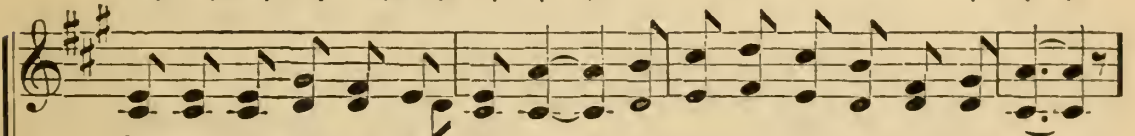
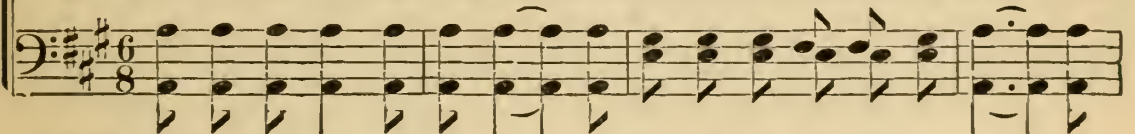
Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

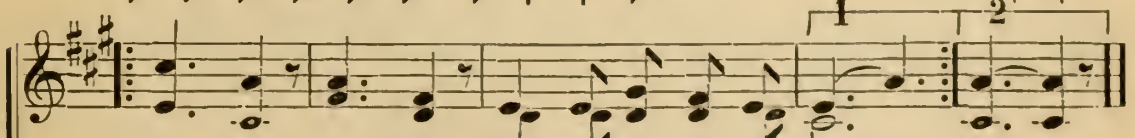
GEO. F. ROOT.



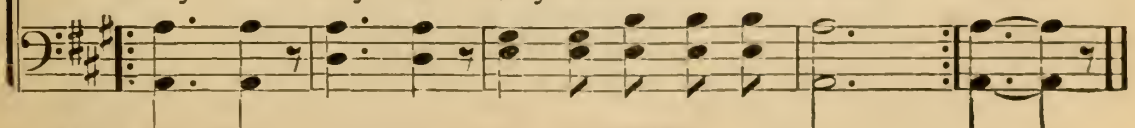
1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving with-in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The harvest is pass-ing a-way; Your



Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no other way but his way.
why not ac-cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.

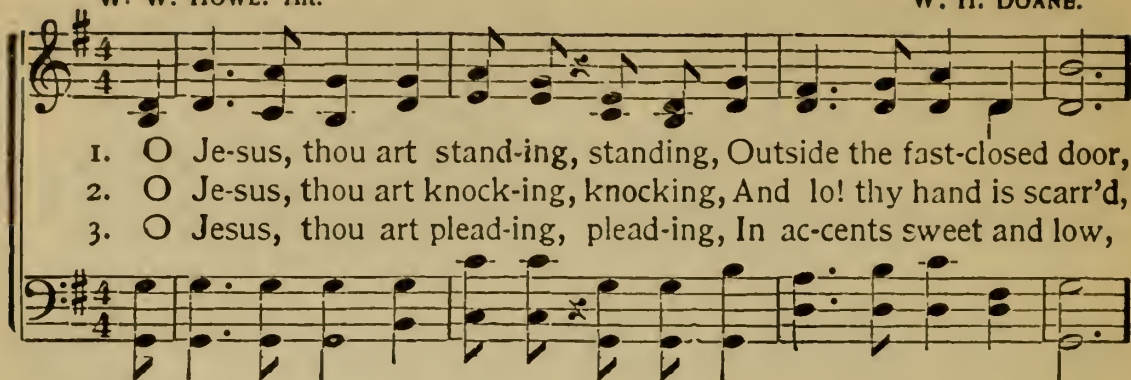


Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

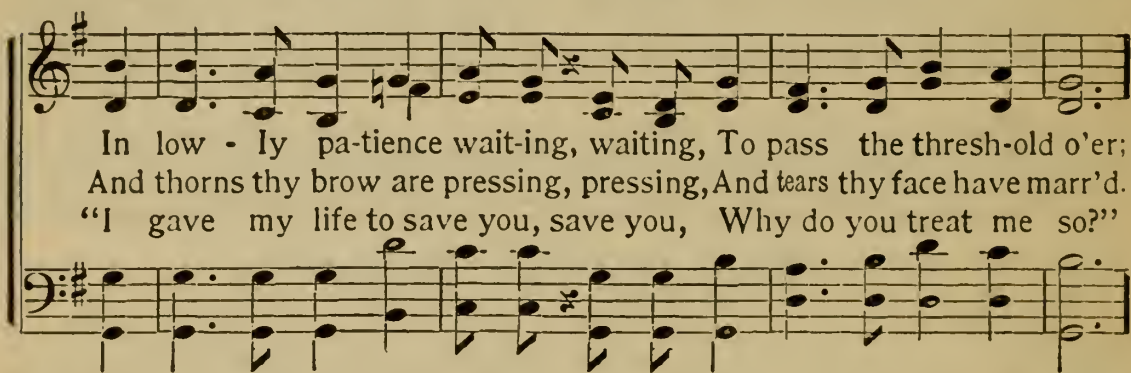


W. W. HOWE. Alt.

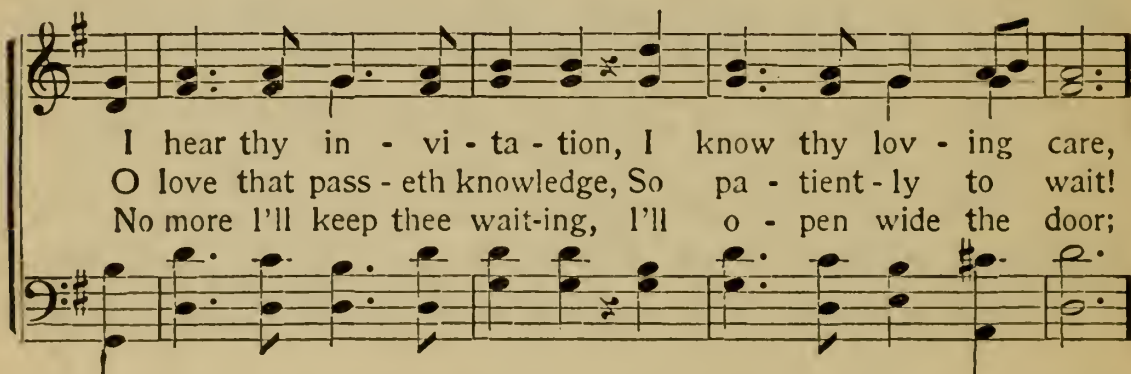
W. H. DOANE.



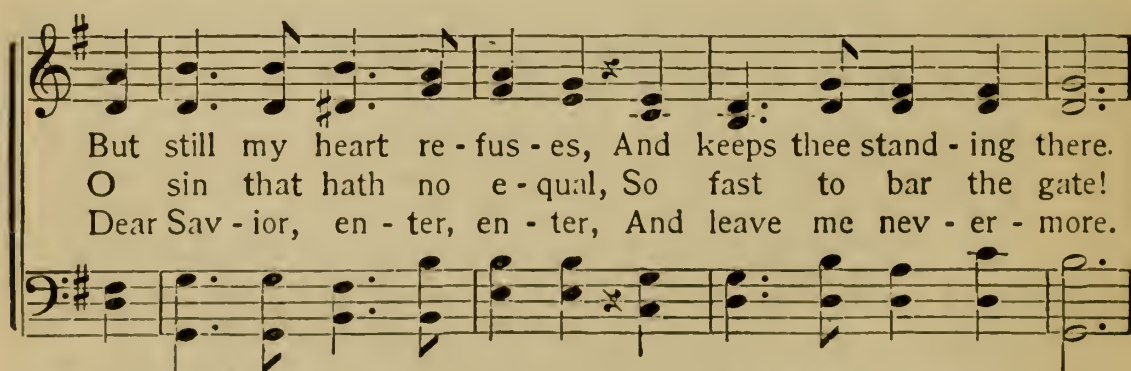
1. O Je-sus, thou art stand-ing, standing, Outside the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je-sus, thou art knock-ing, knocking, And lo! thy hand is scarr'd,
 3. O Jesus, thou art plead-ing, plead-ing, In ac-cents sweet and low,



In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing, waiting, To pass the thresh-old o'er;
 And thorns thy brow are pressing, pressing, And tears thy face have marr'd.
 "I gave my life to save you, save you, Why do you treat me so?"

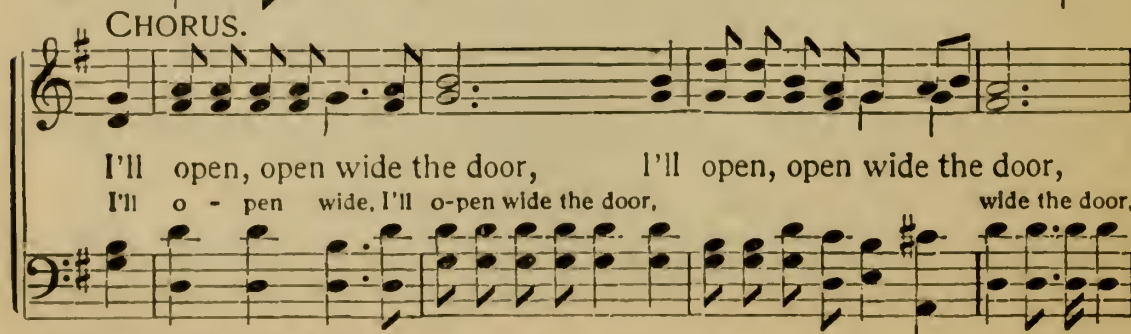


I hear thy in - vi - ta - tion, I know thy lov - ing care,
 O love that pass - eth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 No more I'll keep thee wait-ing, I'll o - pen wide the door;



But still my heart re - fus - es, And keeps thee stand - ing there.
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave me nev - er - more.

CHORUS.



I'll open, open wide the door, I'll open, open wide the door,
 I'll o - pen wide, I'll o - pen wide the door, wide the door,

Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

Rit.



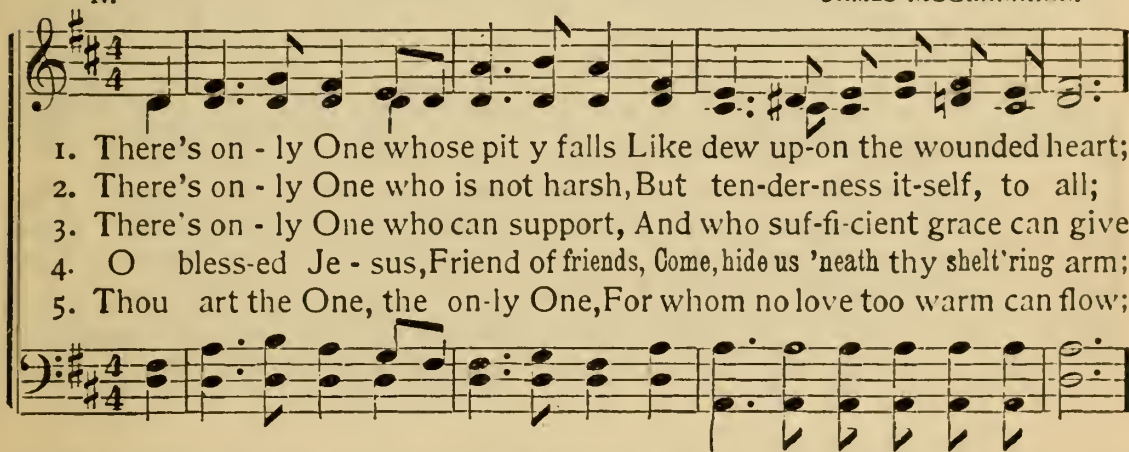
O bless-ed Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave me nev - er - more.

157

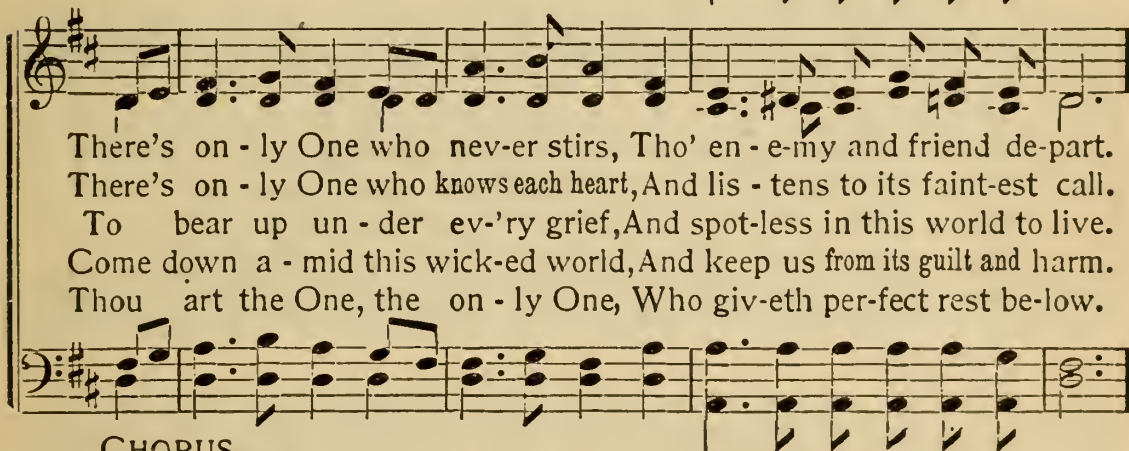
There's Only One.

N.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

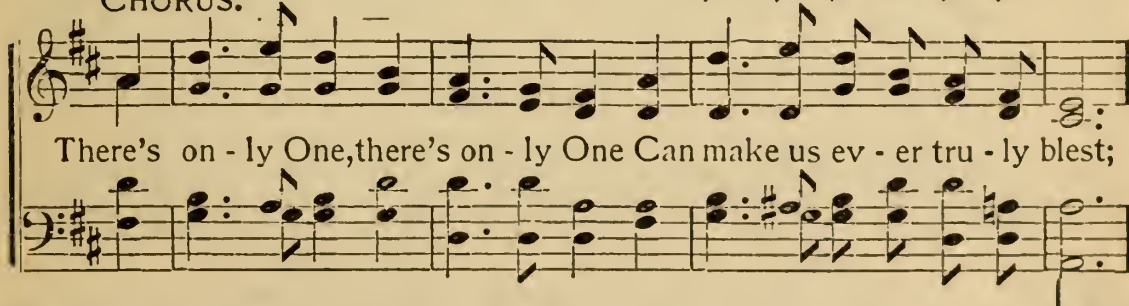


1. There's on - ly One whose pit y falls Like dew up-on the wounded heart;
2. There's on - ly One who is not harsh, But ten - der - ness it - self, to all;
3. There's on - ly One who can support, And who suf - fi - cient grace can give
4. O bless-ed Je - sus, Friend of friends, Come, hide us 'neath thy shelt'ring arm;
5. Thou art the One, the on - ly One, For whom no love too warm can flow;

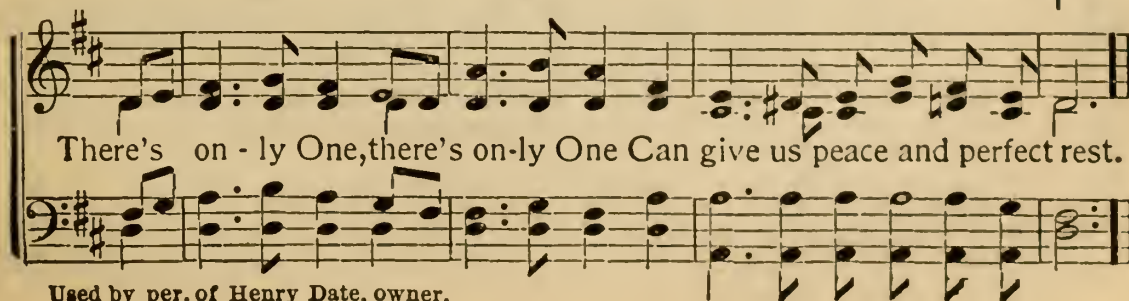


There's on - ly One who nev - er stirs, Tho' en - e - my and friend de - part.
There's on - ly One who knows each heart, And lis - tens to its faint - est call.
To bear up un - der ev - 'ry grief, And spot - less in this world to live.
Come down a - mid this wick - ed world, And keep us from its guilt and harm.
Thou art the One, the on - ly One, Who giv - eth per - fect rest be - low.

CHORUS.



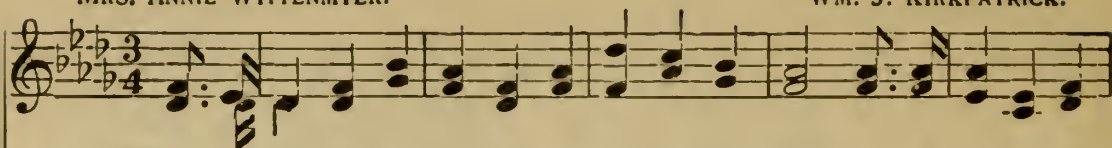
There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can make us ev - er tru - ly blest;



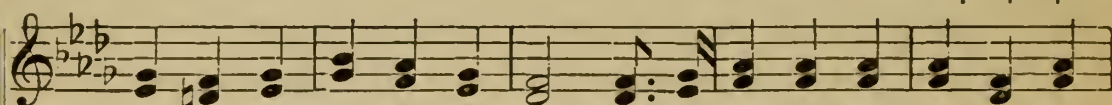
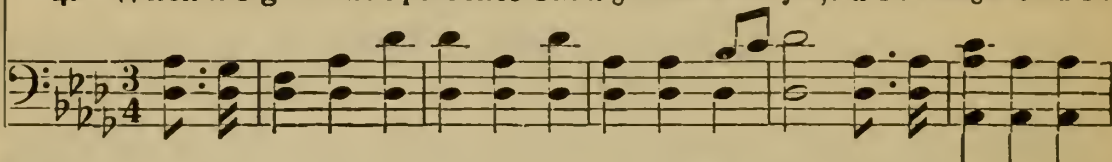
There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can give us peace and perfect rest.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

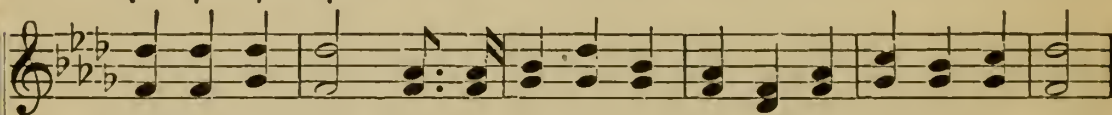
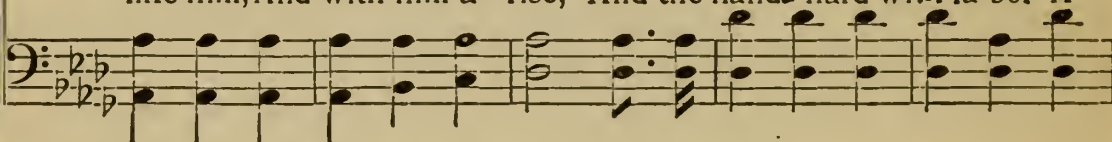
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



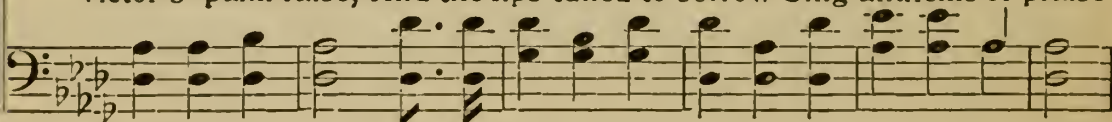
1. When the curtains are lifted, O what shall I see? Will my Lord with his
2. Will the heav-en-ly cit-y Burst full on the sight, And the throne of his
3. Now the fu - ture is hid-den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
4. When his glo-ri-fied presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be



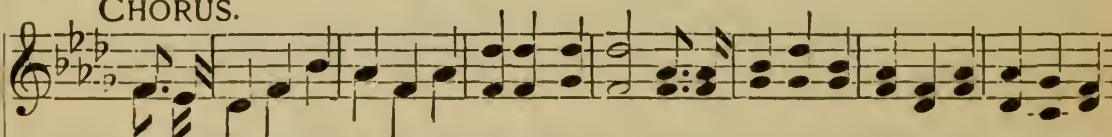
an-gels Be wait-ing for me? Will he wel-come my coming, And
glo - ry That giv-eth it light? Will the feet torn and wea-ry Reach
near-ing The end of the race; It will mat - ter but lit - tle What
like him, And with him a - rise; And the hands hard with la-bor A



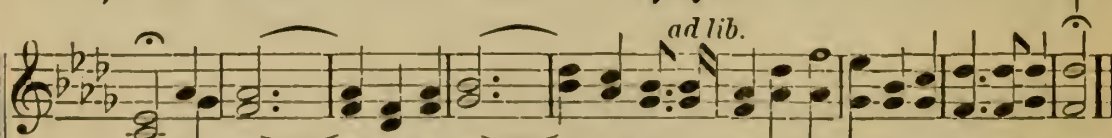
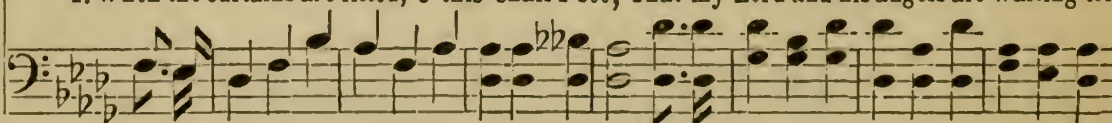
crown me his own, With the saints of all a - ges That cir-cle his throne?
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Sav-ior be-hold?
changes may come, If my Lord with his angels Shall welcome me home.
victor's palm raise, And the lips tuned to sorrow Sing anthems of praise.



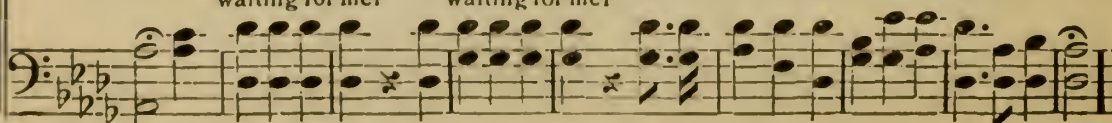
CHORUS.



- 1, 2, 3, When the curtains are lifted, O what shall I see? Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for
4. When the curtains are lifted, O this shall I see, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for

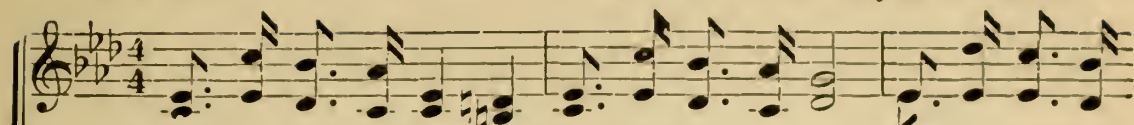


me, Be wait - ing, be wait - ing, Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for me?
me, Are wait - ing, are wait - ing, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for me!
waiting for me! waiting for me!

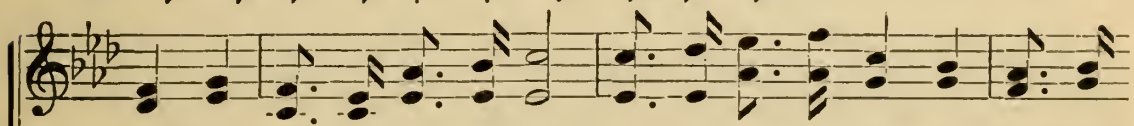
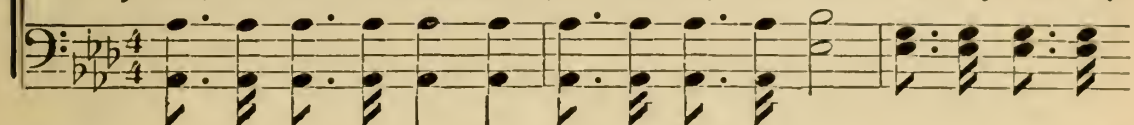


E. E. HEWITT.

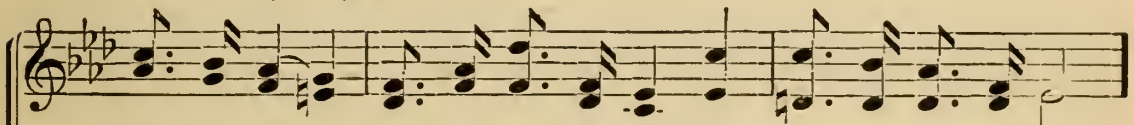
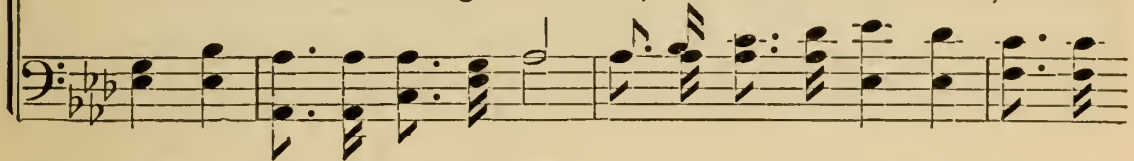
W. A. POST. Chorus by M. L. McPHAIL.



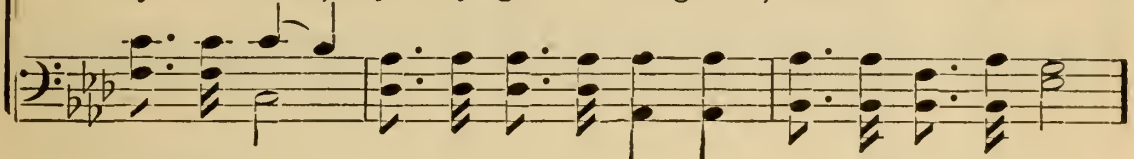
1. No, I can - not count them, all the gifts of love, Like unnumber'd
 2. Who can tell the sweet-ness of his grace di-vine, Bringing light and
 3. No, I can - not count them, but I'll try to tell That my Heav'n-ly



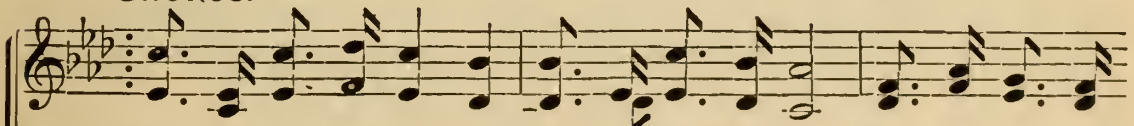
sunbeams, coming from 'a-bove; How they gleam and sparkle, bright'ning
 glad-ness to this soul of mine? Who can tell the comfort of his
 Fa-ther do-eth allthings well. No, I can-not count them, but I'll



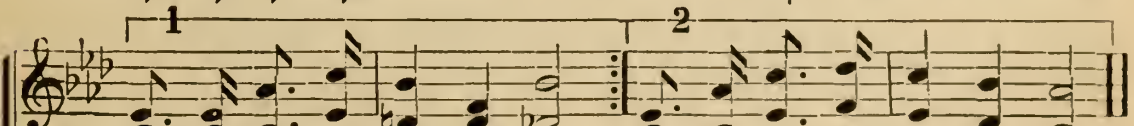
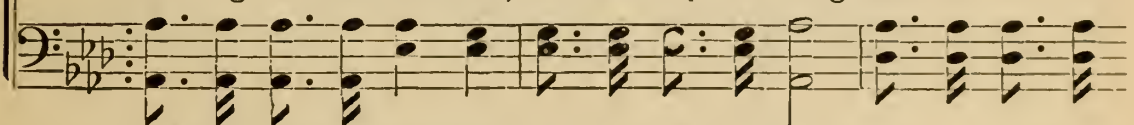
all my way, Wak-ing hap-py car-ols ev-'ry pass-ing day!
 pres-ence near, Sooth-ing ev-'ry sor-row, hushing ev-'ry fear?
 try to show, By my glad al-le-giance, what a debt I owe.



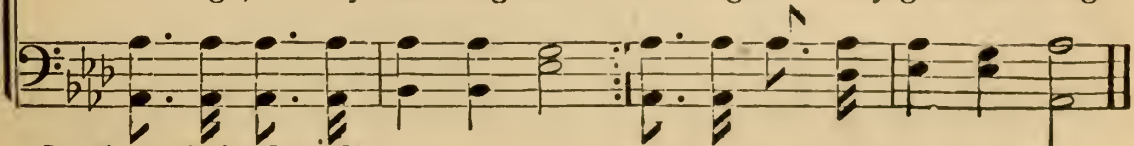
CHORUS.



{ O how man-y blessings, boun-ti-ful and true, Man-y pre-cious
 Blessings without num-ber, more than lips can sing; Great and count-less



blessings, ev-'ry morn-ing new! bless-ings from my gracious King.



E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.

1. O to set the world re-joic-ing ev-'ry day! O to scat-ter
 2. O to pluck from thorny paths a weed or two, By some lit-tle
 3. O to give a kind-ly word, a look of cheer! O to whisp-er

brightest ros-es in the way! O to bring to all the year the
 friend-ly deed that we may do! O to point a-bove the clouds to
 of the lov-ing Friend so near! O to bring Love's ev-er-last-ing


smiles of May! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
 heav-en's blue! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
 king-dom here! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.

CHORUS.

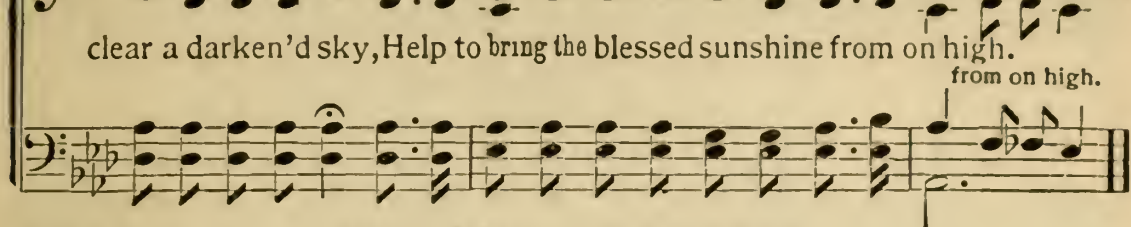
We can do it if we try, you and I, When up-on the gracious
 you and I,

Sav-ior we re-ly; Help to set the world re-joic-ing, help to
 we re-ly;

Help to Set the World Rejoicing.



clear a darken'd sky, Help to bring the blessed sunshine from on high.
from on high.

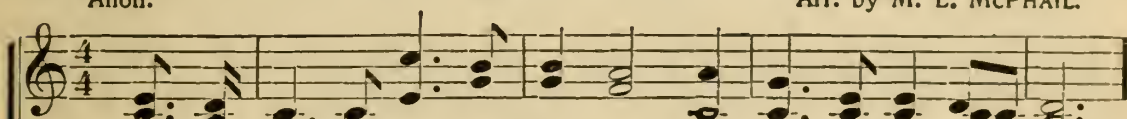


161

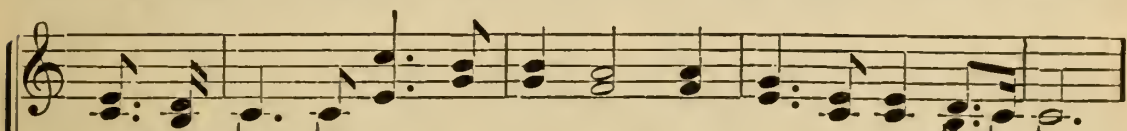
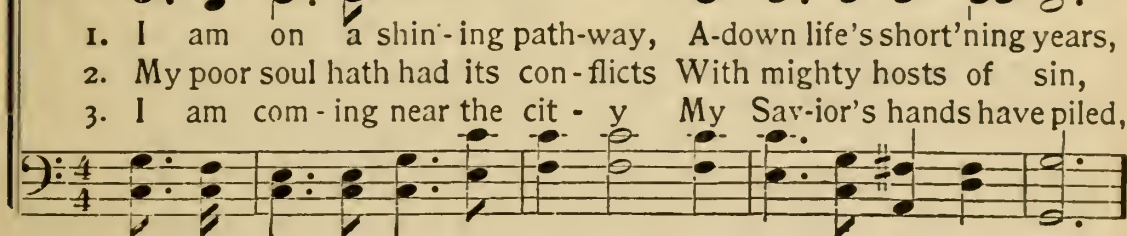
The Man of Galilee.

Anon.

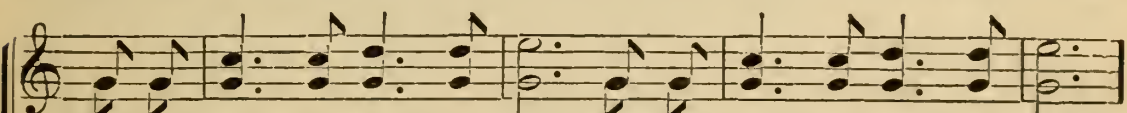
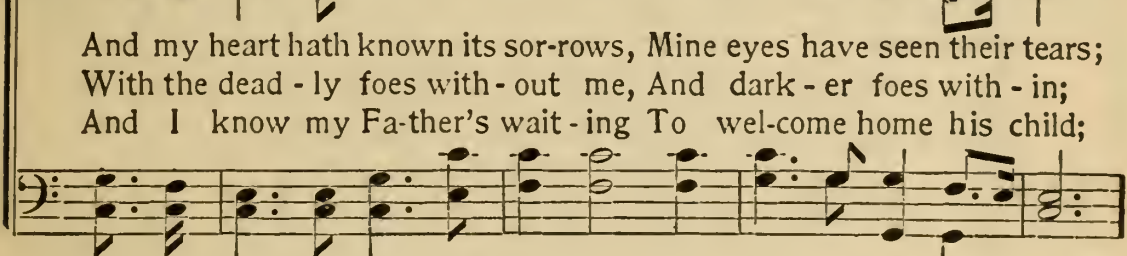
Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.



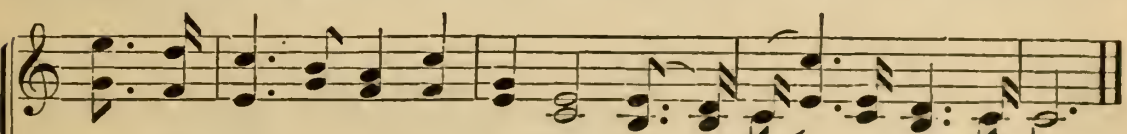
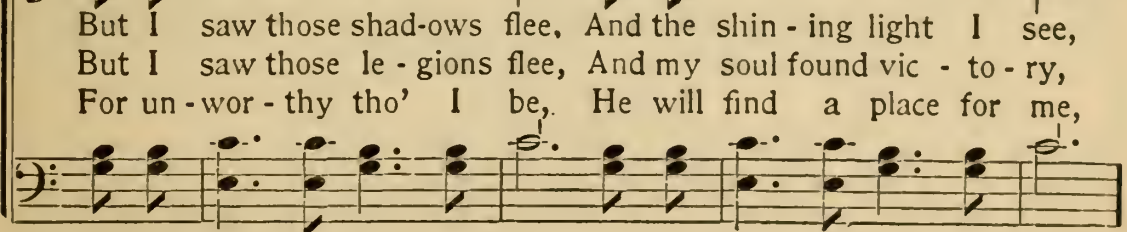
1. I am on a shin'-ing path-way, A-down life's short'ning years,
2. My poor soul hath had its con-flicts With mighty hosts of sin,
3. I am com-ing near the cit-y My Sav-ior's hands have piled,



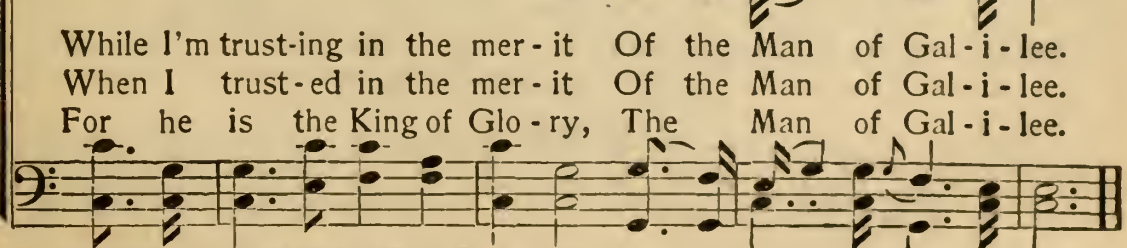
And my heart hath known its sor-rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
With the dead-ly foes with-out me, And dark-er foes with-in;
And I know my Fa-ther's wait-ing To wel-come home his child;



But I saw those shad-ows flee, And the shin-ing light I see,
But I saw those le-gions flee, And my soul found vic-to-ry,
For un-wor-thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

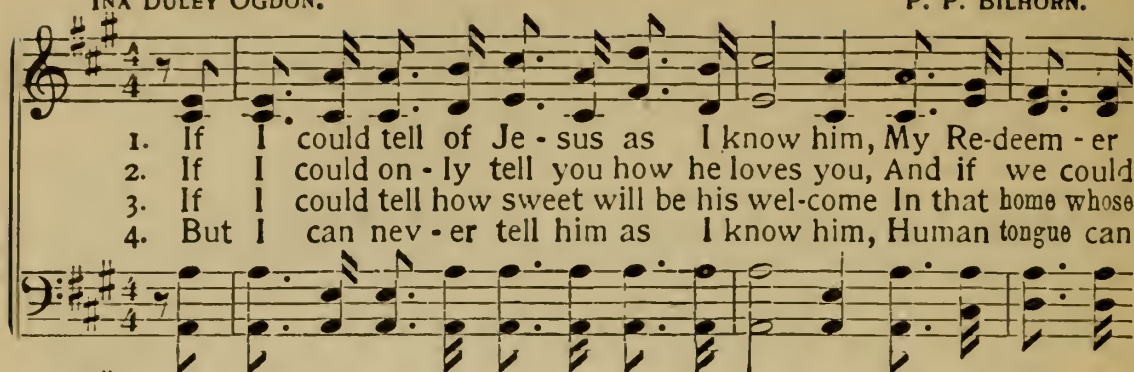


While I'm trust-ing in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
When I trust-ed in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
For he is the King of Glo-ry, The Man of Gal-i-lee.

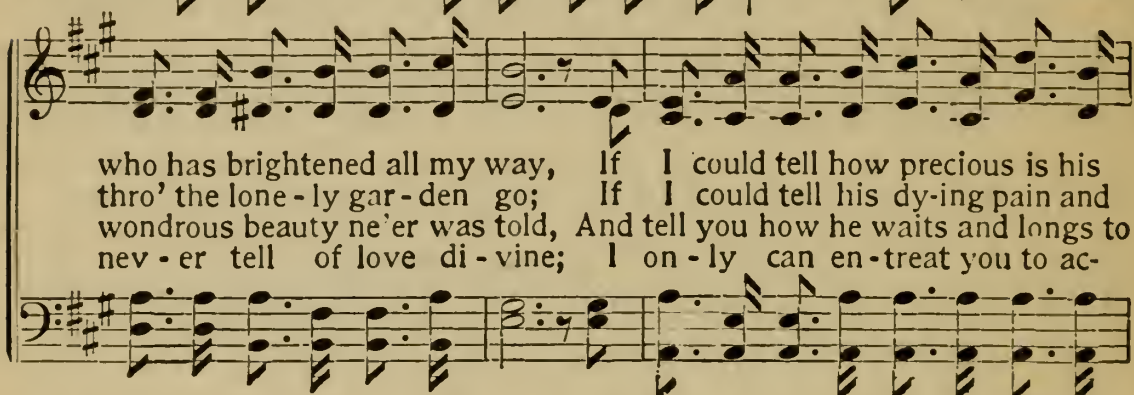


INA DULEY OGDON.

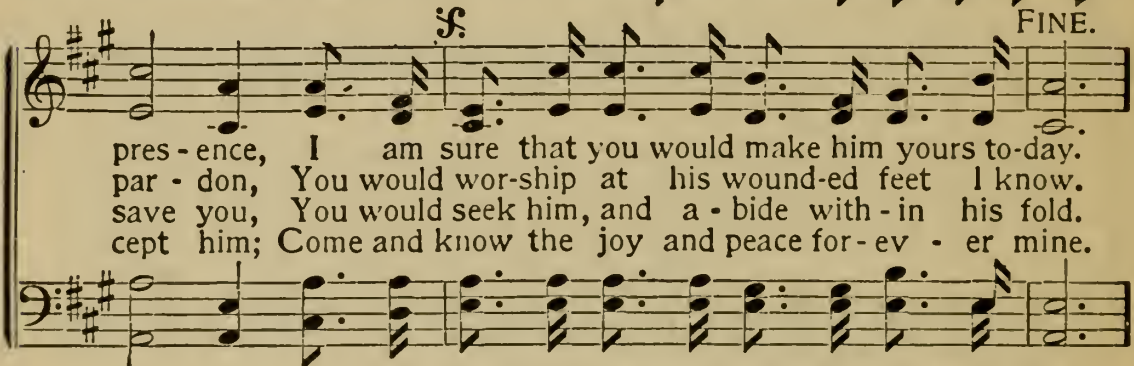
P. P. BILHORN.



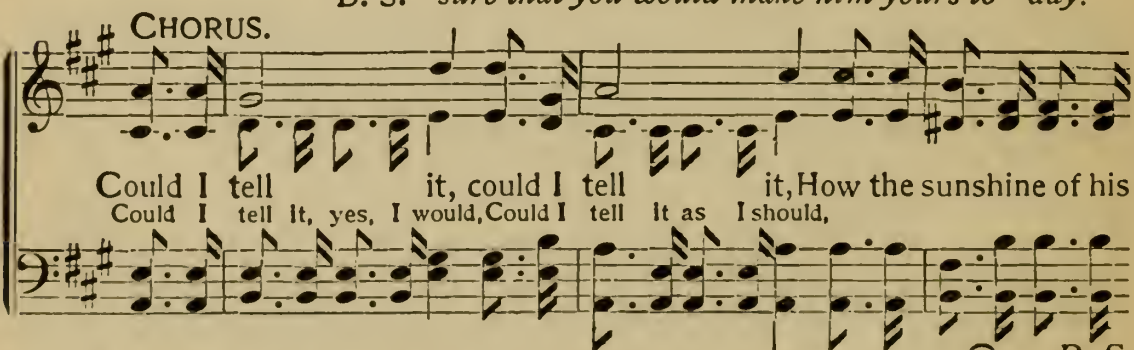
1. If I could tell of Je - sus as I know him, My Re-deem - er
 2. If I could on - ly tell you how he loves you, And if we could
 3. If I could tell how sweet will be his wel - come In that home whose
 4. But I can nev - er tell him as I know him, Human tongue can



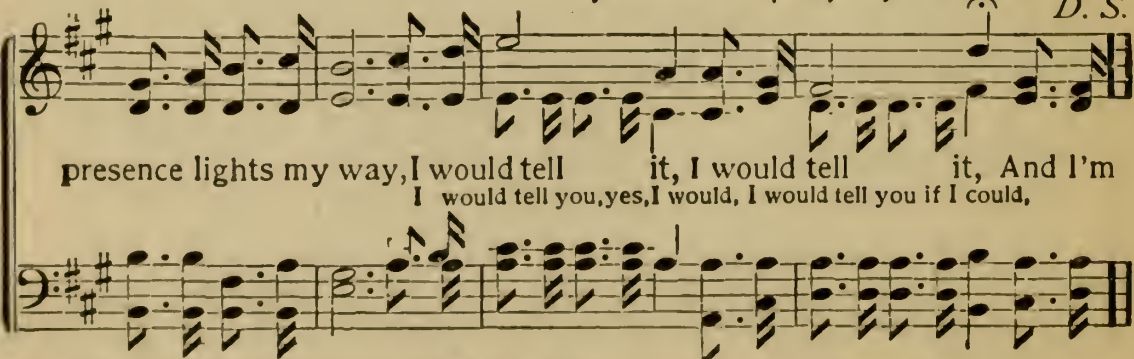
who has brightened all my way, If I could tell how precious is his
 thro' the lone - ly gar - den go; If I could tell his dy - ing pain and
 wondrous beauty ne'er was told, And tell you how he waits and longs to
 nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en - treat you to ac -



pres - ence, I am sure that you would make him yours to - day.
 par - don, You would wor - ship at his wound - ed feet I know.
 save you, You would seek him, and a - bide with - in his fold.
 cept him; Come and know the joy and peace for - ev - er mine.

D. S.—sure that you would make him yours to - day.


CHORUS.
 Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the sunshine of his
 Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should,



presence lights my way, I would tell it, I would tell it, And I'm
 I would tell you, yes, I would, I would tell you if I could,

"Amen" to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. My yield - ed heart says "yes" to Je - sus, "A -
 2. The strug - gle past, the bat - tle o - ver, Not
 3. "A - men," what - ev - er my con - di - tion, For
 4. "A - men," dear Lord, "A - men" for - ev - er, My

men" to all of his sweet will; This vain, vain world no long - er
 mine, but thine a - lone to be; A love - slave to re - main for -
 sor - row's path thyself hast trod; And well I know these light af -
 all a - ban - doned un - to thee; Thy grace I know will fail me

pleas - es, But Christ doth all my vi - sion fill.
 ev - er, A cap - tive, yet than bird more free.
 flic - tions Are step - ping - stones which lead to God.
 nev - er; I'll be what thou wouldst have me be.

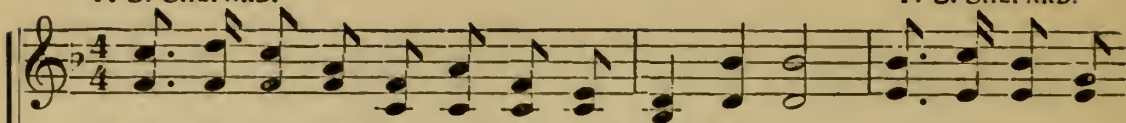
CHORUS.

I love thee, I love thee, My Life, my Light, my Star, my Sun; with

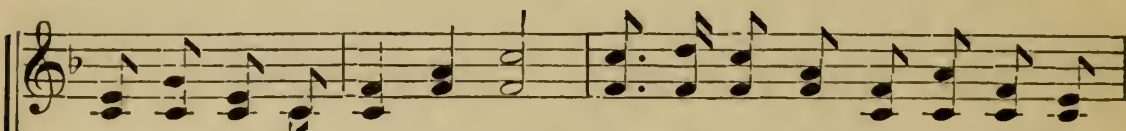
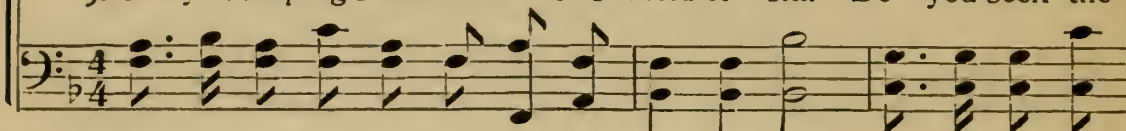
joy I haste to fol - low thee, For - ev - er - more "thy will be done."

F. S. SHEPARD.

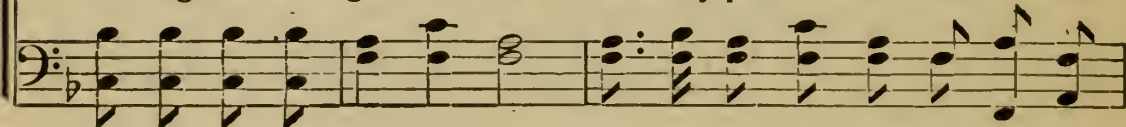
F. S. SHEPARD.



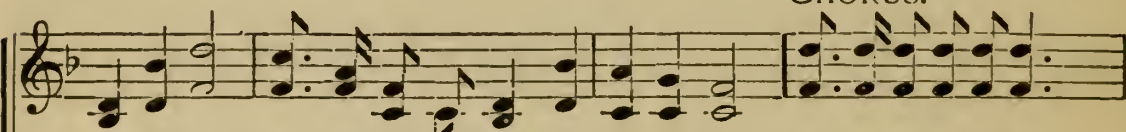
1. Are you helping somewhere in this world of woe, That its heav - y
2. Are you helping somewhere in this world of care? Do you with your
3. Are you helping somewhere in this world of sin? Do you seek the



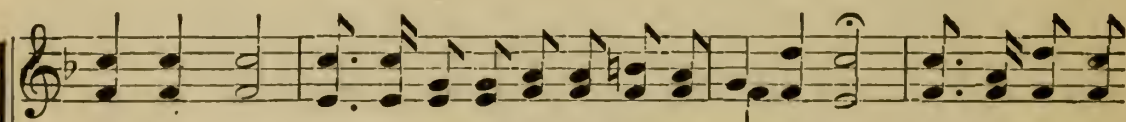
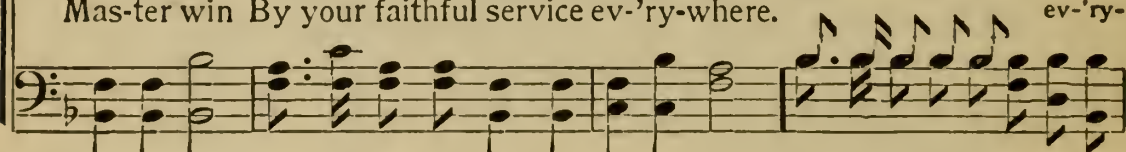
burdens may the light - er grow? Is your life a bless - ing where - so -
 broth - er pain and sor - row share? You will find your burdens light - er
 err - ing feet to gath - er in? You may precious treasures for the



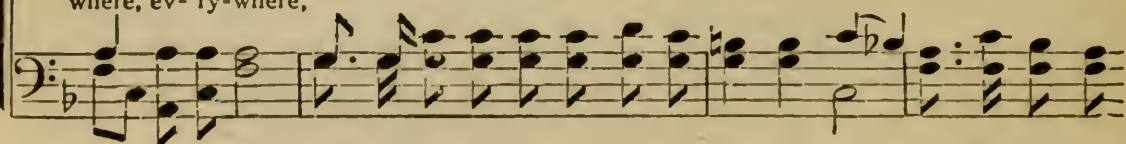
CHORUS.



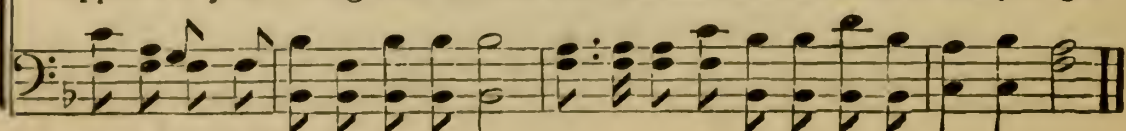
e'er you go? Love and help are needed ev-'ry-where.
 far to bear, While you're helping others an-y-where. Love and help are needed
 Mas-ter win By your faithful service ev-'ry-where. ev-'ry-



ev-'ry-where, In the homes of sorrow, in the homes of care; Are some hearts the
 where, ev-'ry-where,



happier for your living here below? Do you scatter sunshine where-so-e'er you go?

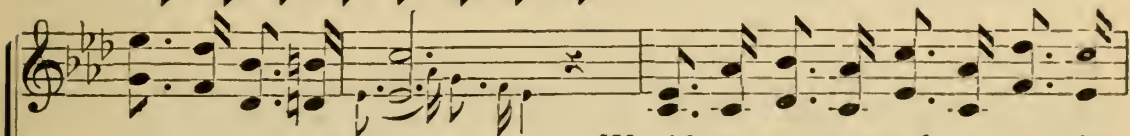
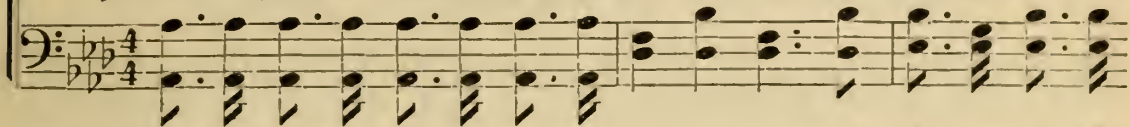


C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

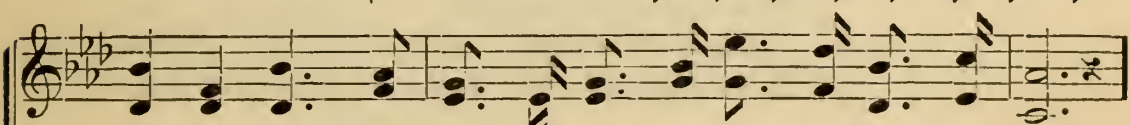
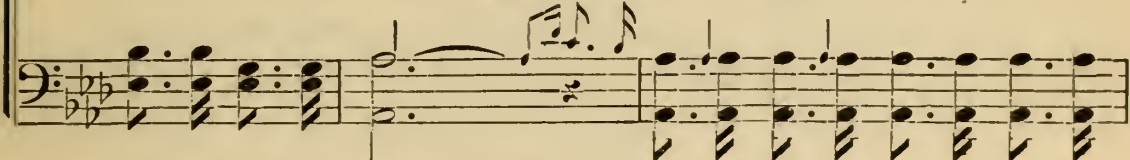


1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a-round, With-out the blessing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear For him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sunshine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin-ing when the

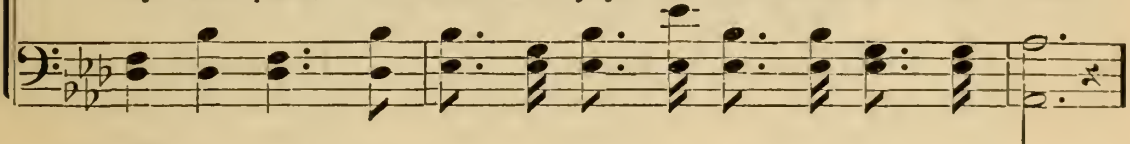


of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the
 bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of his
 days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-

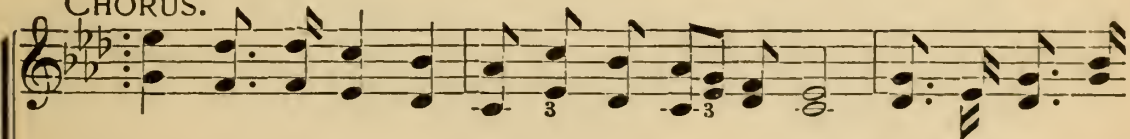
Would we scat - ter seed



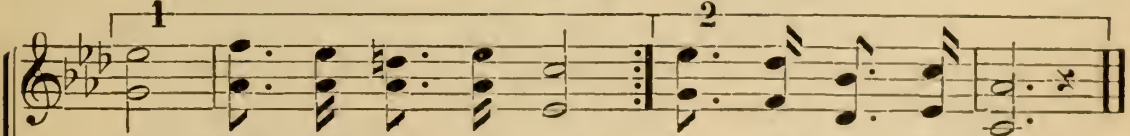
fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
 love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?



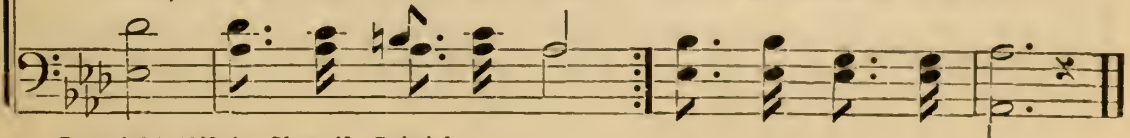
CHORUS.



{ Sun-shine and rain, re-fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
 { Sun-shine and rain to nour-ish the grow-ing grain, Send us Lord, the

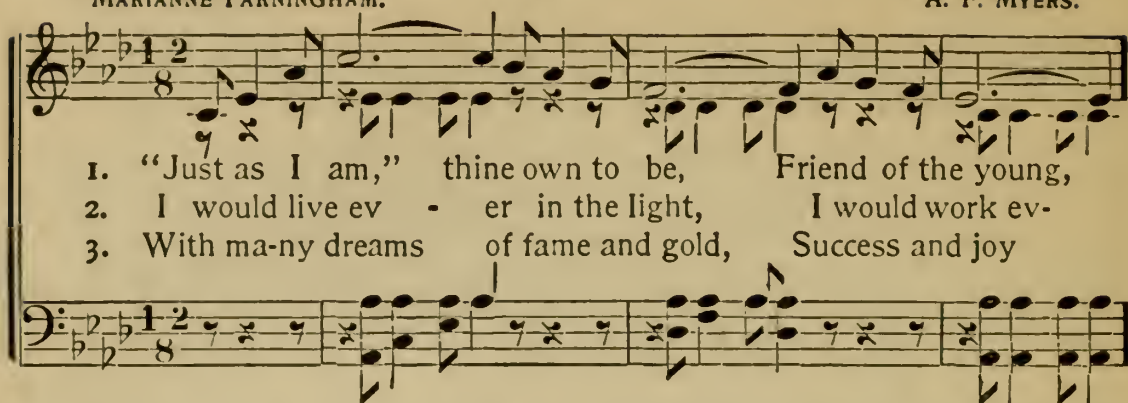


love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

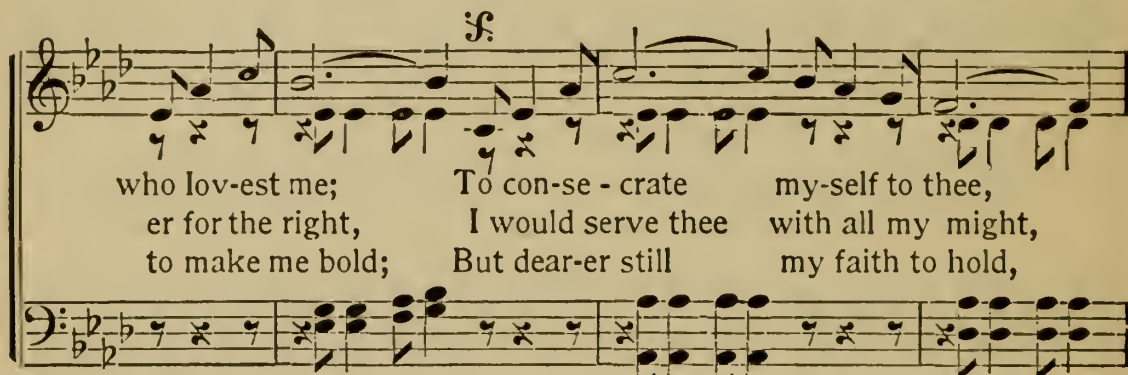


MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A. F. MYERS.



1. "Just as I am," thine own to be, Friend of the young,
 2. I would live ev - er in the light, I would work ev -
 3. With ma - ny dreams of fame and gold, Success and joy



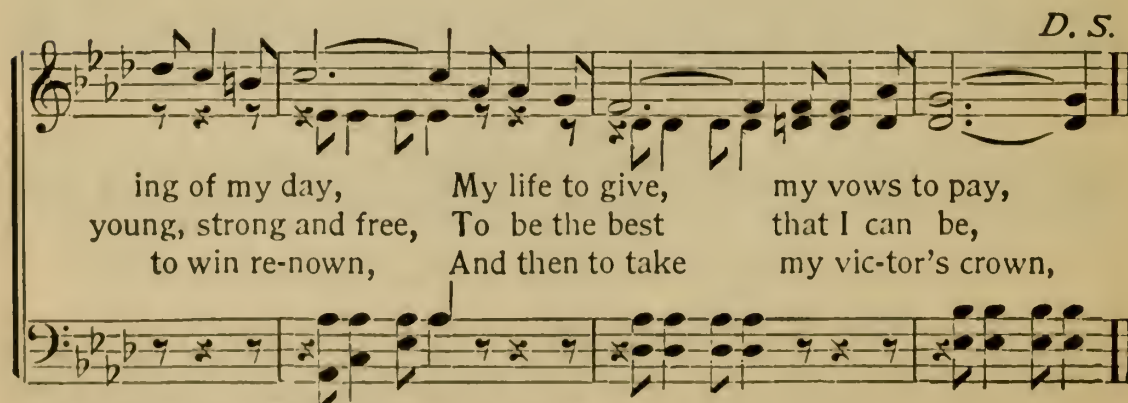
who lov - est me; To con - se - crate my - self to thee,
 er for the right, I would serve thee with all my might,
 to make me bold; But dear - er still my faith to hold,

D. S.—*With no re - serve and no de - lay,*
 D. S.—*For truth, and right - eous - ness, and thee,*
 D. S.—*And at thy feet to cast it down,*



O Je - sus Christ, I come, I come. In this glad morn -
 Therefore to thee I come, I come. "Just as I am,"
 For my whole life, I come, I come. And for thy sake

With all my heart, I come, I come.
Lord of my life, I come, I come.
O Mas - ter, Lord, I come, I come.



ing of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
 young, strong and free, To be the best that I can be,
 to win re - nown, And then to take my vic - tor's crown,

D. S.

Fling Out the Life-line.

RICHARD VENTING.

G. JENNINGS BURNETT.

1. Drift-ing a - way out on life's darkest sea, Souls are in anguish and
 2. Fling out the Life-Line, or soon they must die; Hark to their cry-ing of
 3. Fling out the Life-Line, let an-gels re-joice; See, one is saved, to the

soon will be lost; Fling out the Life-Line, salvation is free, Res-cue the
 hope - less de-spair; Ring out the message, that Jesus is nigh, Trust to the
 Life-Line he clings; Shout the glad tidings with heart and with voice, Portals in

CHORUS.

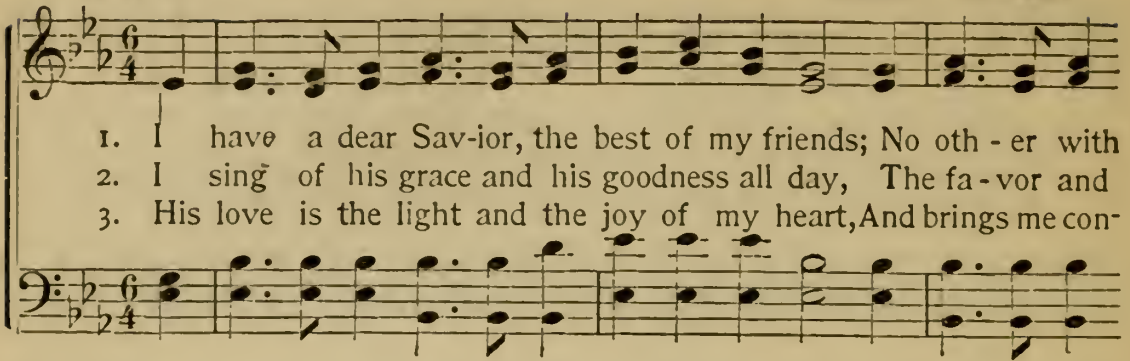
dy - ing, the sin tempest tossed.
 Life-Line, your sin it will bear. To the res-cue, to the rescue, why do you
 glo - ry the sweet ech-o rings.

wait; To save them, to save them, it will soon be too late! In the dark waves of

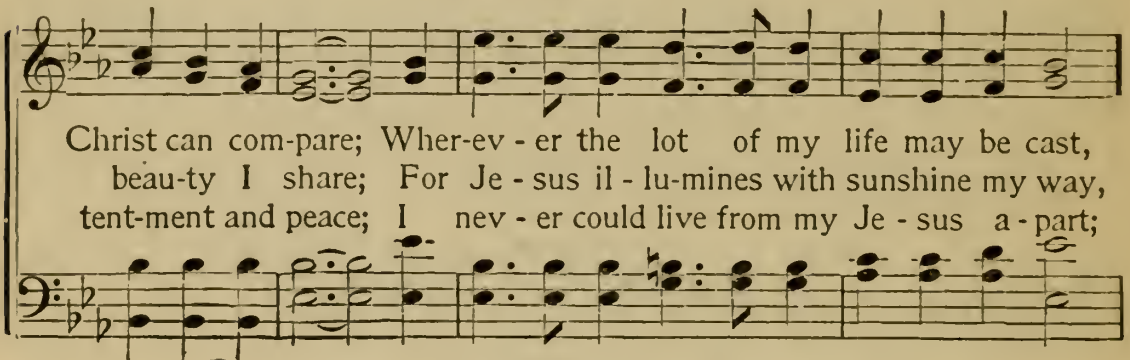
sin, see them sinking so fast, It will soon be too late the Life-Line to cast.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

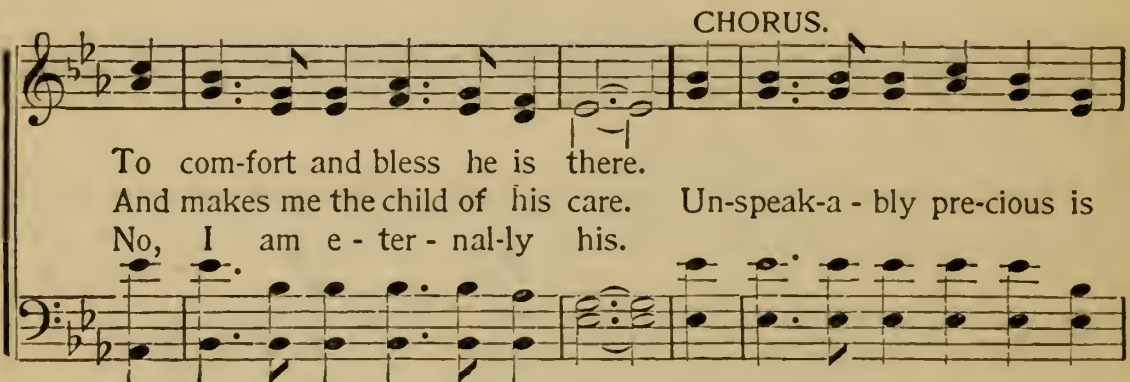


1. I have a dear Sav-ior, the best of my friends; No oth - er with
 2. I sing of his grace and his goodness all day, The fa - vor and
 3. His love is the light and the joy of my heart, And brings me con-

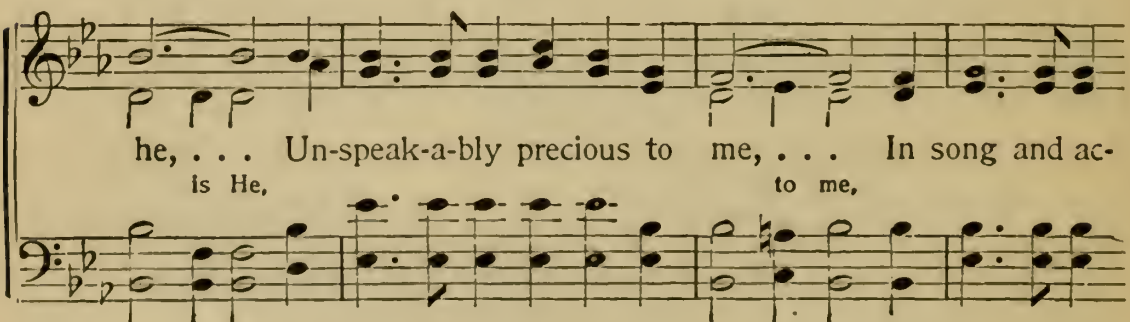


Christ can com-pare; Wher-ev - er the lot of my life may be cast,
 beau-ty I share; For Je - sus il - lu-mines with sunshine my way,
 tent-ment and peace; I nev - er could live from my Je - sus a - part;

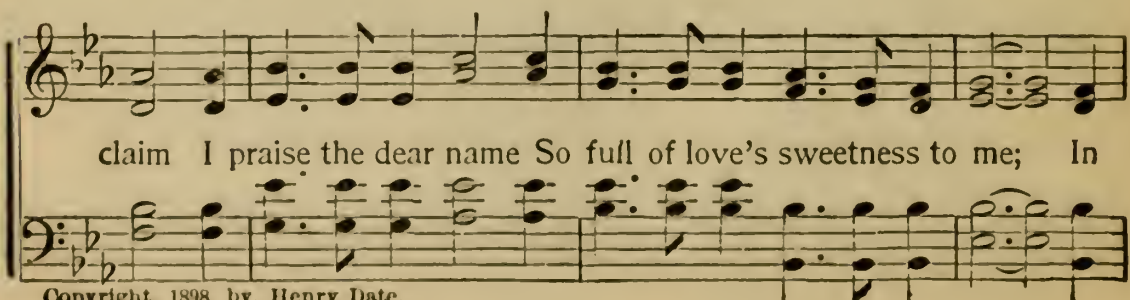
CHORUS.



To com-fort and bless he is there.
 And makes me the child of his care. Un-speak-a - bly pre-cious is
 No, I am e - ter - nal-ly his.



he, . . . Un-speak-a-bly precious to me, . . . In song and ac-
 is He, to me,



claim I praise the dear name So full of love's sweetness to me; In

Unspeakably Precious is He.

song and ac-claim I praise the dear name Unspeakably precious to me.

169 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Tune:—BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be

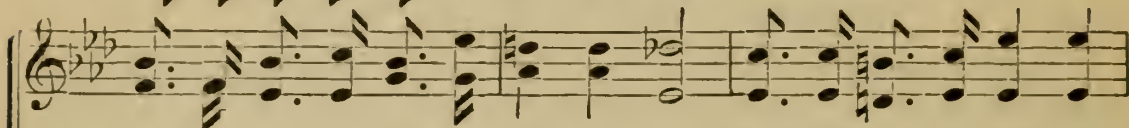
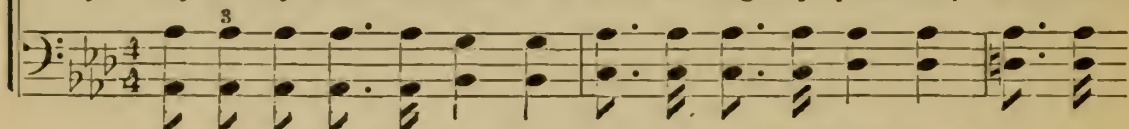
Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee!

C. H. G.

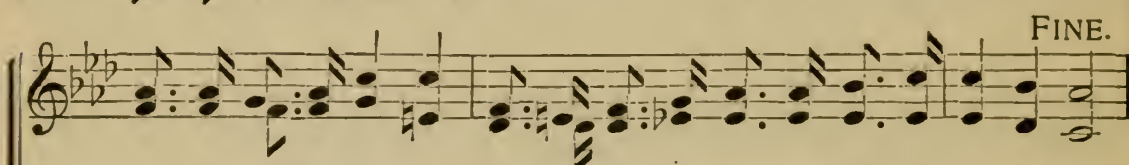
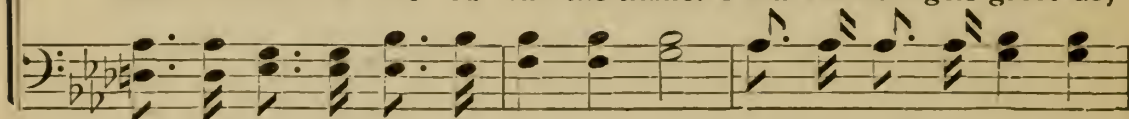
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



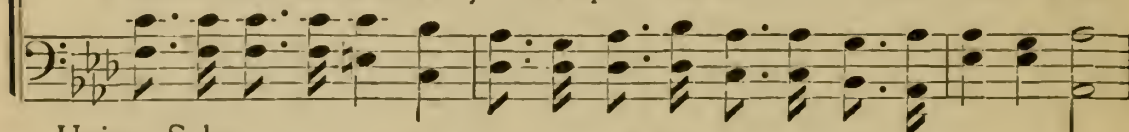
1. "Loy-al-ty un-to Christ" the trumpet now is sounding, And the
2. Loy-al-ty, faith and works, in ho-ly con-se-cra-tion, Shall the
3. "Loy-al-ty un-to Christ!" O what a might-y pow-er, Were the



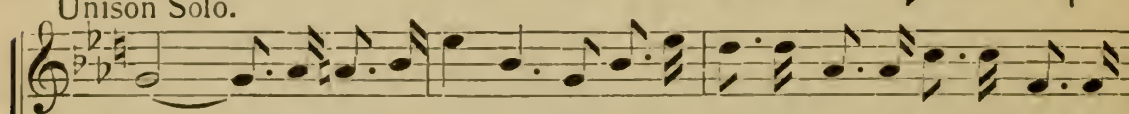
ech-oes an-swer from the fields of sin; Na-tions are a-wak-ing,
scattered na-tions un-to him re-store; Then the world shall own him,
hosts of God u-nit-ed in his name! Then would an-gels greet us,



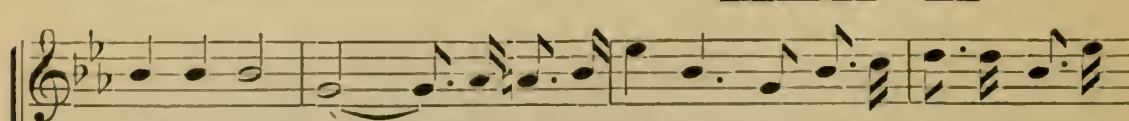
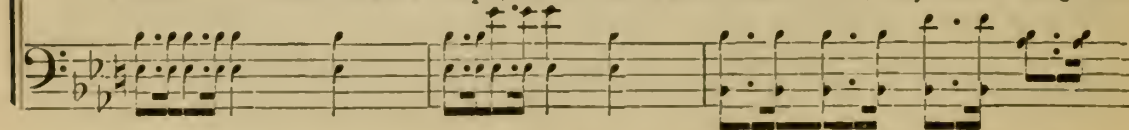
I - dol thrones are shaking, For the great mil-len-ni-um is com-ing in.
And with joy en-throne him, King of kings and Lord of lords for-ev-er-more.
Christ himself would meet us, And baptize us with the Pen-te-cost-al flame.



Unison Solo.



Like . . . a mighty arm-y, The heralds of the cross are marching o-ver
See . . . the darkness rifting! The gospel light of truth is spreading to the
Then . . would come the triumph, And Christ be known and loved, his praise be sung from



land and sea, Bear - ing thro' the darkness The light that leadeth to sal-
per-fect day! Clouds . . are backward drifting! Re-new en-deavor! for the
shore to shore; Earth . . would then, in glo-ry, Become the kingdom of the



Loyalty unto Christ.

CHORUS.

va - tion, full and free.
King pre-pare the way! Long and loud, "Loyalty un-to Christ" we sing; Till
Lord for ev - er - more.

ev-'ry hu-man tongue Shall hear his prais-es sung! Let the hills, valleys and

des - ert places ring, With "Loy-al - ty un - to Christ, our Lord and King." *D.C.*
our King.

171

Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Scotch Air.

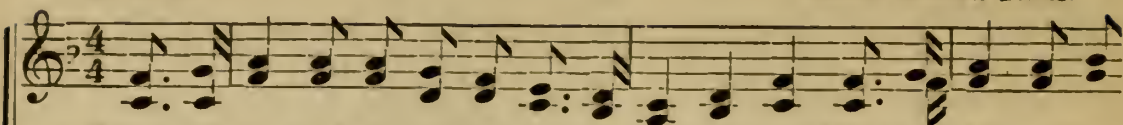
1. { Lord, at thy mer - cy - seat, hum - bly I fall; } Now let thy work begin,
Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call;
2. { Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; } O how I pine for thee!
Help thou my un - be - lief, Hear thou my call;
3. { Still at thy mer - cy - seat, Hum - bly I fall; } Faith wings my soul to thee;
Pleading thy promise sweet, Heard is my call;

O make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my hope shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

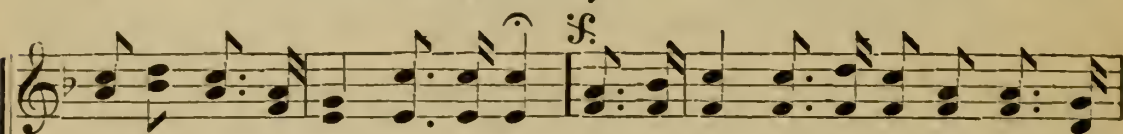
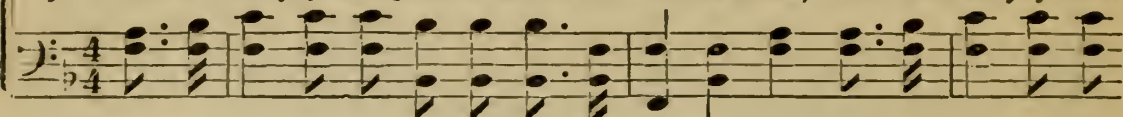
172 There Will Be No Dark Valley.

G. W. D.

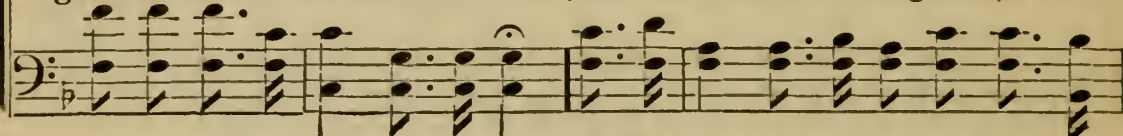
GRACE WEISER DAVIS.



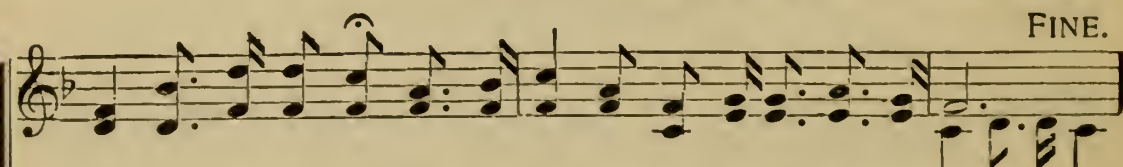
1. There will be no dark valley when the Savior comes, There will be no dark
2. There will be no more trials when the Savior comes, There will be no more
3. There will be no more sorrow when the Savior comes, There will be no more
4. There will be glad re-unions when the Savior comes, There will be glad re-
5. There will be joy and gladness when the Savior comes, There will be joy and



val-ley when he comes, when he comes; All the darkness will vanish, All the
tri - als when he comes, when he comes; Gains will outweigh the losses, Wearing
sor-row when he comes, when he comes; There will be no more weeping, All shall
un-ions when he comes, when he comes; O what blest joyous meet-ings, O what
gladness when he comes, when he comes; How the anthems will ring then, The re-



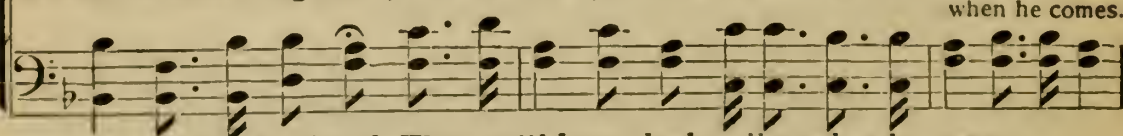
D. S.—All the darkness will vanish, All the



FINE.

clouds will be banished, There will be no dark val-ley when he comes.
crowns, no more crosses, There will be no more tri-als when he comes.
wake from death's sleeping, There will be no more sorrow when he comes.

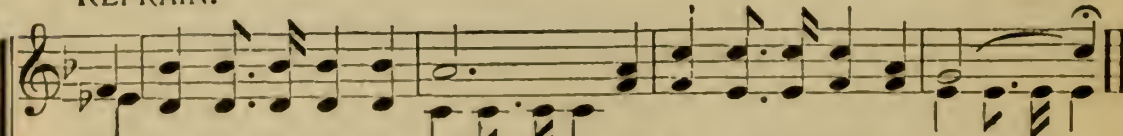
rap-tu-rous greetings, There will be glad re-un-ions when he comes.
deemed ones shall sing them, There will be joy and gladness when he comes.



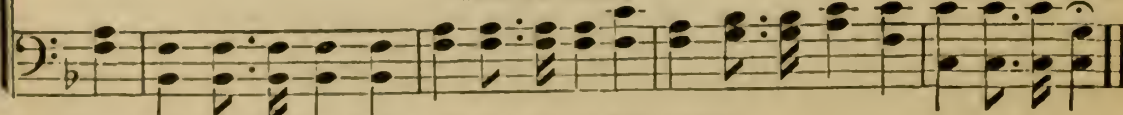
clouds will be banished, There will be no dark valley when he comes.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

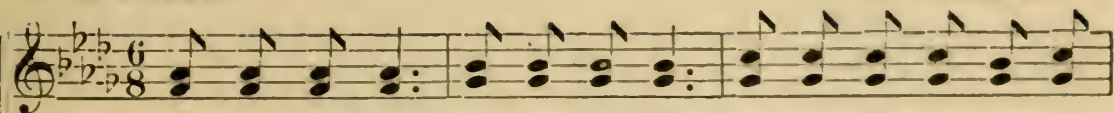


To call his redeemed ones home, To call his redeemed ones home,
when he comes, when he comes,

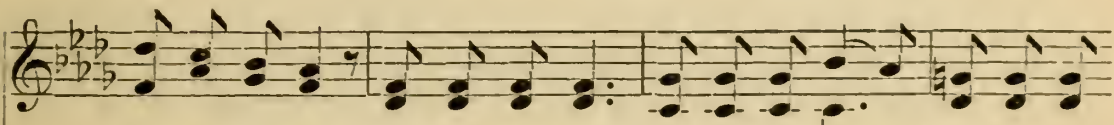


R. L. LEWIS.

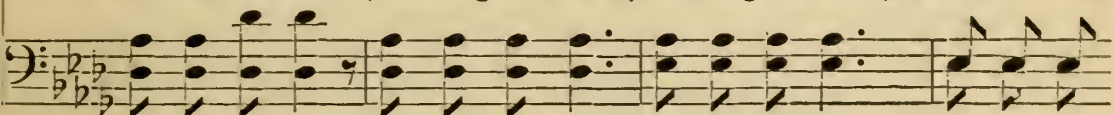
W. B. JUDEFIND.



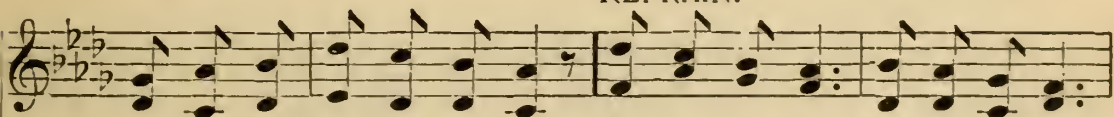
1. Naught was their gain, toil was in vain, Emp-ty their nets till their
2. Fruit - less the field where ye have tilled, Meager the har-vest and
3. Je - sus de-mands toil at our hands, In his own time shall our



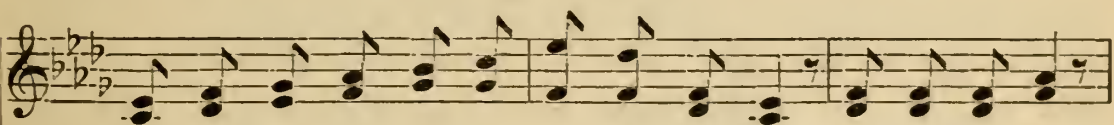
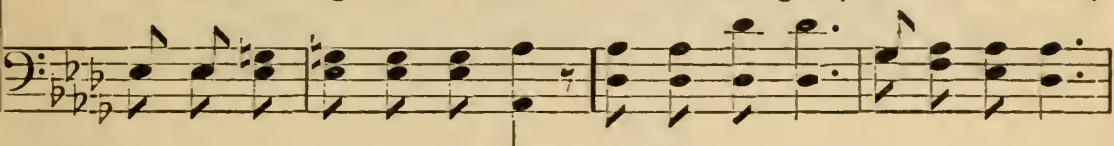
Mas-ter ap-peared; Glad-ly they heard his di-vine word, Trust-ing, o-lit-tle thy gain; Mur-mur not now, trust-ful-ly bow, Go and pre-la-bor be blessed; Do-ing his will, serving him still, Faith-ful ones



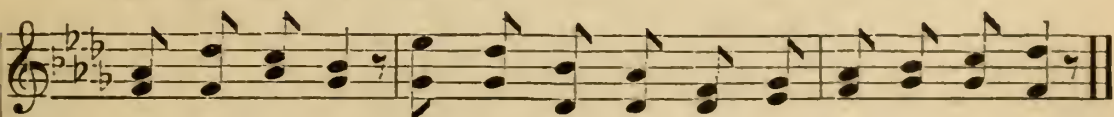
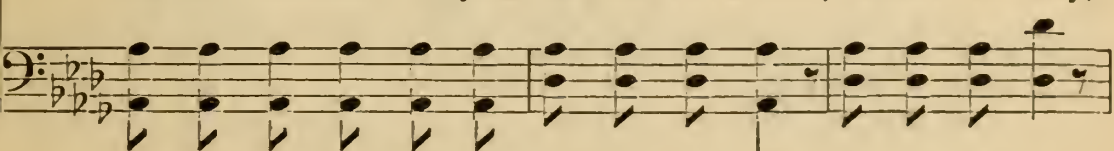
REFRAIN.



bey-ing, their spirits were cheered. Let down your nets in-to the deep, pare for the sow-ing a-gain. Cheer-ful-ly go, faith-ful-ly sow, en-ter the king-dom of rest. Go forth a-gain, 'tis not in vain;



Hear the com-mand of your Sav-ior and Friend, Has-ten a-way,



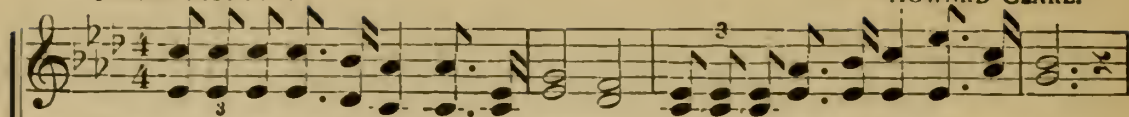
glad-ly o-bey, Bless-ed re-ward shall your la-bors at-tend.



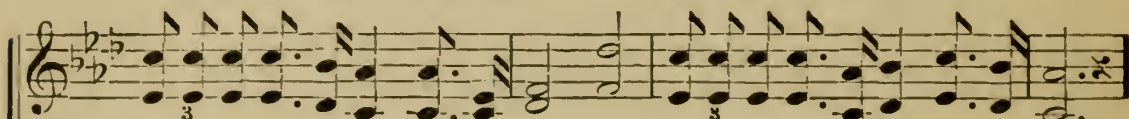
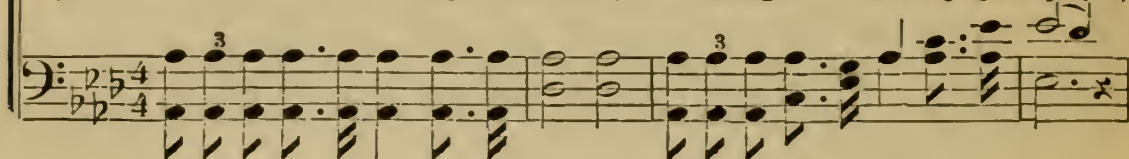
Sowing the Seed.

JENNIE MORTON.

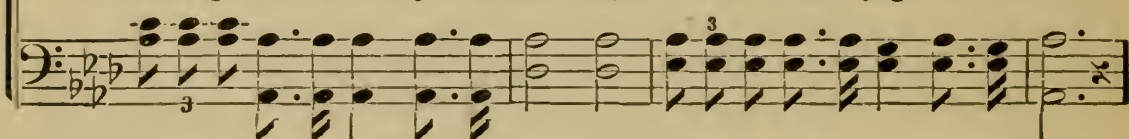
HOWARD CLARE.



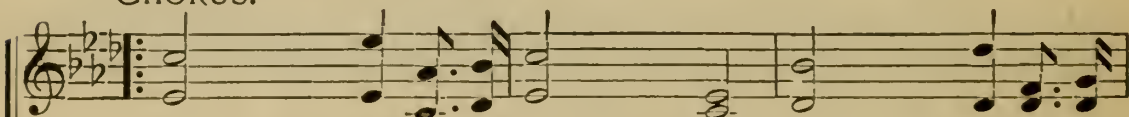
1. Scattering seeds of hope, peace and mer-cy, Scattering seeds of blessing and love,
2. Scattering seeds of love by the dawn-ing, Scattering seeds of love at the noon,
3. Scattering seeds in ev-'ry lo-ca-tion, Scattering seeds with singing and pray'r,



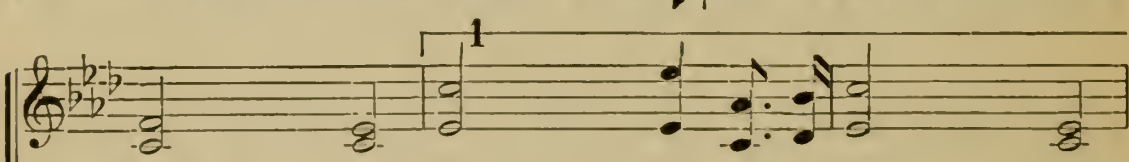
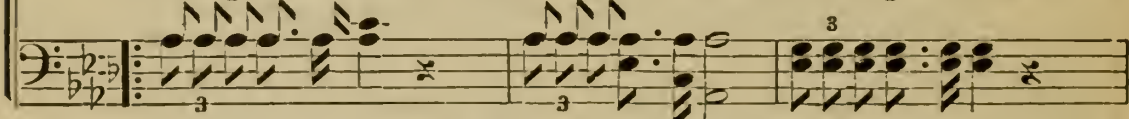
Scattering seeds for Je-sus our Sav-ior, Scattering for the harvest of God.
 Scattering seeds of love in the ev'ning, Scattering seeds of love all the day.
 Scattering seeds to ev'ry dear na-tion, Je-sus will surely garner the fruit.



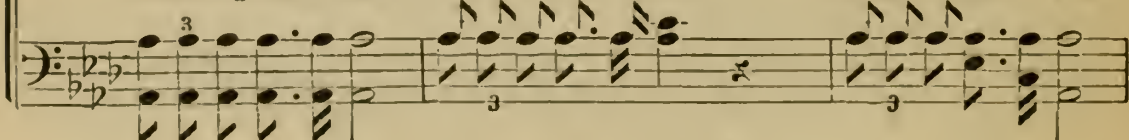
CHORUS.



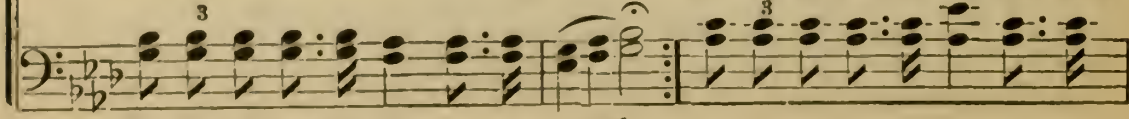
Sow - - ing by the way - - side, Sow - - ing o'er the
 Scattering precious seeds, scattering precious seeds, Scattering o'er the earth,



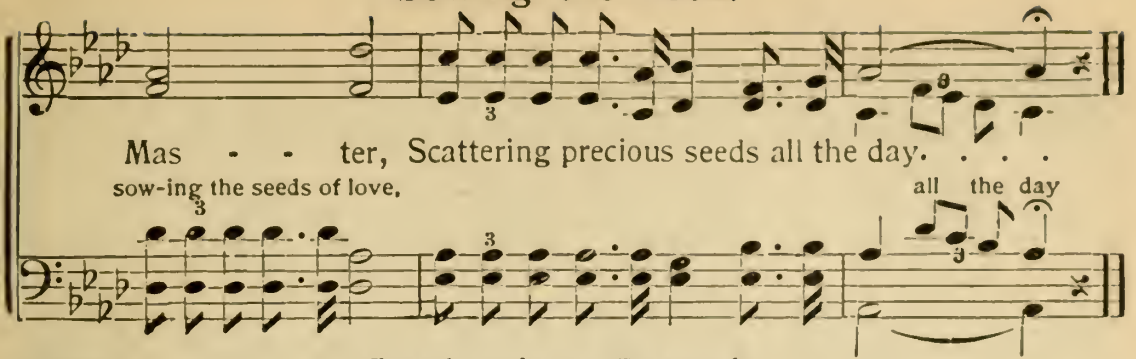
earth wide; Sow - - ing for the Mas - - ter,
 scattering o'er the earth, Sowing the seeds of love, sowing the seeds of love,



Scattering precious seeds all the day. Sow - - ing for the
 Sow-ing the seeds of love, Yes, we're



Sowing the Seed.



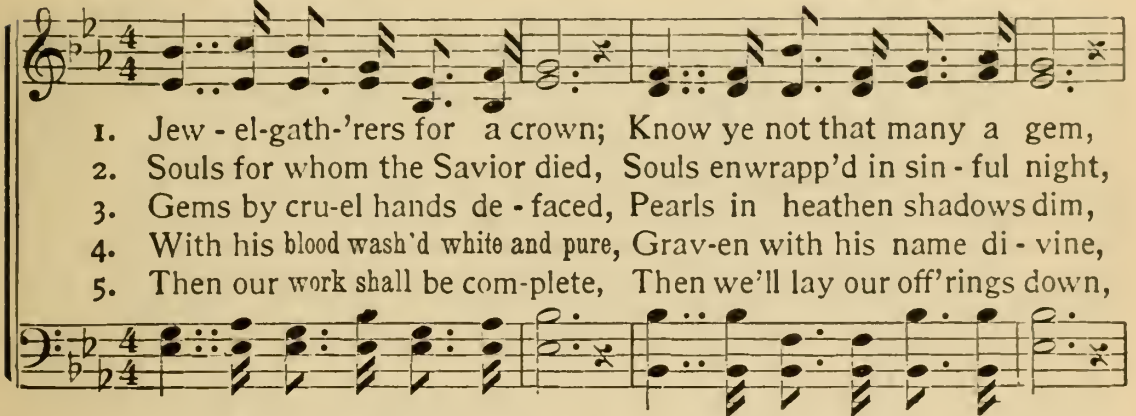
Mas - - ter, Scattering precious seeds all the day.
sow-ing the seeds of love, all the day

175

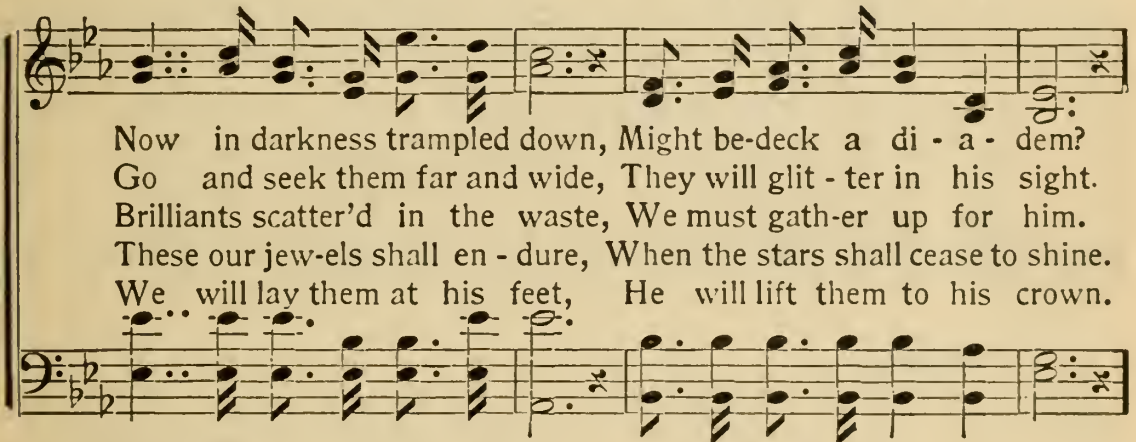
Gathering Jewels.

Miss P. J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

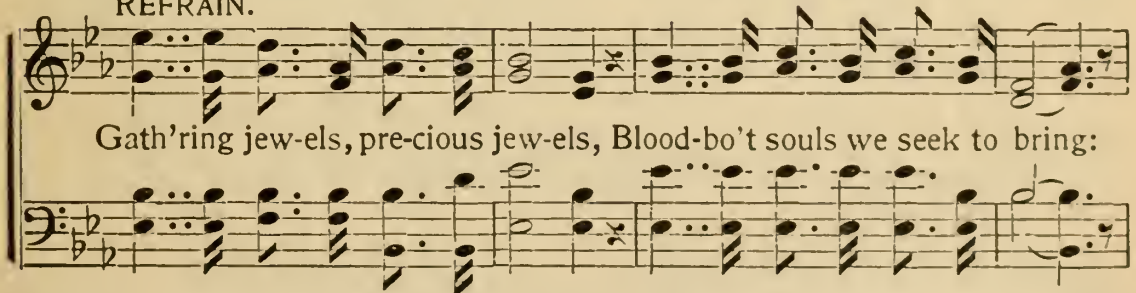


1. Jew - el-gath-'ers for a crown; Know ye not that many a gem,
2. Souls for whom the Savior died, Souls enwrapp'd in sin - ful night,
3. Gems by cru-el hands de - faced, Pearls in heathen shadows dim,
4. With his blood wash'd white and pure, Grav-en with his name di - vine,
5. Then our work shall be com-plete, Then we'll lay our off'rings down,

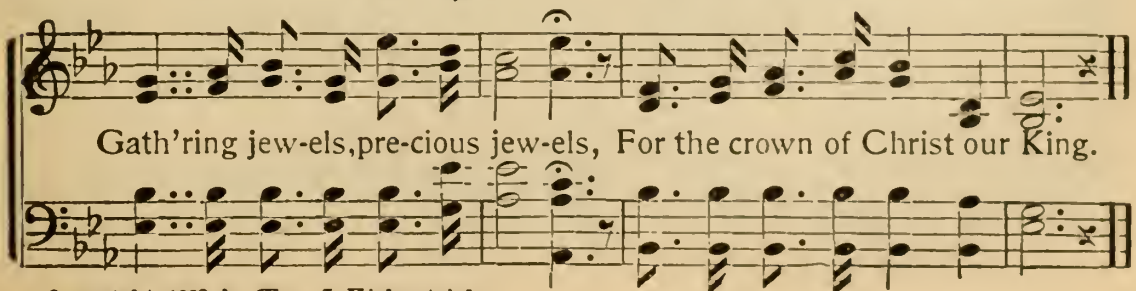


Now in darkness trampled down, Might be-deck a di - a - dem?
Go and seek them far and wide, They will glit - ter in his sight.
Brilliants scatter'd in the waste, We must gath-er up for him.
These our jew-els shall en - dure, When the stars shall cease to shine.
We will lay them at his feet, He will lift them to his crown.

REFRAIN.



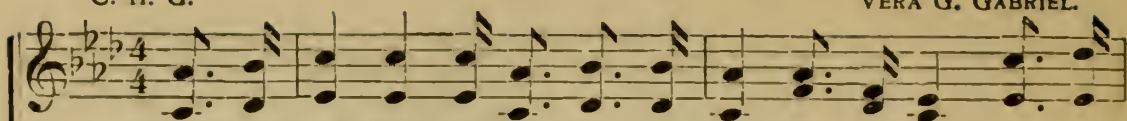
Gath'ring jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, Blood-bo't souls we seek to bring:



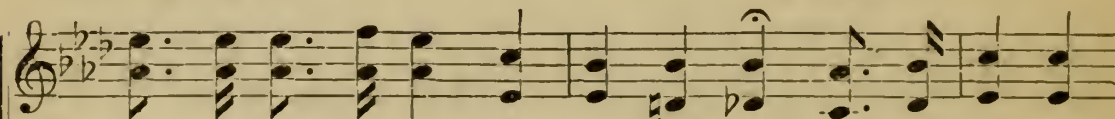
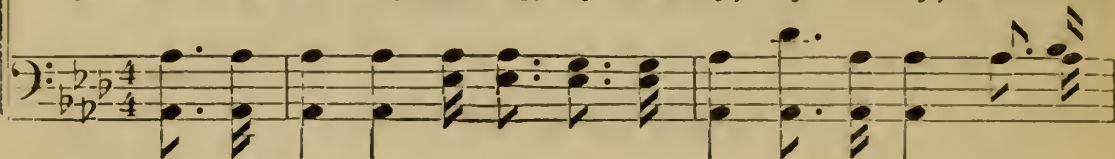
Gath'ring jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, For the crown of Christ our King.

C. H. G.

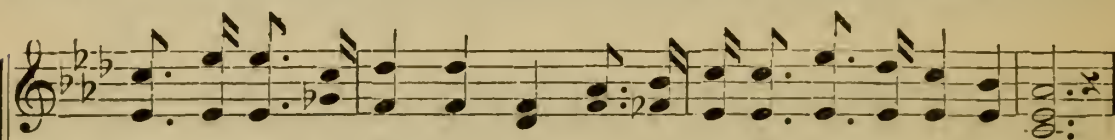
VERA G. GABRIEL.



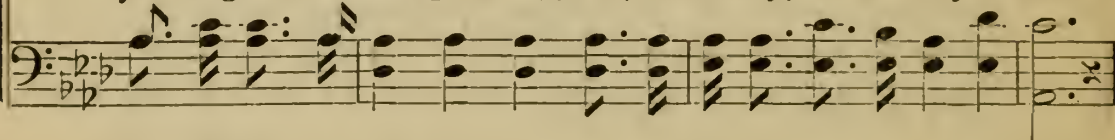
1. There's a last day com-ing, by and by, by and by, When the
2. There's a last day com-ing, by and by, by and by, When the
3. There's a last day com-ing, by and by, by and by, When from



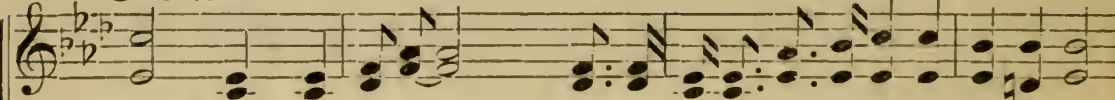
sun shall fade, and mountains dis - ap - pear; When the moon shall
liv - ing and the dead a voice shall hear; Shall a - wake and
things of earth and friends we hold so dear, We must part re-



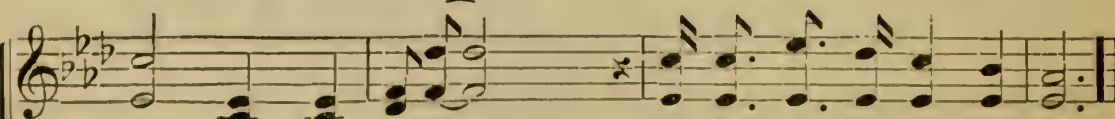
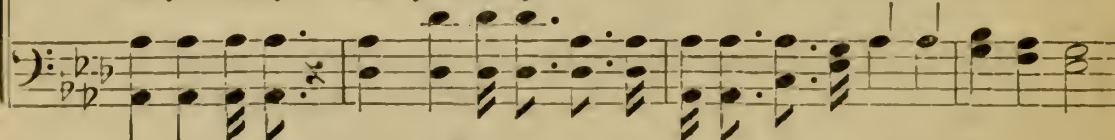
van-ish from the mid-night sky, Oh, be read-y, for the day is near!
an - swer to the Bridegroom's cry, Oh, be read-y, for the day is near!
joic - ing, or with sad good - by, Oh, be read-y, for the day is near!



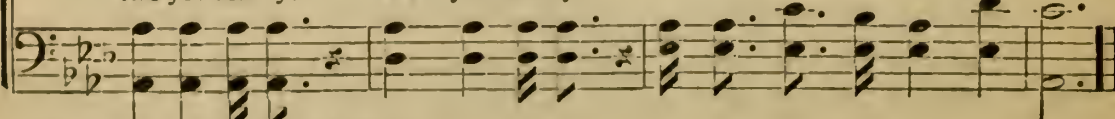
CHORUS.



Oh, are you read-y? Are you ready for the last great day to come?
Are you read-y? are you read-y?



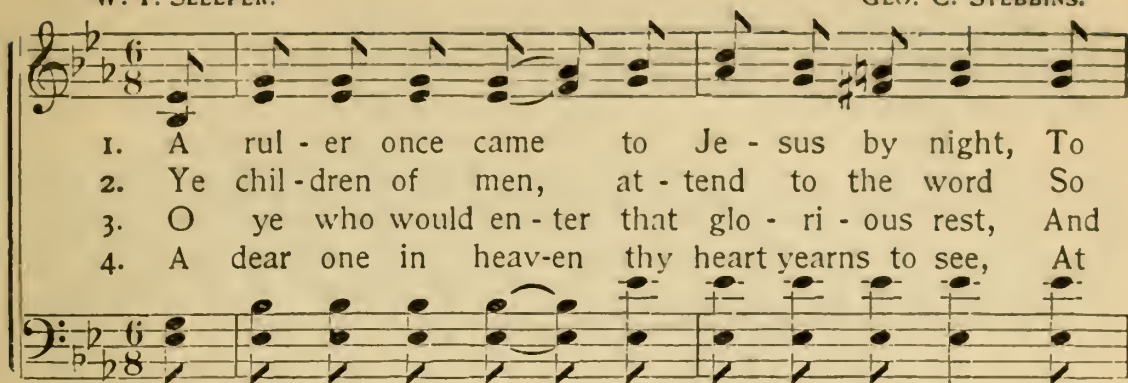
Oh, are you read-y? Read-y for the judgment day?
Are you read-y? are you read-y?



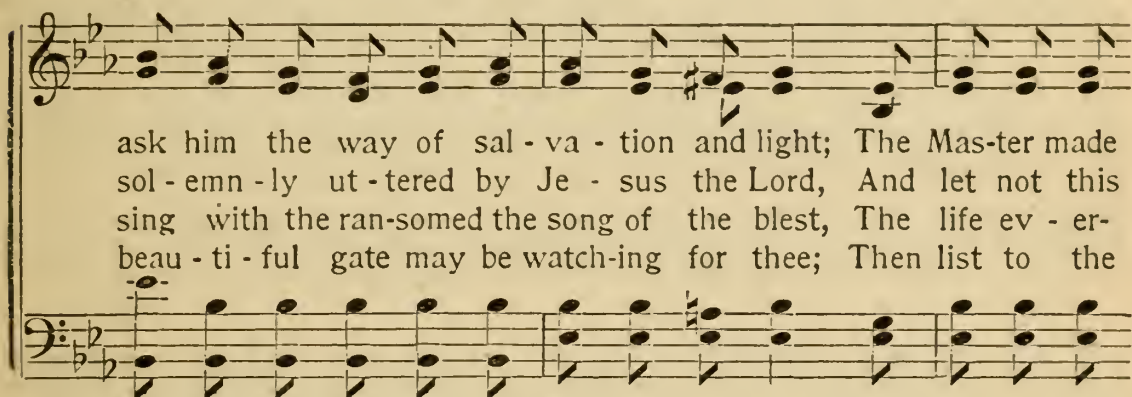
Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. SLEEPER.

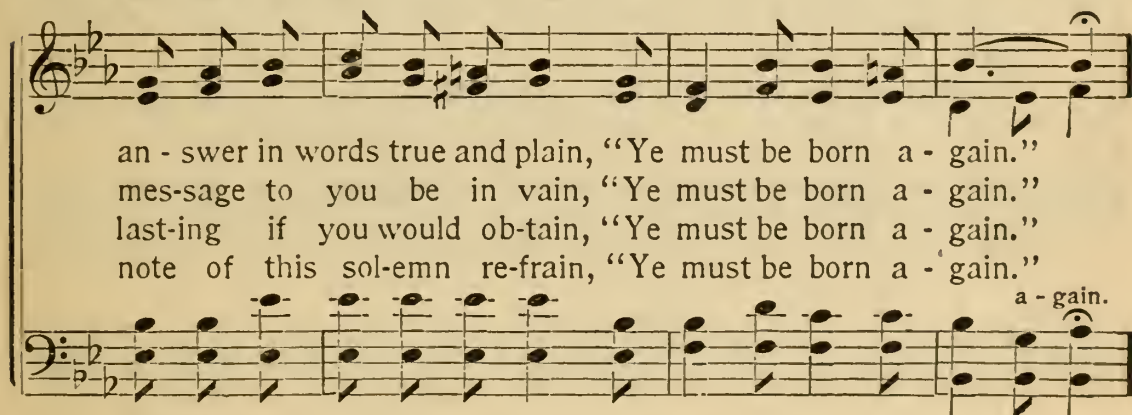
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At

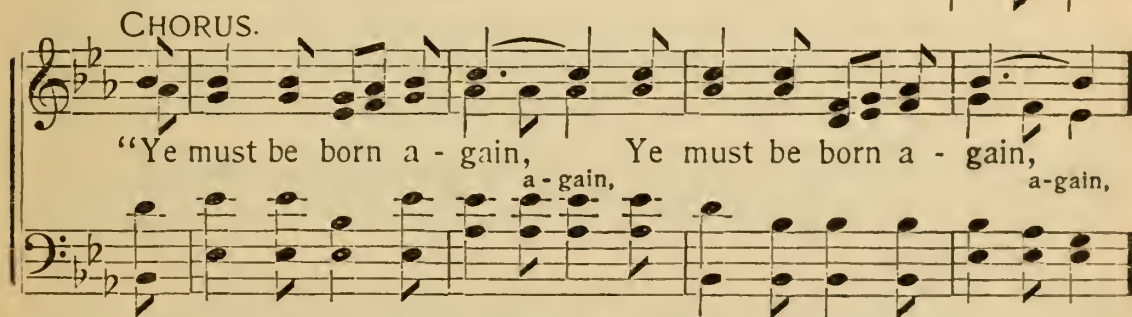


ask him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made
 sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this
 sing with the ran - somed the song of the blest, The life ev - er -
 beau - ti - ful gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the

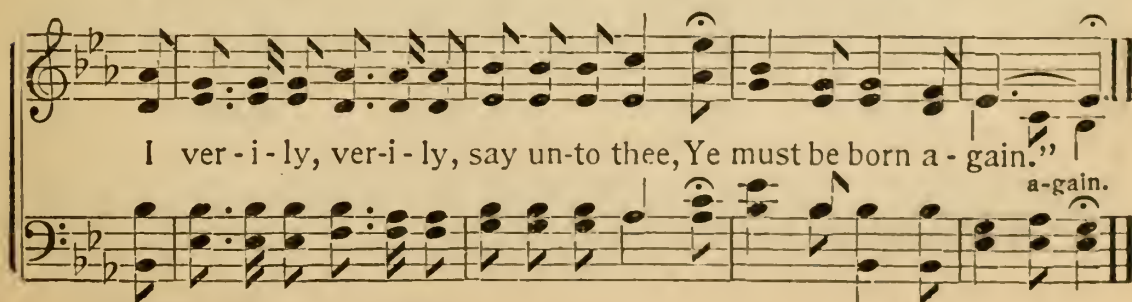


an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 mes - sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 last - ing if you would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 a - gain.

CHORUS.



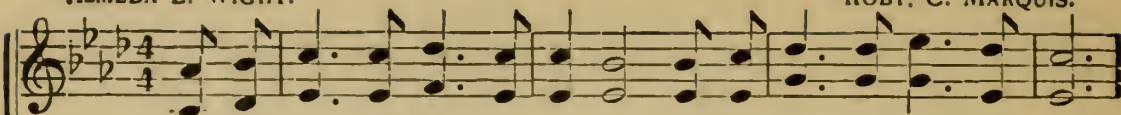
"Ye must be born a - gain, Ye must be born a - gain,
 a - gain, a - gain,



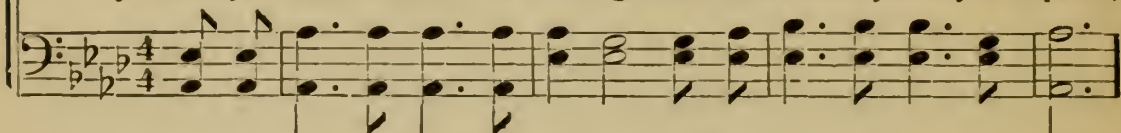
I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain."
 a - gain.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT.

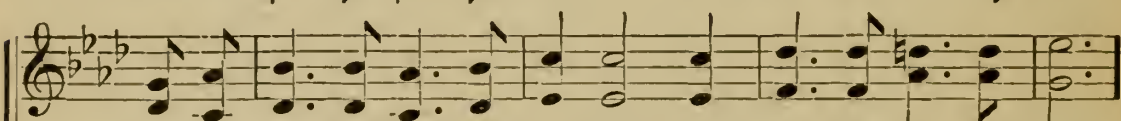
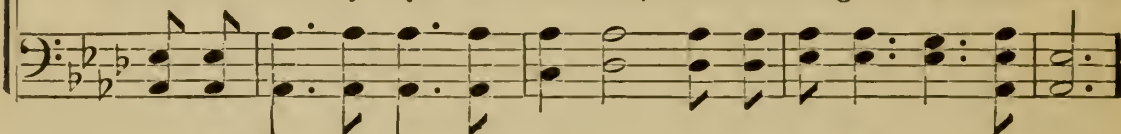
ROBT. C. MARQUIS.



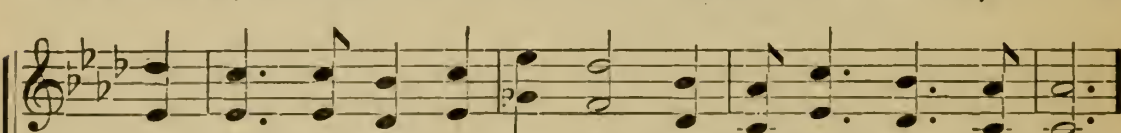
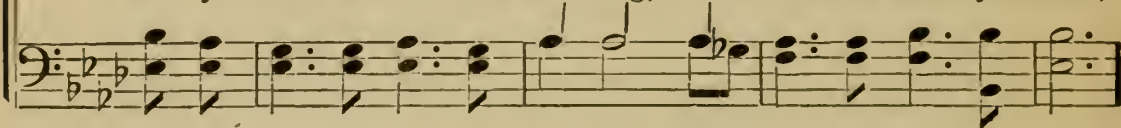
1. 'Tis a sweet and ten-der sto-ry, How the Fa-ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto-ry That has warmed the cold world's heart,
3. Say you not that un - a-vail-ing Seem the words you try to speak;



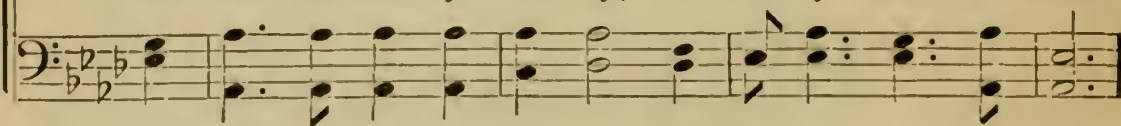
Look'd down on his err-ing chil-dren With the pitying eyes of love,
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er depart;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir-it's unc-tion; It shall strengthen what is weak.



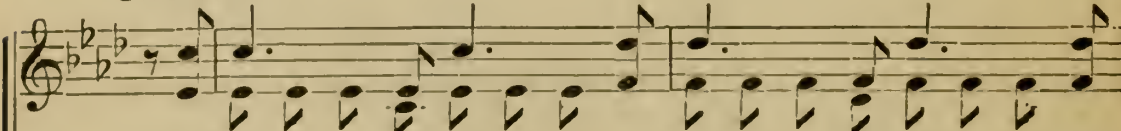
How he sent his well - be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strangely cold,
Go ye forth to do his bid-ding; The truth shall make you bold;



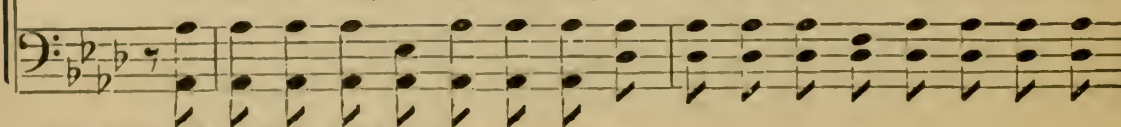
That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Christian, must be told.
To these, O fal-t'ring Christian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.



CHORUS.



It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told, The



It Must be Told.

sto-ry must be told; That sweet and ten-der
sto-ry must be sweet-ly told, be oft-en sweet-ly told,

sto-ry, O Chris-tian, must be told.
sto-ry, won-drous sto-ry, O Chris-tian, must be oft-en sweet-ly told.

179

No Dying There.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-
2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that
3. There sor-row cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright e-

REFRAIN.

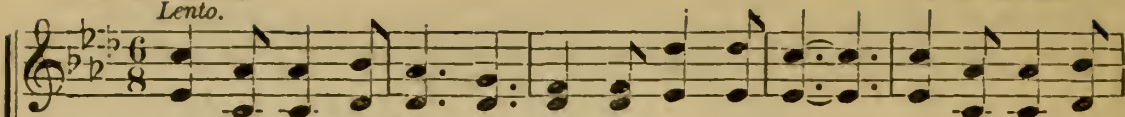
tal-i-ty, No dy-ing there.
blest do-main, No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there, No dy-ing
ter-nal day, No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there,

there; In that fair heav'nly land, No dy-ing there.
No dy-ing there; No dy-ing there.

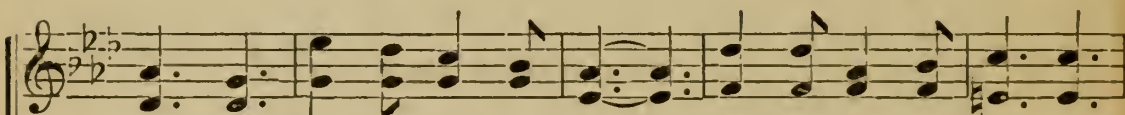
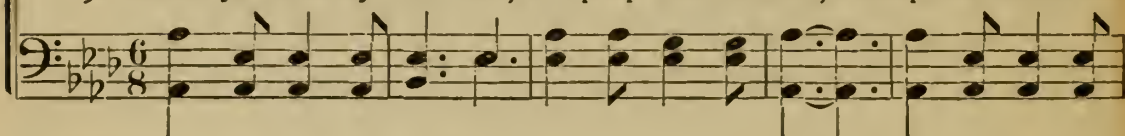
Hail! Glorious Army.

M. A. CASEY,
Lento.

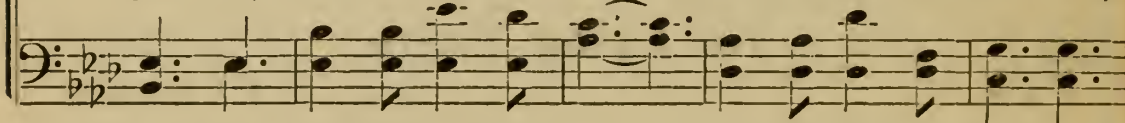
A. F. MYERS.



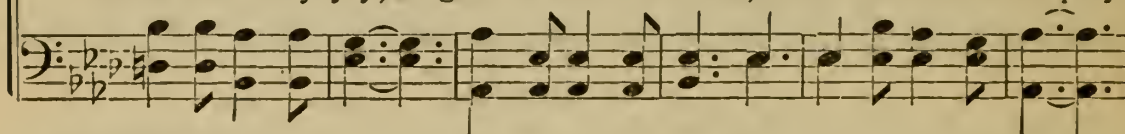
1. Christ has call'd to serv-ice Ev-'ry youth to-day; Hark! the host ad-
2. Time for pray'r most earnest You must have, or fail; Go with trust and
3. Heed ye ev-'ry or - der, Keep up - on the line, Grasp the sword of



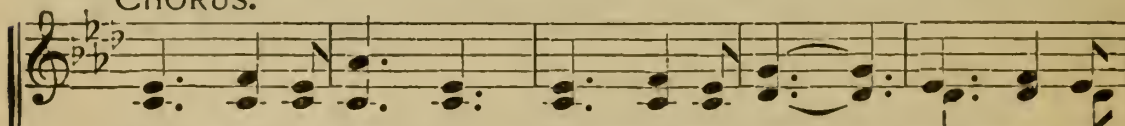
vanc - es, Join them in the way. With a vi - sion glo - rious,
 cour - age, Satan's host shall quail. With the hope of tri - umph,
 Spir - it, Vic - to - ry is thine. Bless - ed is the serv - ice,



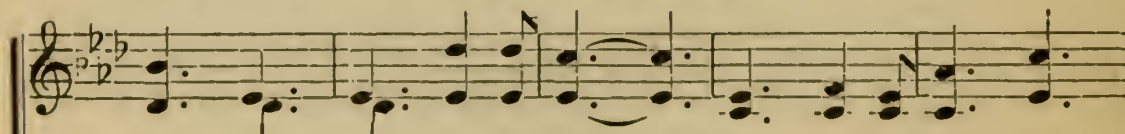
Steps are quick and strong; From the hills of glory Christ commands the throng.
 On - ward press to - day; Gird thy sacred powers There in - to the fray.
 Sweet the dai - ly joy, Bright the blessed future, While in Christ's employ.



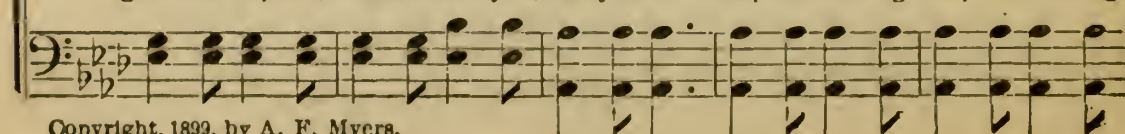
CHORUS.



Hail! glorious ar - my! Be strong and true, Laud, praise your
 Hall! the glo - rious, glo - rious ar - my! Be courageous, strong and true, Laud and praise your



Cap - tain, who leads you thro'. Keep on re - cruit - ing,
 glo - rious Captain, who will lead you, lead you thro'. Keep re - cruit - ing, keep re - cruit - ing,



Hail! Glorious Army.

Seek men ev'ry-where, Christ will surely save, Give them crowns to wear.
Seek men, seek men ev'ry-where, Christ will surely, surely save,

181 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

- 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
- 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Savior draws near, With a
- 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the
- At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing him, we be-lieve That the

gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to him in
ten-der com-pas-sion his chil-dren to hear; When he tells us we may
Sav-ior who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
blessing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the ful-ness of this

faith, his pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at his feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart he re-moves ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

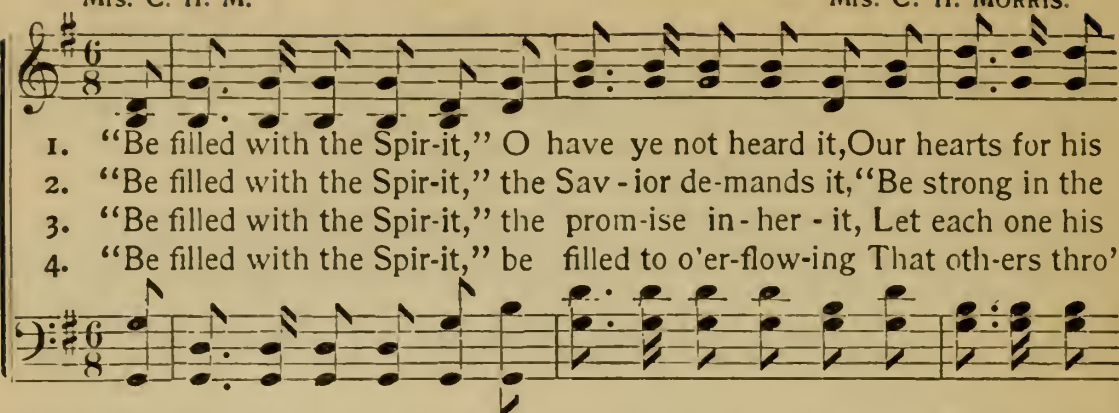
FINE. CHORUS.

sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer;

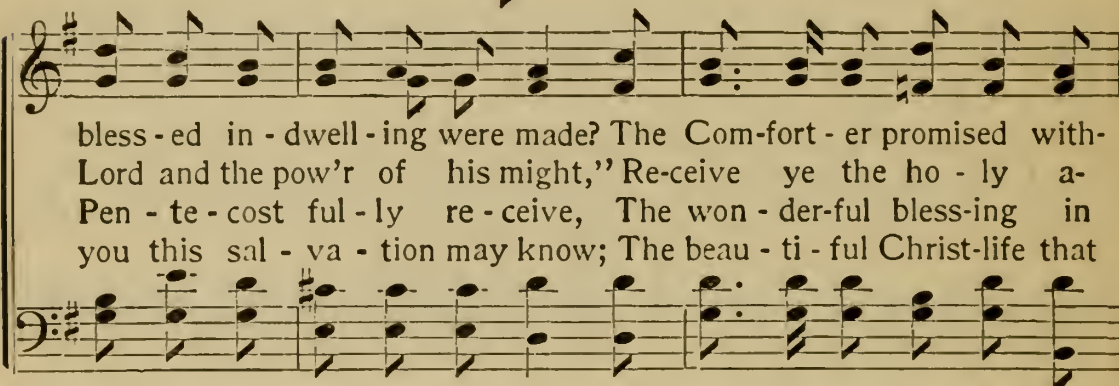
Be Filled with the Spirit.

Mrs. C. H. M.

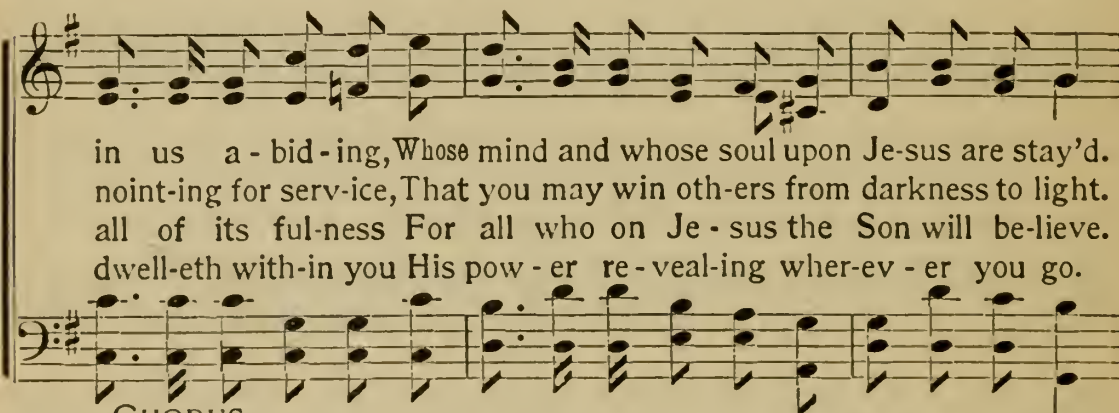
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. "Be filled with the Spir-it," O have ye not heard it, Our hearts for his
 2. "Be filled with the Spir-it," the Sav-ior de-mands it, "Be strong in the
 3. "Be filled with the Spir-it," the prom-ise in-her-it, Let each one his
 4. "Be filled with the Spir-it," be filled to o'er-flow-ing That oth-ers thro'

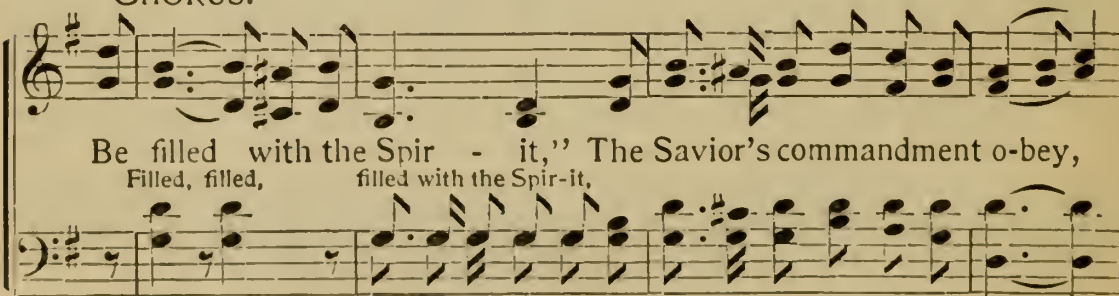


bless-ed in-dwell-ing were made? The Com-fort-er promised with-
 Lord and the pow'r of his might," Re-ceive ye the ho-ly a-
 Pen-te-cost ful-ly re-ceive, The won-der-ful bless-ing in
 you this sal-va-tion may know; The beau-ti-ful Christ-life that



in us a-bid-ing, Whose mind and whose soul upon Je-sus are stay'd.
 noint-ing for serv-ice, That you may win oth-ers from darkness to light.
 all of its ful-ness For all who on Je-sus the Son will be-lieve.
 dwell-eth with-in you His pow-er re-veal-ing wher-ev-er you go.

CHORUS.



Be filled with the Spir - it," The Savior's commandment o-bey,
 Filled, filled, filled with the Spir-it,



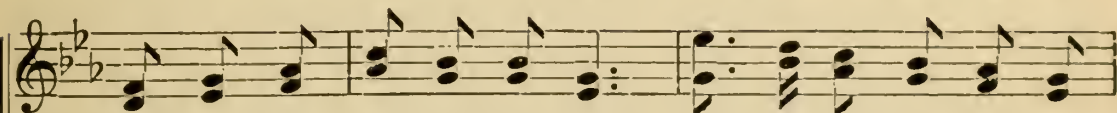
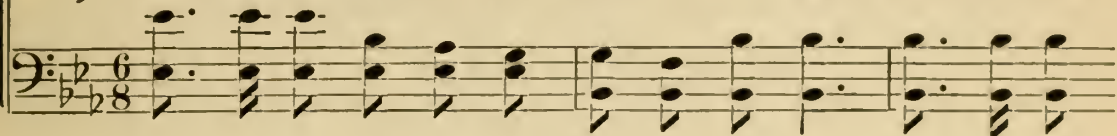
"Be filled with the Spir - it." Re-ceive ye the blessing to-day.
 Filled, filled, filled with the Spir-it, to-day.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

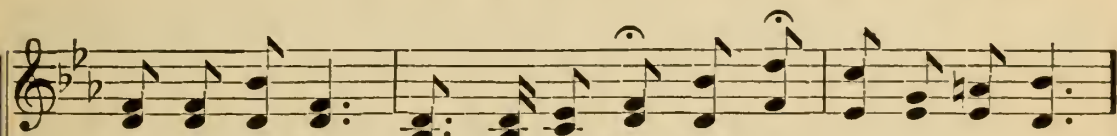
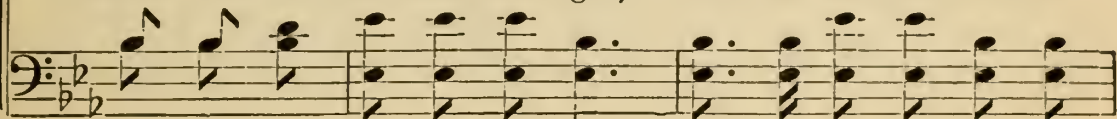
J. S. FEARIS.



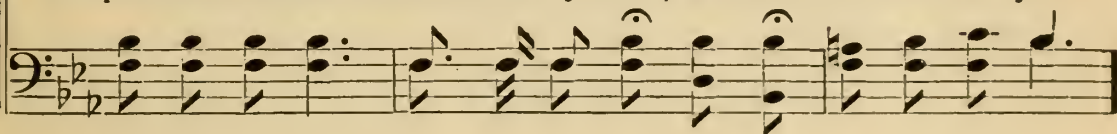
1. Some one must strug-gle that oth-ers may win; Some one the
2. Some one must car - ry the weak-er one's load; Some one must
3. Some one must stand in the thick of the fight; Some one must



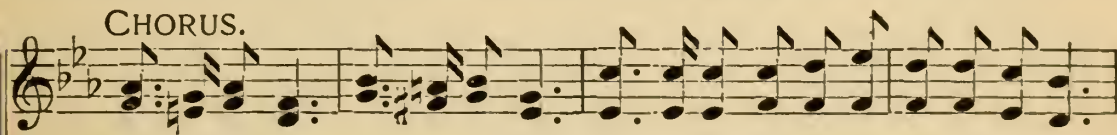
world's bet-ter day must bring in; Some one the work that is
blaze through the for - est a road; Some one must lead o'er the
strike for the brave and the right; Some one must die for the



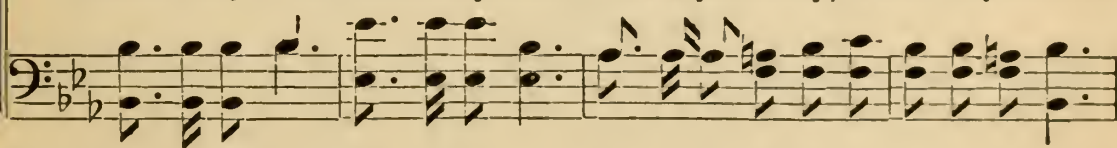
hard-est must do—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?
path that is new—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?
pure and the true—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?



CHORUS.



Some-bod-y must! Somebody must! Do then your duty, in God be your trust;



Some-bod-y must! Somebody must! Live like a hero, for somebody must.



Close, Close to Thee!

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Close, close to thee! In child-hood's fleet-ing moments; Close to thy
 2. Close, close to thee! There e-vil can-not harm me; Close to thy
 3. Close, close to thee! Thy hand shall ev-er guide me; Thee will I
 4. Close, close to thee! When shades of ev'ning gath-er; When thro'the

side in youth's bright hours I'll be; Thee will I trust when sorrow
 side O may I ev-er be; Tho' dark the night, the morning
 trust, e'en tho' I can-not see; I am con-tent if thou wilt
 vale no gleam of light I see; When morning breaks in that ce-

o-ver-whelms me, If thou but keep me, Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
 still shall find me, With faith renewed and strengthen'd, still close to thee.
 be my guardian; I am con-tent, my Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
 les-tial cit-y, O may it find me, Sav-ior, close, close to thee.

CHORUS.

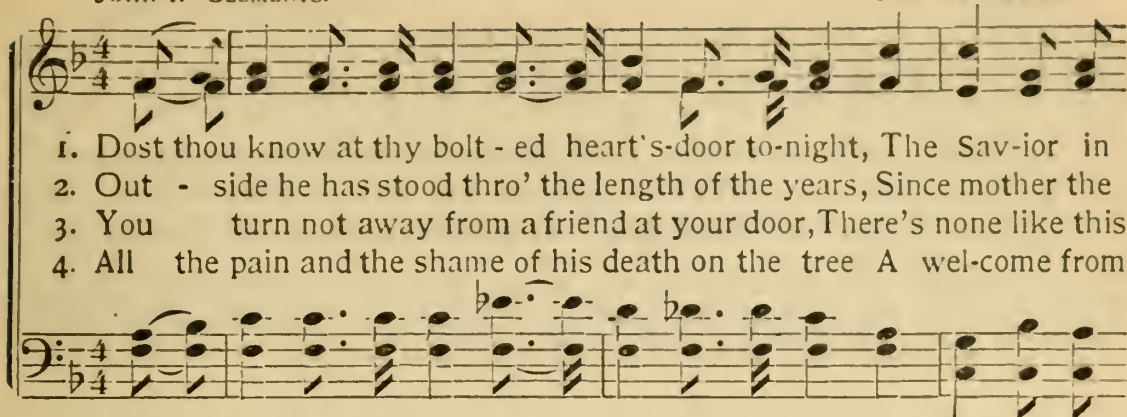
Close, close to thee, close, close to thee; O my blessed Savior, keep me
 Close, close to thee; Close, close to thee; my

close to thee; O my blessed Savior, keep me close, close to thee.
 close to thee; thee, my

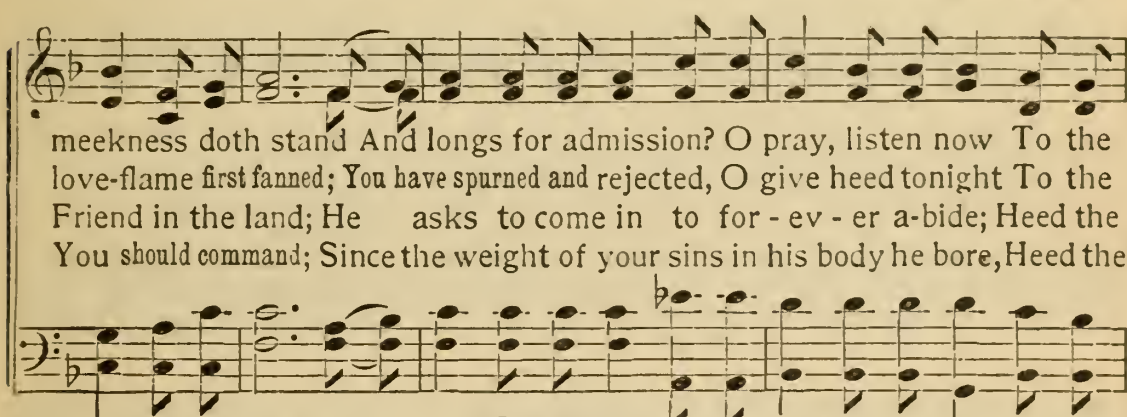
185 The Knock of the Nail-pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

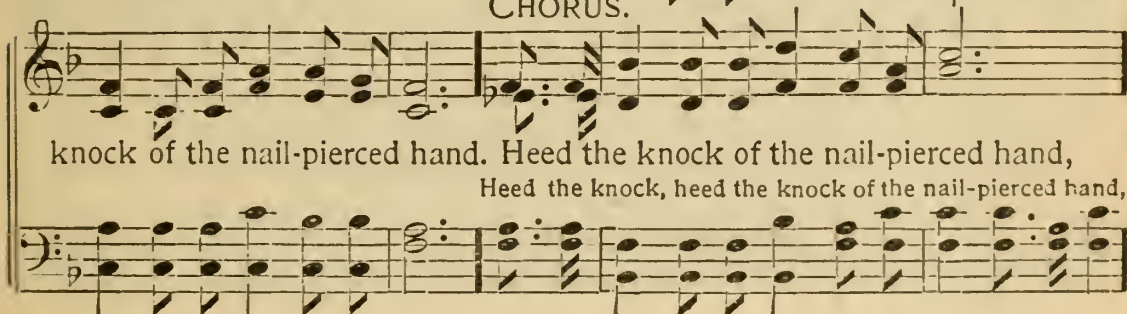


1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door to-night, The Sav-ior in
 2. Out - side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since mother the
 3. You turn not away from a friend at your door, There's none like this
 4. All the pain and the shame of his death on the tree A wel-come from

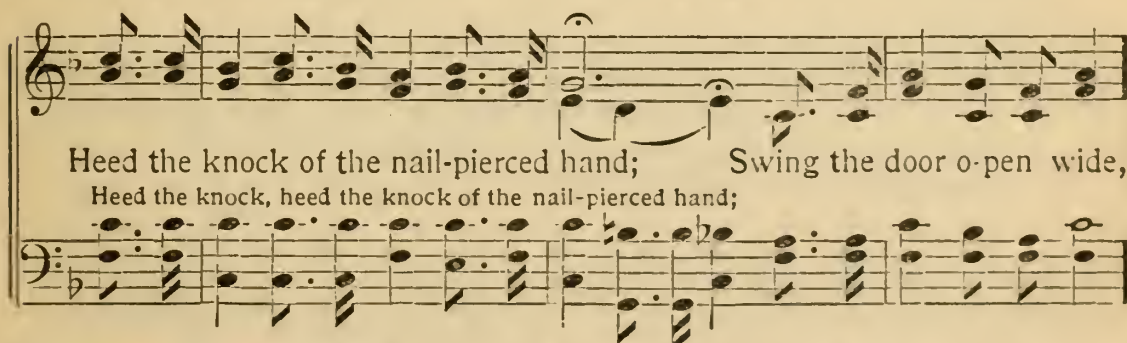


meekness doth stand And longs for admission? O pray, listen now To the
 love-flame first fanned; You have spurned and rejected, O give heed tonight To the
 Friend in the land; He asks to come in to for - ev - er a-bide; Heed the
 You should command; Since the weight of your sins in his body he bore, Heed the

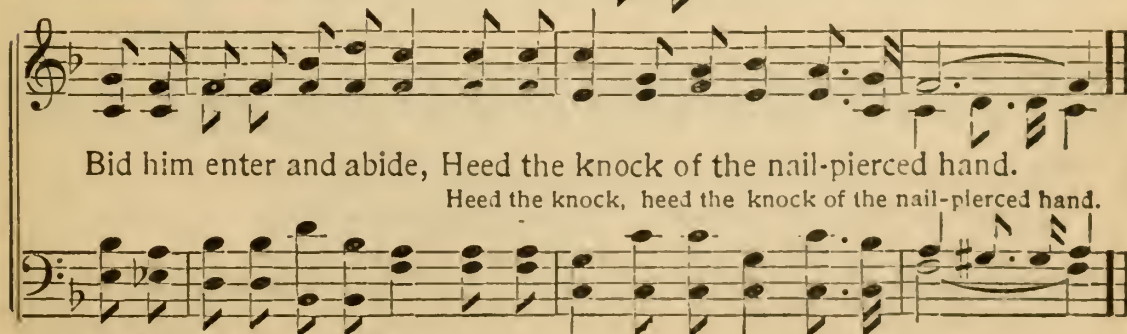
CHORUS.



knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,



Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand; Swing the door o-pen wide,
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;



Bid him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

Speak to My Soul.

L. L. P.

Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1, Speak to my soul, dear Je-sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in
 2. Speak to thy children ev-er, Lead in the ho-ly way; Fill them with
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know

loving kindness; "Thou art not left a-lone." Open my heart to hear thee,
 joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con-se-cra-tion
 all my du-ty, Let me thy law-ful-fil. Lead me to glo-ri-fy thee,

Quickly to hear thy voice, Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee rejoice.
 Yield their whole lives to thee, Hasten thy coming king-dom, Till our dear Lord we see.
 Help me to show thy praise, Gladly to do thy bidding, Honor thee all my days.

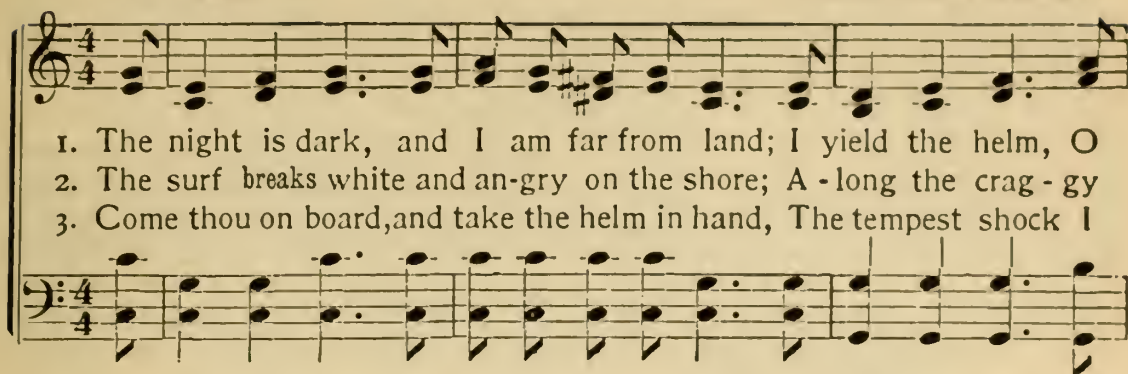
CHORUS.

{ Speak thou in soft-est whis-pers, Whispers of love to me;
 { Speak thou to me each day, Lord, Al-ways in ten-d'rest tone,

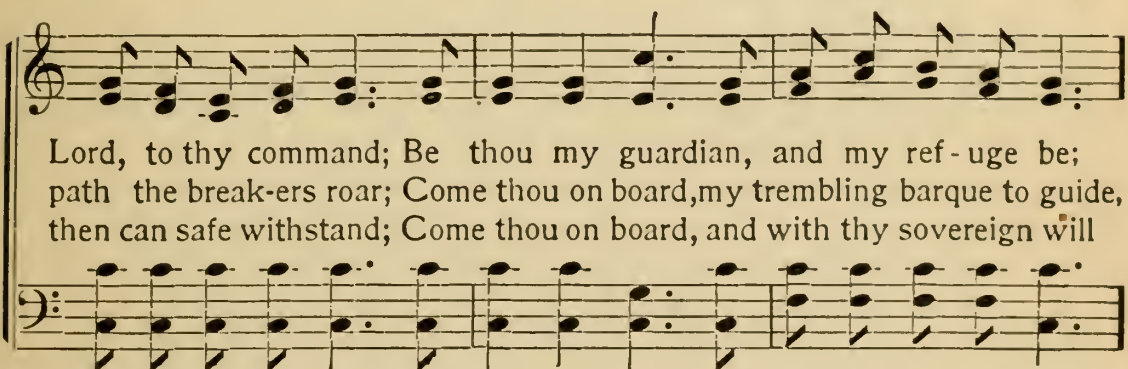
"Thou shalt be always conq'ror, Thou shalt be always free."
 Let me now hear thy whisper, "Thou art not left (*Omit*) } a-lone."

J. E. RANKIN.

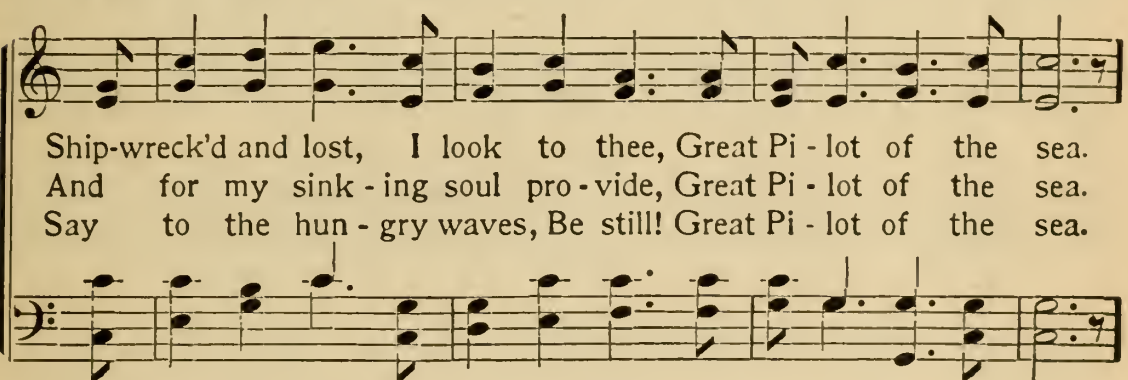
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. The night is dark, and I am far from land; I yield the helm, O
 2. The surf breaks white and an-gry on the shore; A-long the crag-gy
 3. Come thou on board, and take the helm in hand, The tempest shock I

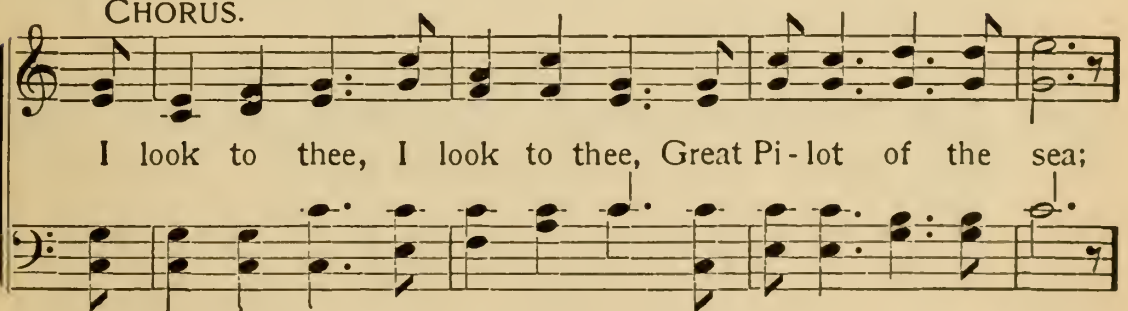


Lord, to thy command; Be thou my guardian, and my ref-uge be;
 path the break-ers roar; Come thou on board, my trembling barque to guide,
 then can safe withstand; Come thou on board, and with thy sovereign will

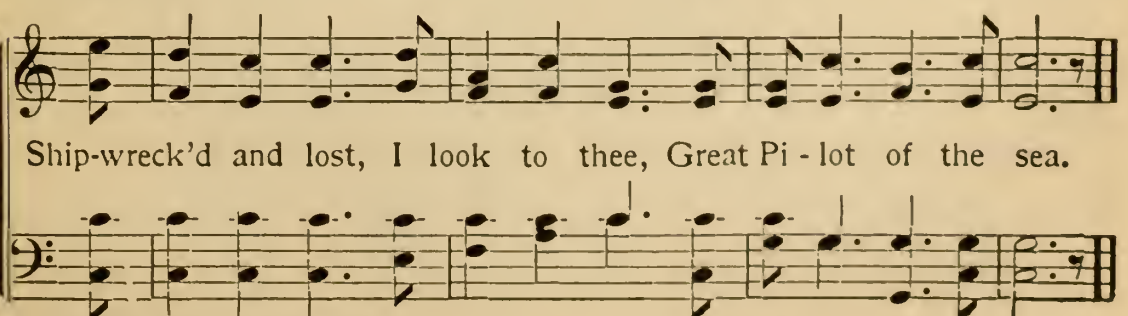


Ship-wreck'd and lost, I look to thee, Great Pi-lot of the sea.
 And for my sink-ing soul pro-vide, Great Pi-lot of the sea.
 Say to the hun-gry waves, Be still! Great Pi-lot of the sea.

CHORUS.



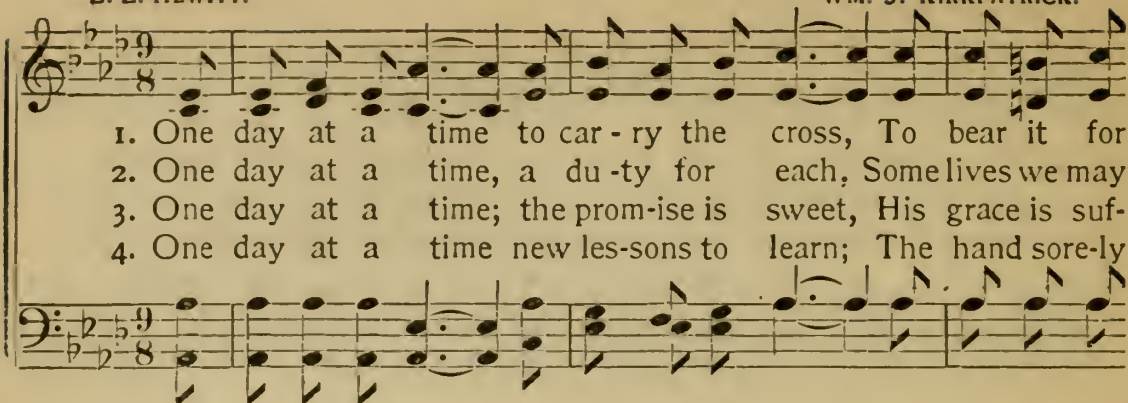
I look to thee, I look to thee, Great Pi-lot of the sea;



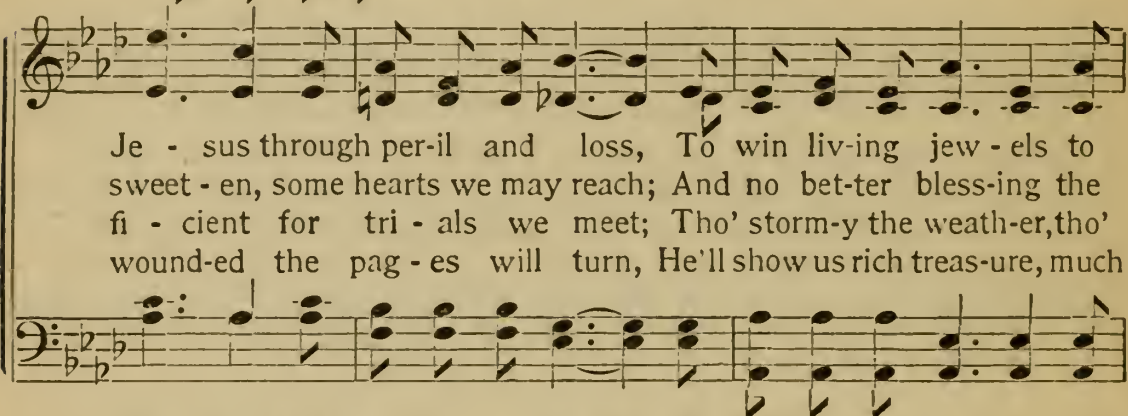
Ship-wreck'd and lost, I look to thee, Great Pi-lot of the sea.

E. E. HEWITT.

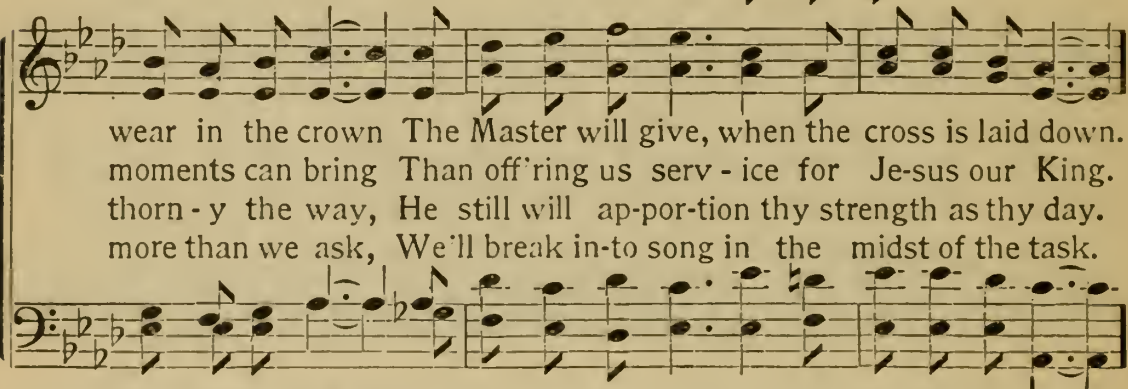
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



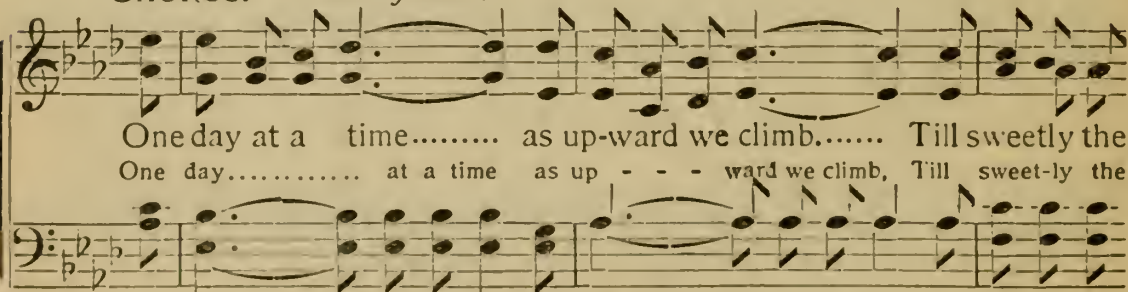
1. One day at a time to car-ry the cross, To bear it for
 2. One day at a time, a du-ty for each, Some lives we may
 3. One day at a time; the prom-ise is sweet, His grace is suf-
 4. One day at a time new les-sons to learn; The hand sore-ly



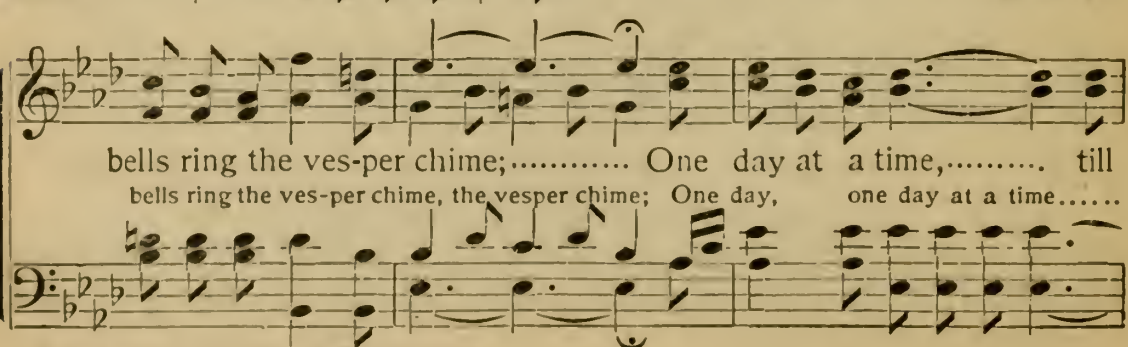
Je - sus through per-il and loss, To win liv-ing jew - els to
 sweet - en, some hearts we may reach; And no bet-ter bless-ing the
 fi - cient for tri - als we meet; Tho' storm-y the weath-er, tho'
 wound-ed the pag - es will turn, He'll show us rich treas-ure, much



wear in the crown The Master will give, when the cross is laid down.
 moments can bring Than off'ring us serv - ice for Je-sus our King.
 thorn - y the way, He still will ap-por-tion thy strength as thy day.
 more than we ask, We'll break in-to song in the midst of the task.

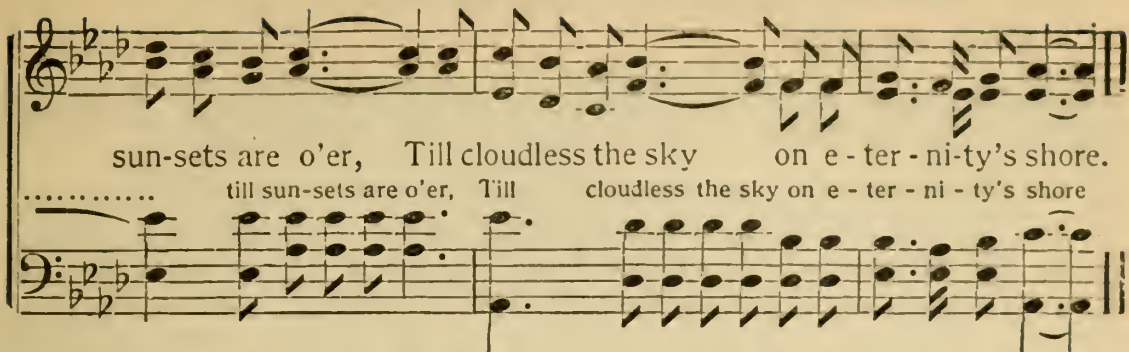
CHORUS. *A little faster.*


One day at a time..... as up-ward we climb..... Till sweetly the
 One day..... at a time as up - - - ward we climb, Till sweet-ly the



bells ring the ves-per chime;..... One day at a time,..... till
 bells ring the ves-per chime, the vesper chime; One day, one day at a time.....

One Day at a Time.

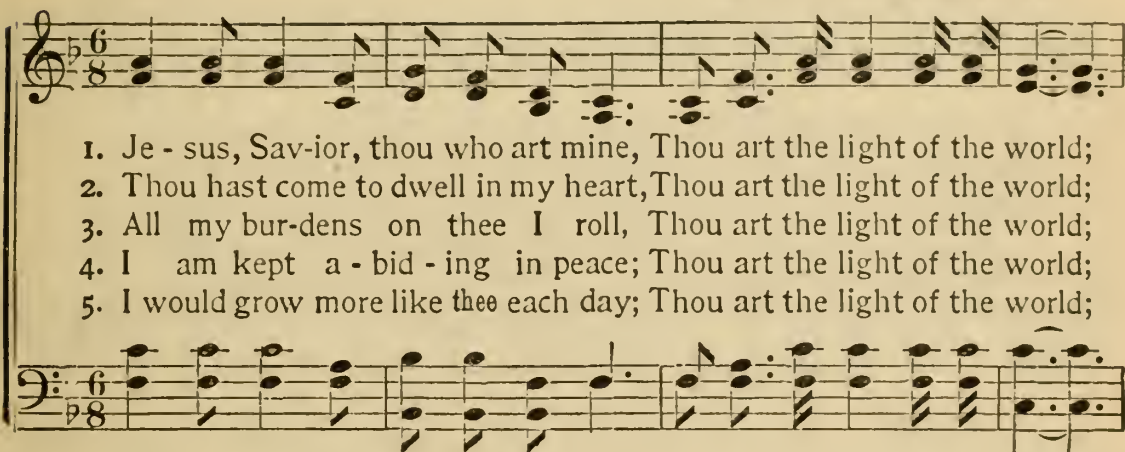


sun-sets are o'er, Till cloudless the sky on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.
 till sun-sets are o'er, Till cloudless the sky on e - ter - ni - ty's shore

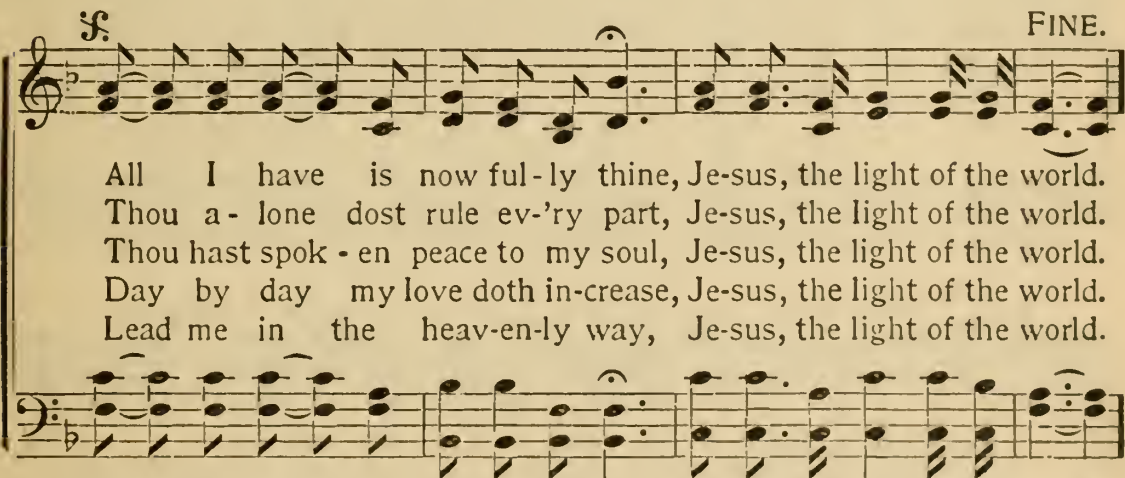
189 Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. W. D.

Arr. by GRACE WEISER DAVIS.



1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, thou who art mine, Thou art the light of the world;
 2. Thou hast come to dwell in my heart, Thou art the light of the world;
 3. All my bur-dens on thee I roll, Thou art the light of the world;
 4. I am kept a - bid - ing in peace; Thou art the light of the world;
 5. I would grow more like thee each day; Thou art the light of the world;



ALL I have is now ful - ly thine, Je-sus, the light of the world.
 Thou a - lone dost rule ev-'ry part, Je-sus, the light of the world.
 Thou hast spok - en peace to my soul, Je-sus, the light of the world.
 Day by day my love doth in-crease, Je-sus, the light of the world.
 Lead me in the heav-en-ly way, Je-sus, the light of the world.

FINE.

D. S. Shining around us by day and by night, Je-sus, the light of the world.



CHORUS. D. S.

We walk in the light, beautiful light, Walk where God's dewdrops of mercy are bright,

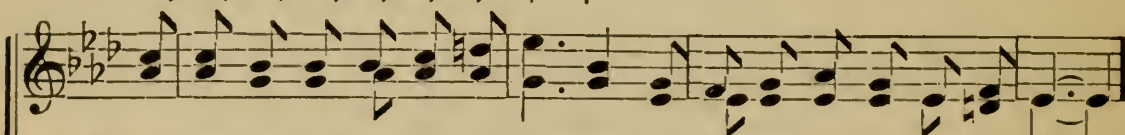
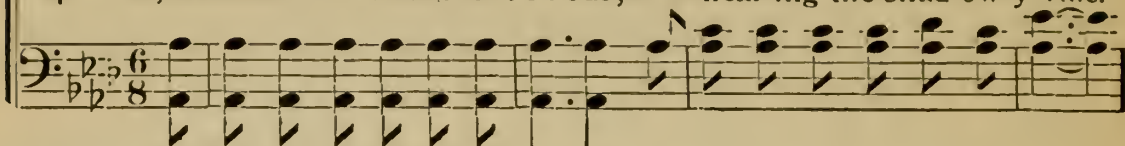
190 What Would I Do without Jesus?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

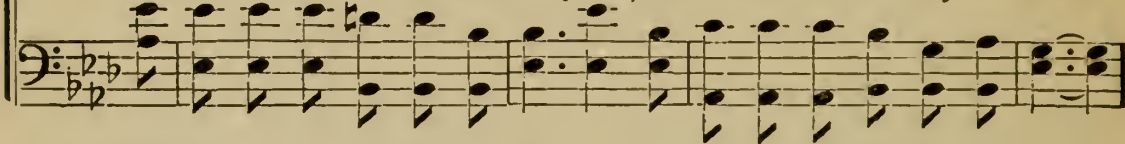
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



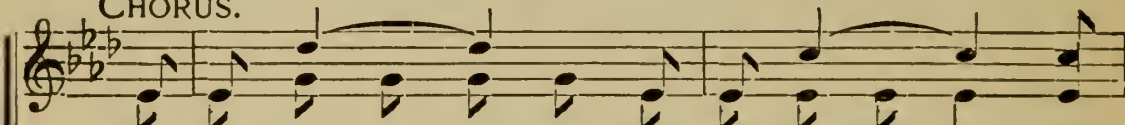
1. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When bur-den'd with guilt and with sin?
2. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sor-row oppresses my heart?
3. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sin and temp-ta-tion as-sail?
4. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When near-ing the shad-ow-y vale?



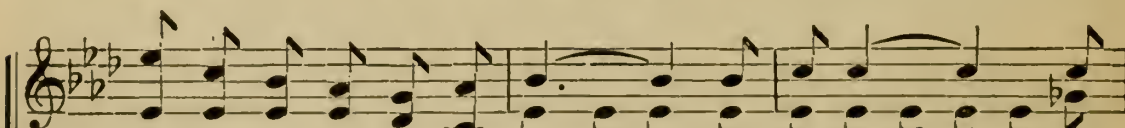
Who else could for-give my trans-gres-sions Or cleanse the de-file-ment with-in?
 Who else could re-lieve my dis-tress-es, Or sol-a-cè and com-fort im-part?
 Who else can se-cure my de-liv'-rance, And o-ver the tempt-er pre-vail?
 No oth-er can cheer me and help me, When all that is earthly shall fail.



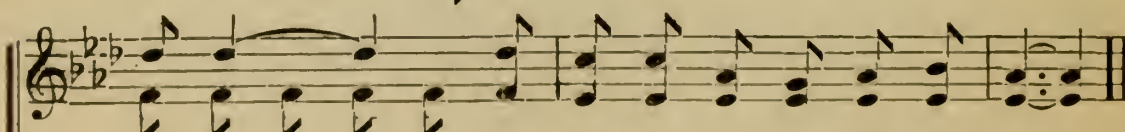
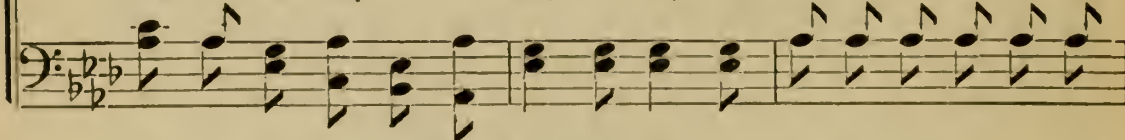
CHORUS.



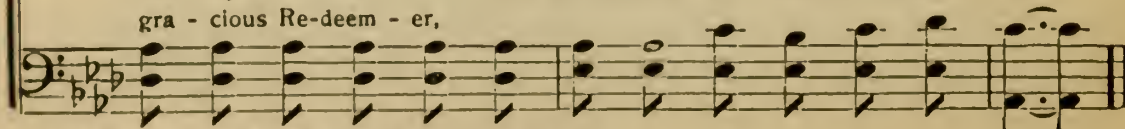
No oth-er, no oth-er Can
 No oth-er but Je-sus, my Sav-ior so dear, Can



be such a help-er to me; He on-ly, he
 be such a help-er to me, to me; He on-ly, this Je-sus, our

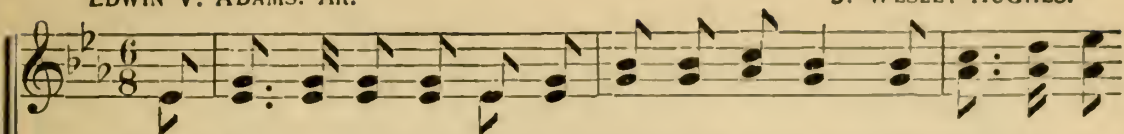


on-ly My Lord and my Sav-ior shall be.
 gra-cious Re-deem-er,

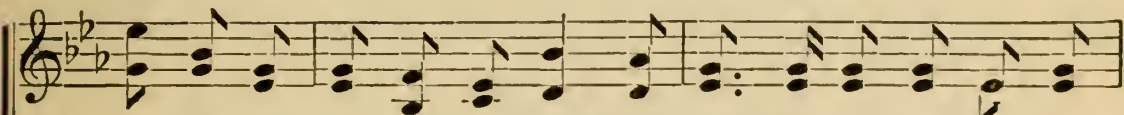


EDWIN V. ADAMS. Alt.

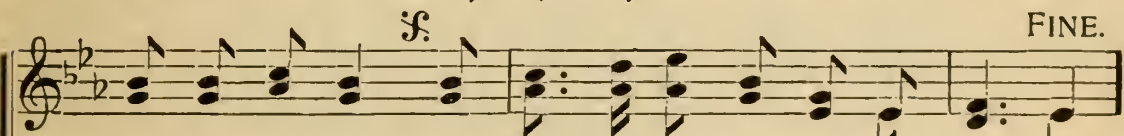
J. WESLEY HUGHES.



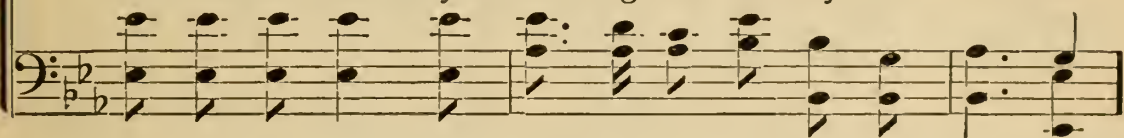
1. Has Je - sus, the Sa - vior, redeemed thee from sin? His love is it
2. Does God's ho - ly Spir - it bear wit - ness with thee, As - sur - ing thy
3. Though humblest and weakest of God's chosen few, Yet ask him thy



ev - er a - bid - ing with-in? And hast thou a bur - den some
soul that from sin 'tis made free? This grace art thou long - ing that
courage and strength to renew; Then strive some good service for



oth - er to win? Then tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.
oth - ers may see? Then tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.
oth - ers to do By tell - ing the sto - ry of Je - sus.

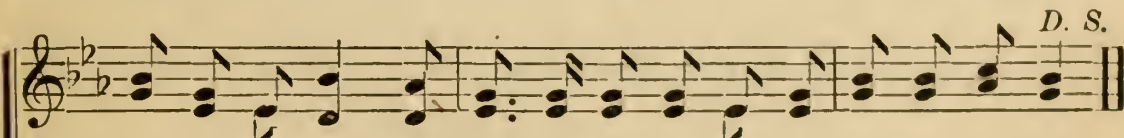


D. S.—Go tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.

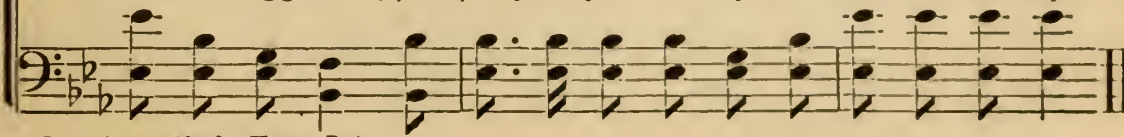
CHORUS.



Go tell the sweet story of Je - sus to - day; Some soul you may res - cue

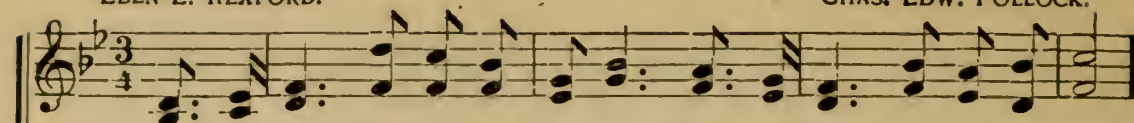


from sin's rugged way; Oh, why do you tar - ry? No time for de - lay!

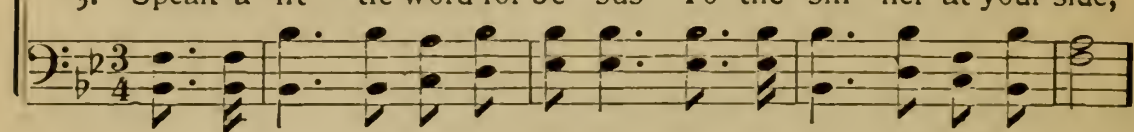
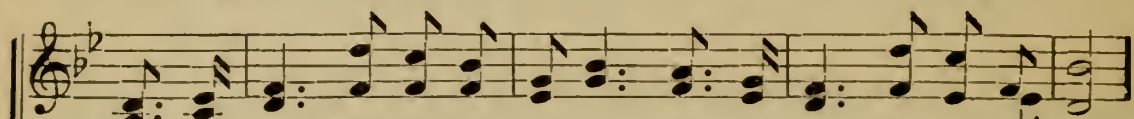


EBEN E. REXFORD.

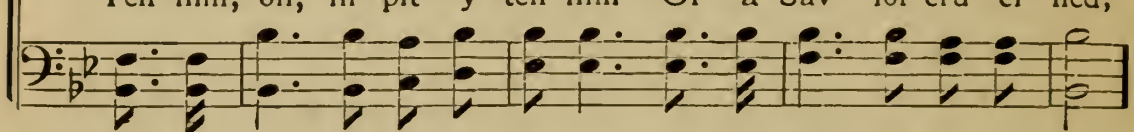
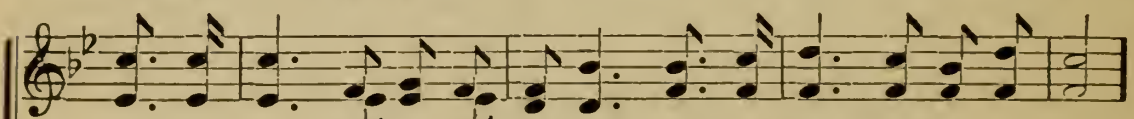
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



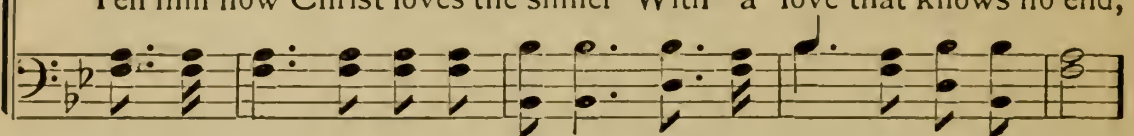
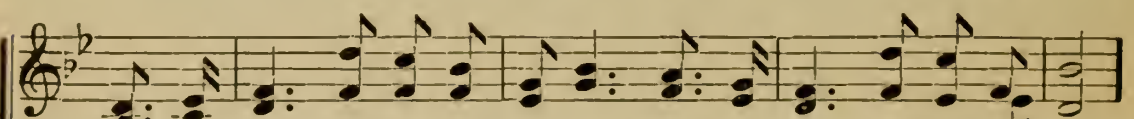
1. Speak a lit - tle word for Je - sus An - y-time and an - y-where;
 2. Speak a lit - tle word for Je - sus To the way-worn and the sad,
 3. Speak a lit - tle word for Je - sus To the sin - ner at your side,

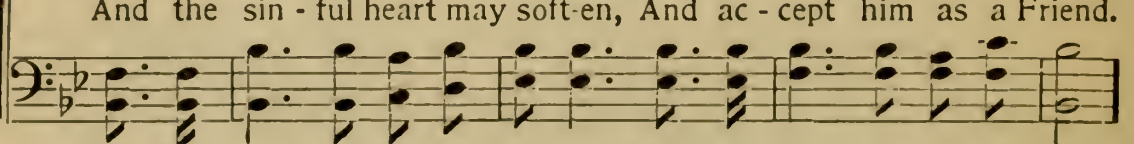
Just a lit - tle word will oft-en Have the mis - sion of a pray'r;
 Tell them of the help and comfort That can make them strong and glad;
 Tell him, oh, in pit - y tell him Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied;


It will tell to those a-round you Of the peace and joy you find,
 Tell them how his love has strengthen'd Your weak hand and heart, and say:
 Tell him how Christ loves the sinner With a love that knows no end,

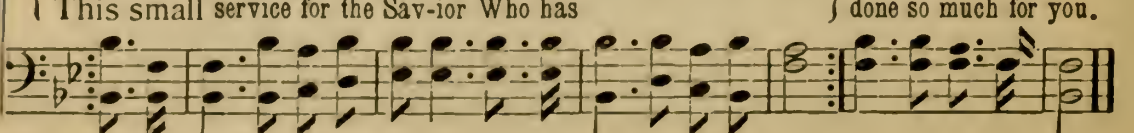
In the serv - ice of a Mas - ter - Who is ev - er true and kind.
 "Why not take him for your Je - sus, To go with you all the way?"
 And the sin - ful heart may soft-en, And ac - cept him as a Friend.



CHORUS.



{ Always speak a word for Jesus; You will find it joy to do }
 { This small service for the Sav - ior Who has } done so much for you.



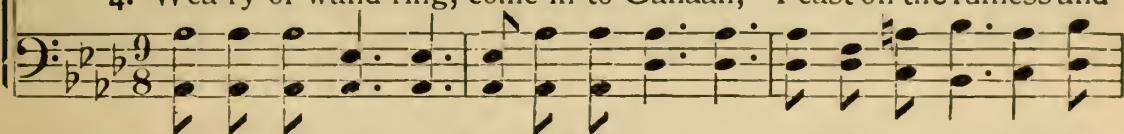
193 Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M.

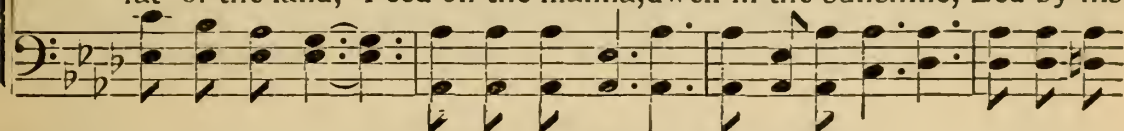
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



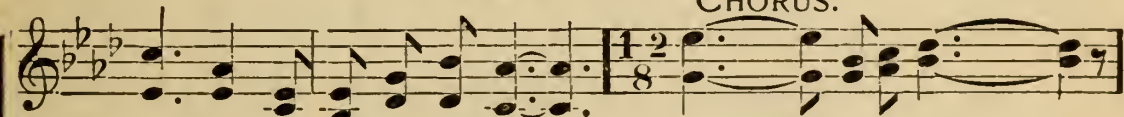
1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je-sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho-ly
2. He who has pardoned surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer-cy, ful-ness of blessing, Ev-er the Spir-it's in-
4. Wea-ry of wand'ring, come in-to Canaan, Feast on the fulness and



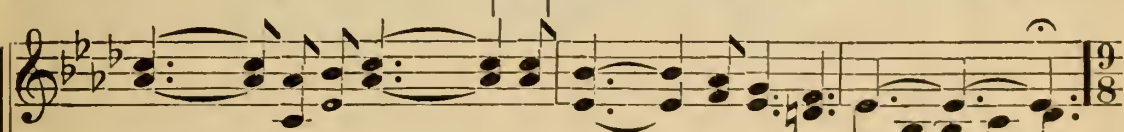
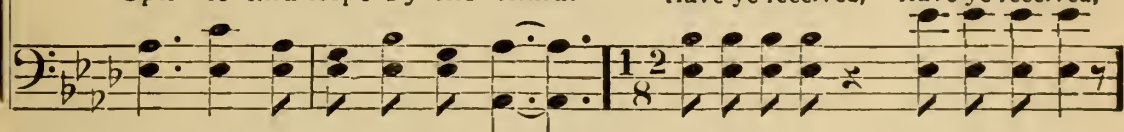
Spir-it di-vine; Have ye received him, bidden him en-ter, Make his a-
nature re-fine; Cleansed from all sin, his Spirit will enter, Fill you and
dwelling at-tend; 'Tis this enduement, power of service, Fruits for your
fat of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his



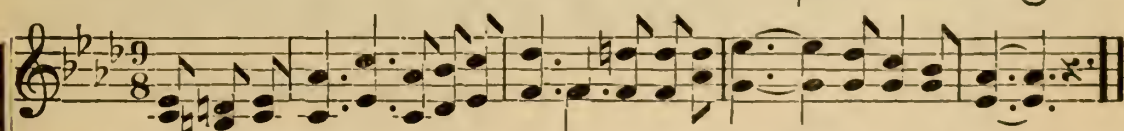
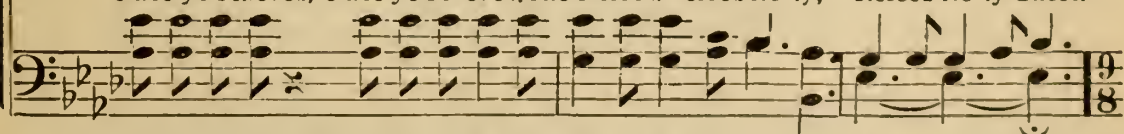
CHORUS.



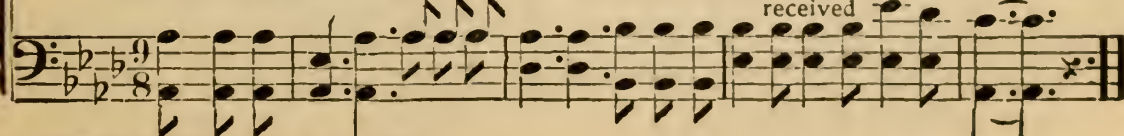
bode in that poor heart of thine? Have..... ye received.....
thrill you with power di-vine.
la-bor he surely will send.
Spir-it and kept by his hand. Have ye received, Have ye received,



since ye be-lieved, The bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost?.....
since ye believed, since ye believed, The blessed, blessed Ho-ly, blessed Ho-ly Ghost?



He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?



MRS. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are
 2. I came to my Sav - ior, his word be - lieved, When he the
 3. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the crim - son tide Is free and


par-doned thro' Christ the Son. Of love so pre - cious I
 sin - ner at once re - ceived, And now his prais - es I
 o - pen, is deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth - er, and

nev - er had dreamed, Oh, sweet is the peace of the soul re - deemed.
 joy - ful - ly sing, And dwell in the love of my Lord and King.
 bathe in the stream, And you shall be filled with a joy su - preme.

CHORUS.
 Oh, glo - - ry to Je - - sus, re - deemed! . . . re -
 Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, my soul is re - deemed! my soul is re - deemed, my

deemed! . . . Of love so pre - cious I never had dreamed, Oh,
 soul is re - deemed! Oh,

Redeemed.



rapt - ur - ous sto - ry, re - deemed! re - deemed! Oh,
 rapt - ur - ous sto - ry, my soul is re - deemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Oh,

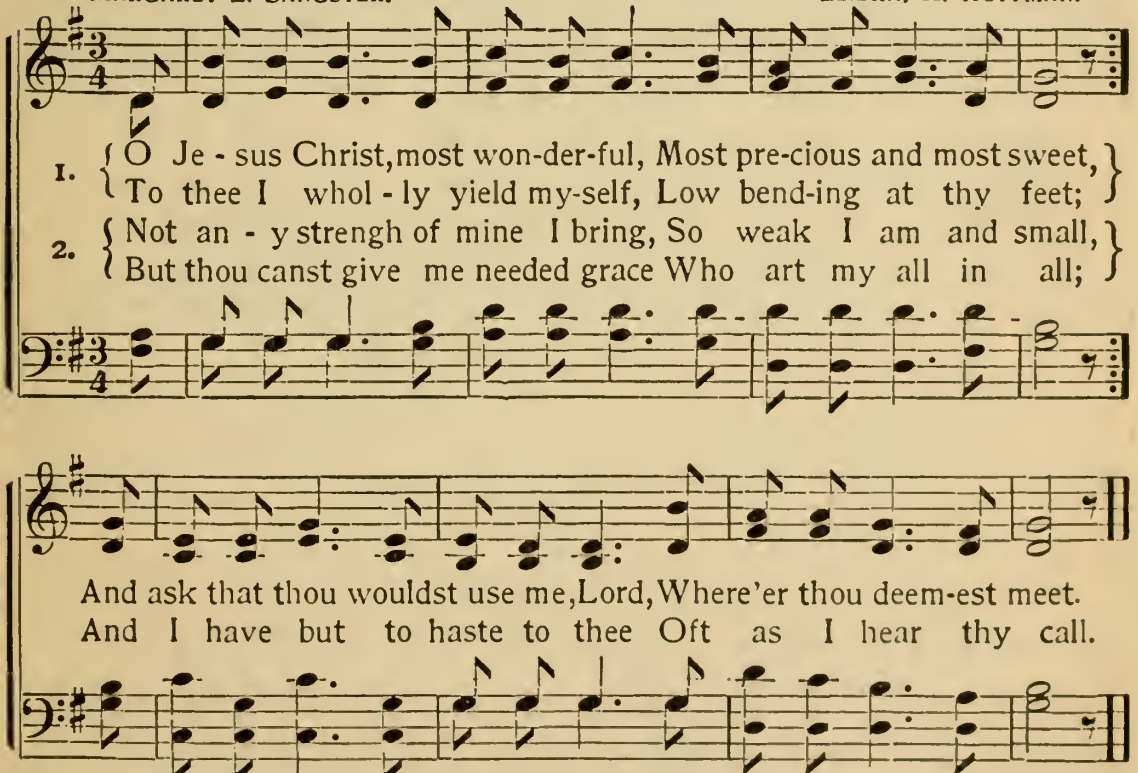
glo - - ry! oh, glo - - ry! re - deemed! re - deemed!
 glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed.

195

I Wholly Yield Myself.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

ELISHA, A. HOFFMAN.



1. { O Je - sus Christ, most won - der - ful, Most pre - cious and most sweet, }
 { To thee I whol - ly yield my - self, Low bend - ing at thy feet; }
 2. { Not an - y strength of mine I bring, So weak I am and small, }
 { But thou canst give me needed grace Who art my all in all; }

And ask that thou wouldst use me, Lord, Where'er thou deem - est meet.
 And I have but to haste to thee Oft as I hear thy call.

Copyright, 1902, by Henry Date.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 As to and fro on errands sent
 About my work I go,
 O blessed Jesus! fill my heart
 Until it overflow
 With love to those who know thee not,
 Whom thou art fain to know.</p> | <p>4 I would not choose, my gracious Christ,
 But ever seek thy will;
 Divinely good thy purpose is;
 I would thy aims fulfil;
 So bid me go, or bid me stay,
 Abiding with me still.</p> |
|--|---|

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I know 'tis the voice of my Sav - ior that whis-pers, Be not a-
 2. I know 'tis the voice of my Sav - ior that whis-pers, Peace, be
 4. I know 'tis the voice of my Sav - ior that whis-pers Soft - ly to
 3. I know 'tis the voice of my Sav - ior that whis-pers, Home draweth

fraid, be not afraid; I know on the arm of his
 still, peace, be still; And thus I have learned to be
 me, soft-ly to me, The way may be dark, but my
 nigh, home draweth nigh; I know I shall find in his
 1. Be not a-fraid, be not a-fraid;

in - fi - nite mer - cy My hope is stayed, my hope is stayed.
 calm and sub-mis - sive, Lost in his will, lost in his will.
 grace is suf - fi - cient Ev - er for thee, ev - er for thee.
 king-dom of glo - ry Rest by and by, rest by and by.
 my hope is stayed,

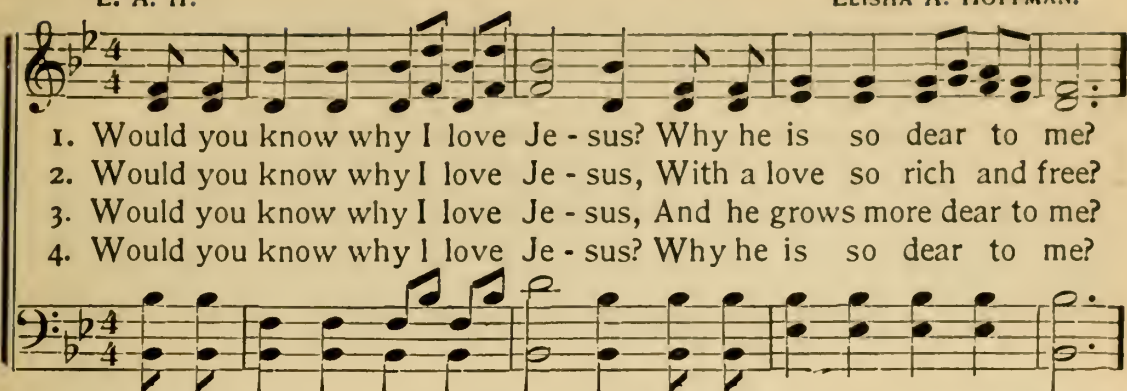
CHORUS.

I know he is a - ble to keep What-e'er I commit to his
 I know he is a - ble, is a - ble to keep What-e'er

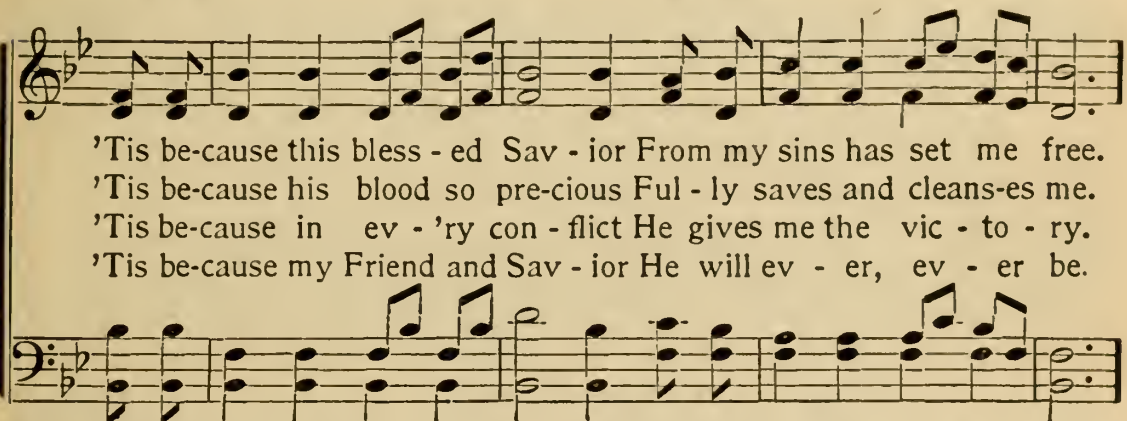
care; I know that when trials are many and deep He answers my pray'r.
 I know

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

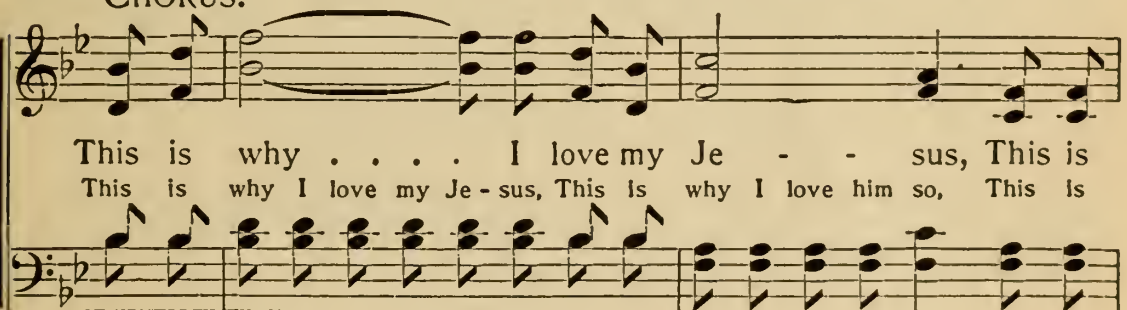


1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me?
 2. Would you know why I love Je - sus, With a love so rich and free?
 3. Would you know why I love Je - sus, And he grows more dear to me?
 4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me?

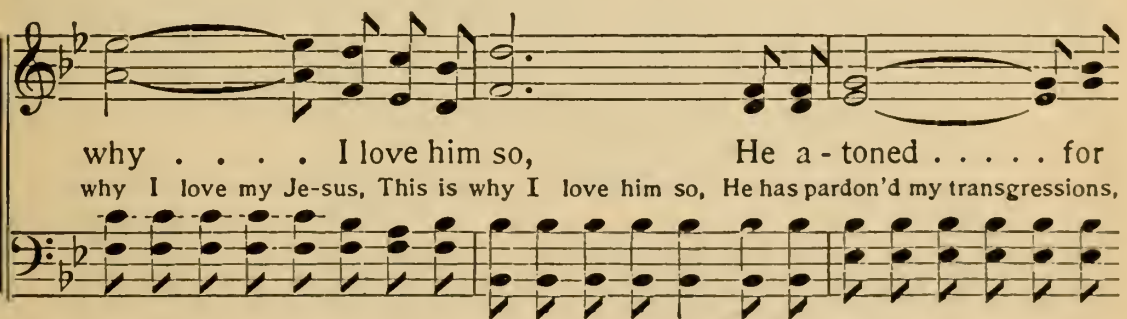


'Tis be-cause this bless - ed Sav - ior From my sins has set me free.
 'Tis be-cause his blood so pre-cious Ful - ly saves and cleans-es me.
 'Tis be-cause in ev - 'ry con - flict He gives me the vic - to - ry.
 'Tis be-cause my Friend and Sav - ior He will ev - er, ev - er be.

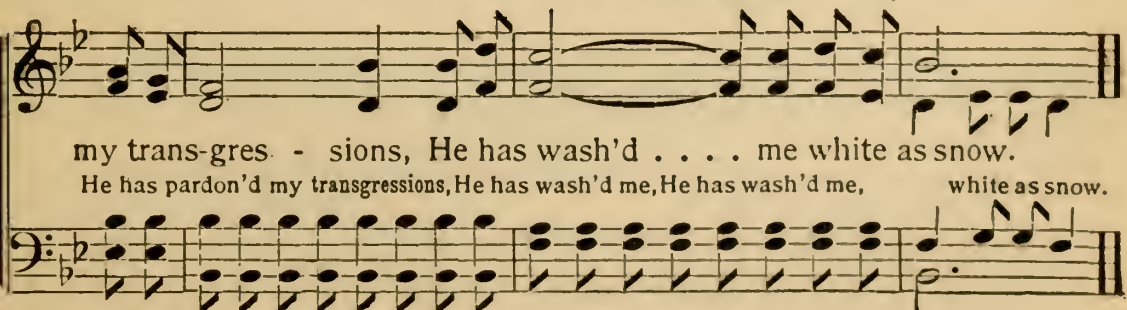
CHORUS.



This is why I love my Je - - - sus, This is
 This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love him so, This is




why I love him so, He a - toned for
 why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love him so, He has pardon'd my transgressions,




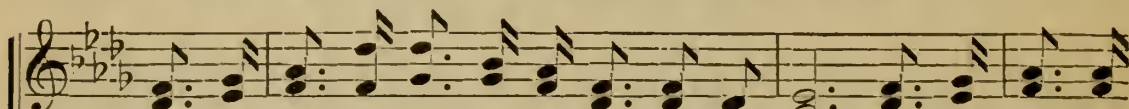
my trans-gres - sions, He has wash'd me white as snow.
 He has pardon'd my transgressions, He has wash'd me, He has wash'd me, white as snow.

J. B. M.

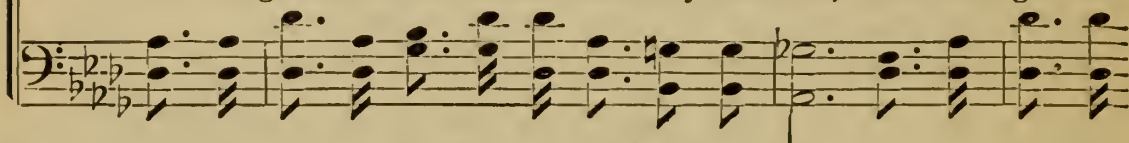
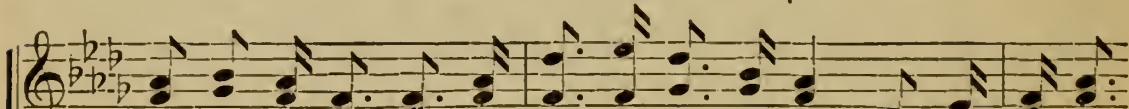
J. B. MACKAY.



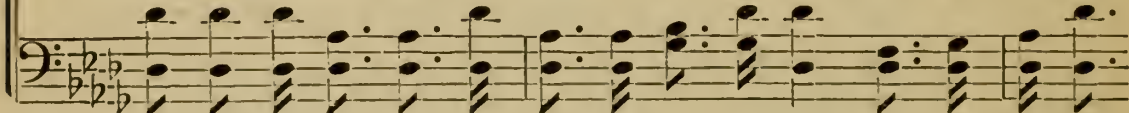
1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un-der-stands our hearts,
 2. Is there an - y - one can help us who can give a sin-ner peace,
 3. Is there an - y - one can help us when the end is draw-ing near,

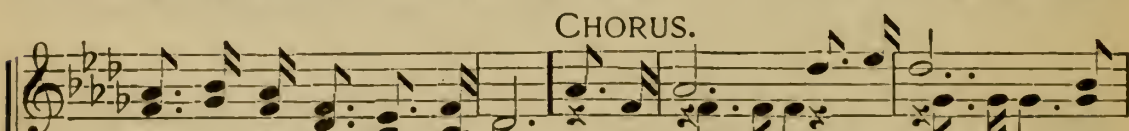
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-
 When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the
 Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the

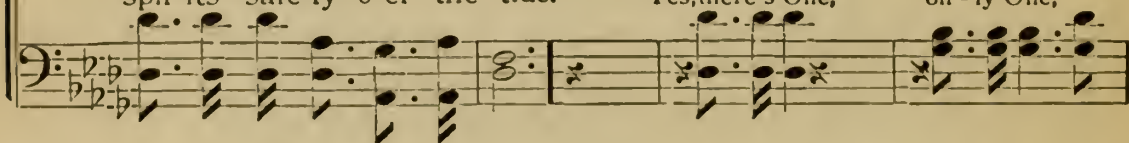

this - es with us, who in won-drous love im-parts Just the ver - y,
 word of par-don that af-fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can
 way be - fore us, and dis - pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our



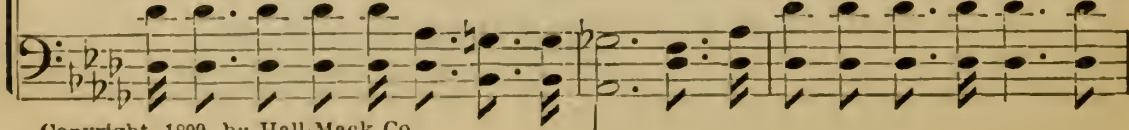
CHORUS.



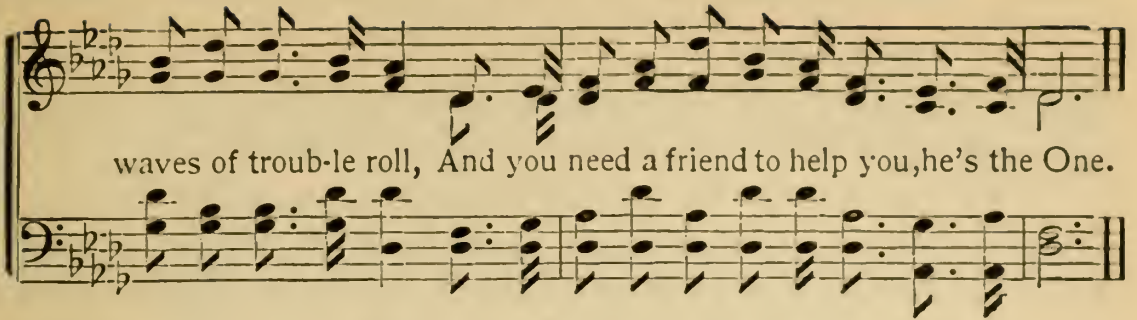
ver - y blessing that we need? Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The
 wash and make us white as snow?
 spir-its safe-ly o'er the tide? Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

bless-ed, bless-ed Jesus, he's the One; When afflic-tions press the soul, when



He's the One.



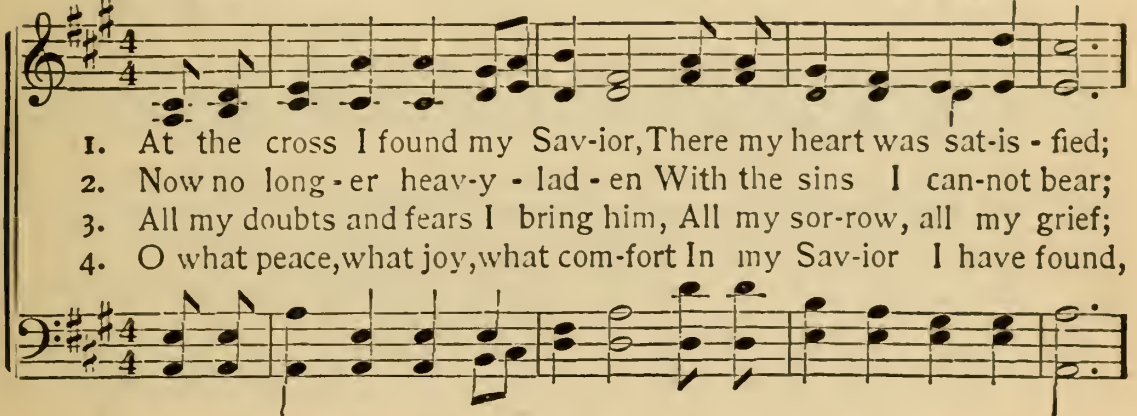
waves of trou-ble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

199

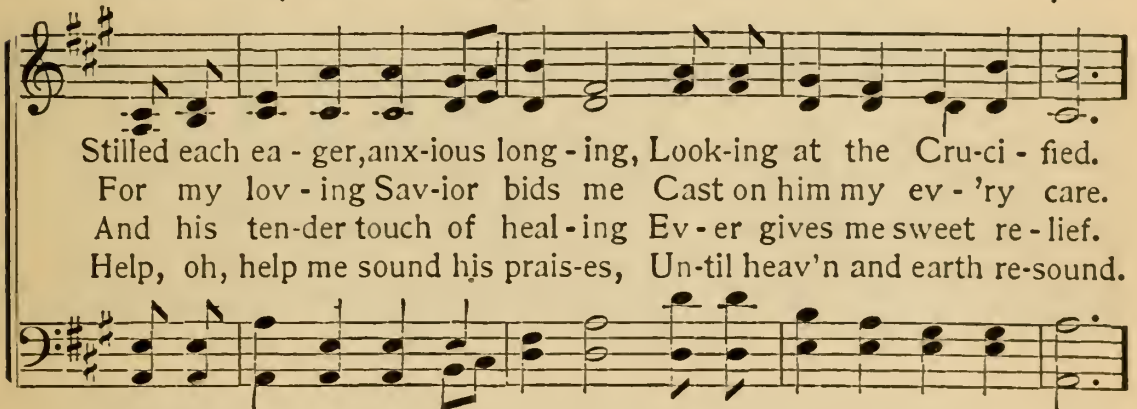
Blessed Sunshine.

KATE ULMER.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

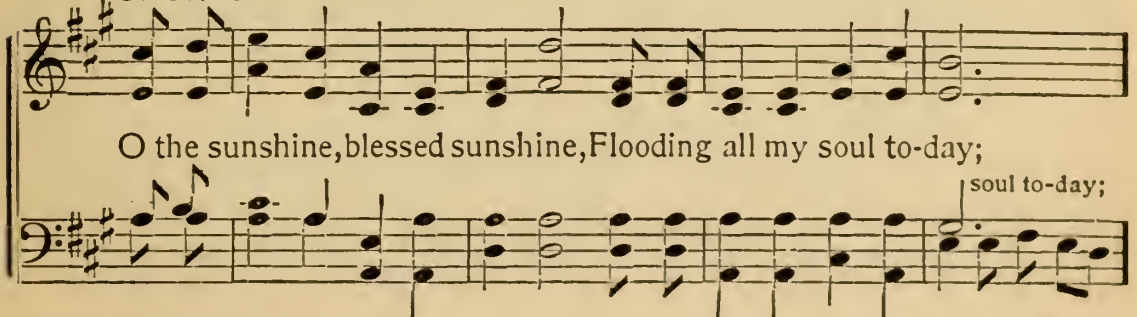


1. At the cross I found my Sav-ior, There my heart was sat-is - fied;
2. Now no long - er heav-y - lad - en With the sins I can-not bear;
3. All my doubts and fears I bring him, All my sor-row, all my grief;
4. O what peace, what joy, what com-fort In my Sav-ior I have found,

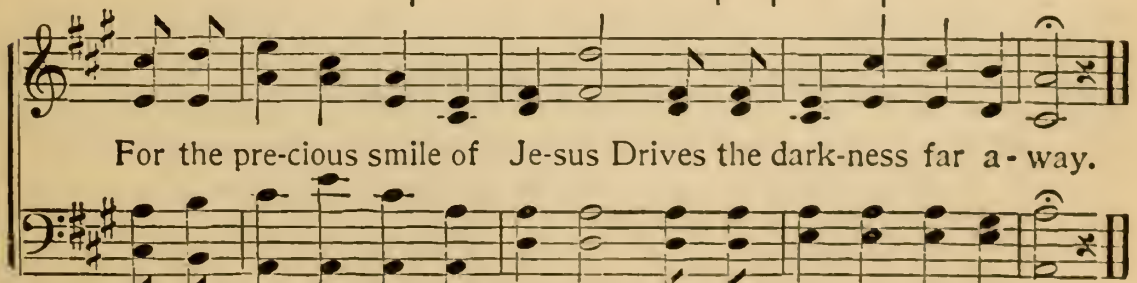


Stilled each ea - ger, anx-i-ous long - ing, Look-ing at the Cru-ci - fied.
 For my lov - ing Sav-ior bids me Cast on him my ev - 'ry care.
 And his ten-der touch of heal-ing Ev - er gives me sweet re - lief.
 Help, oh, help me sound his prais-es, Un-til heav'n and earth re-sound.

CHORUS.



O the sunshine, blessed sunshine, Flooding all my soul to-day;
 soul to-day;



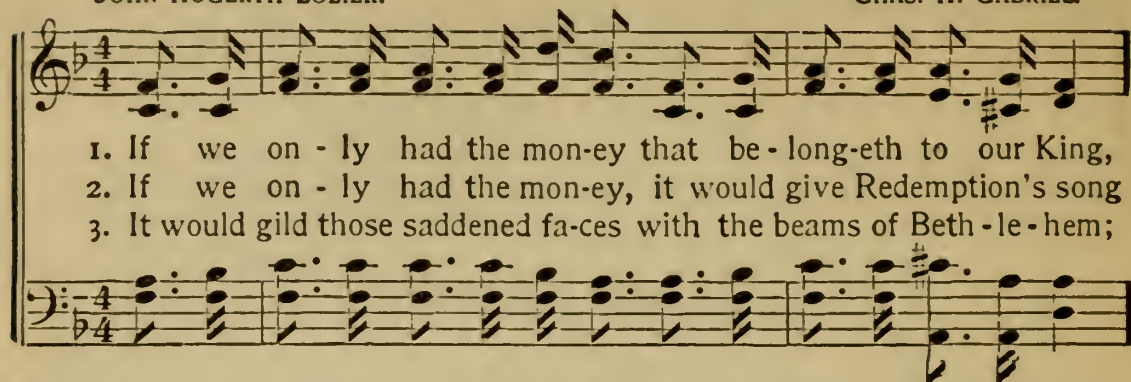
For the pre-cious smile of Je-sus Drives the dark-ness far a - way.

200 The Money that Belongeth to Our King.

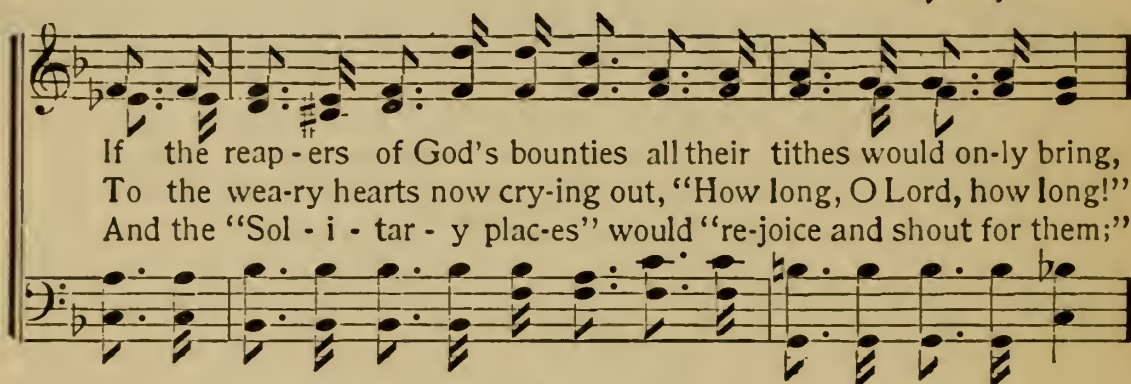
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

JOHN HOGERTH LOZIER.

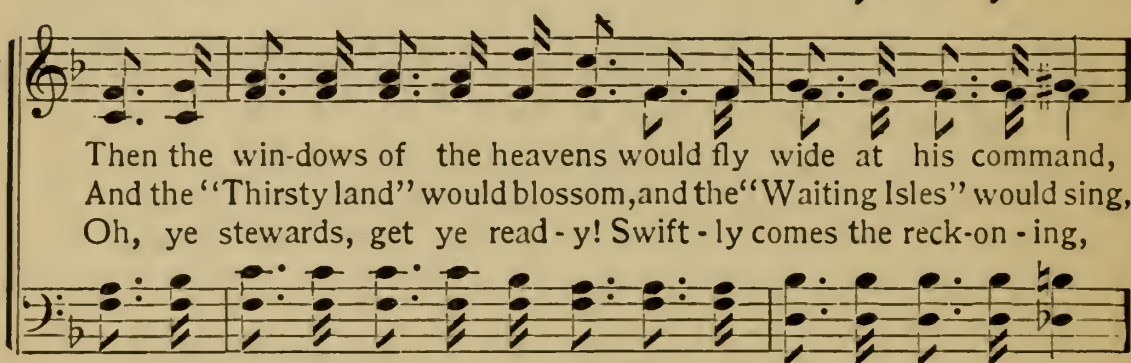
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



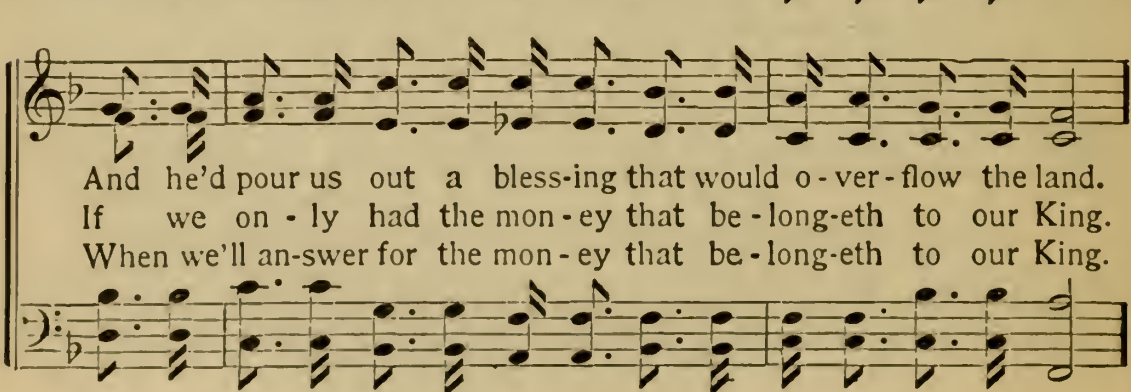
1. If we on - ly had the mon - ey that be - long - eth to our King,
 2. If we on - ly had the mon - ey, it would give Redemption's song
 3. It would gild those saddened fa - ces with the beams of Beth - le - hem;



If the reap - ers of God's bounties all their tithes would on - ly bring,
 To the wea - ry hearts now cry - ing out, "How long, O Lord, how long!"
 And the "Sol - i - tar - y plac - es" would "re - joice and shout for them;"

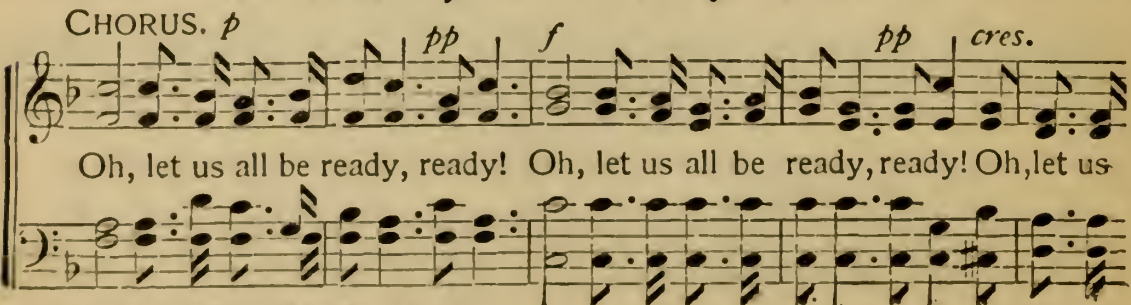


Then the win - dows of the heavens would fly wide at his command,
 And the "Thirsty land" would blossom, and the "Waiting Isles" would sing,
 Oh, ye stewards, get ye read - y! Swift - ly comes the reck - on - ing,



And he'd pour us out a bless - ing that would o - ver - flow the land.
 If we on - ly had the mon - ey that be - long - eth to our King.
 When we'll an - swer for the mon - ey that be - long - eth to our King.

CHORUS. *p* *pp* *f* *pp* *cres.*



Oh, let us all be ready, ready! Oh, let us all be ready, ready! Oh, let us

The Money that Belongeth to Our King.

all be read-y To an-swer for the mon-ey that be-long-eth to the King.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

201

Take Time.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Take time for the tender word, Take time, lest a heart should break, Take
2. Take time for the upward look, Take time for the whispered pray'r; Take
3. Take time for the land be - yond, Take time for its hills are nigh; Take

Musical notation for the first system of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

time to say that your own is stirred, Take time for the Master's sake.
time to seek in the old, old book, The comfort which lightens care.
time to view it with long-ing fond, For all must take time to die.

Musical notation for the second system of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

CHORUS.

Take time, take time, Take time lest your haste ye rue;
Take time for the Mas-ter's sake, take time,

Musical notation for the third system of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

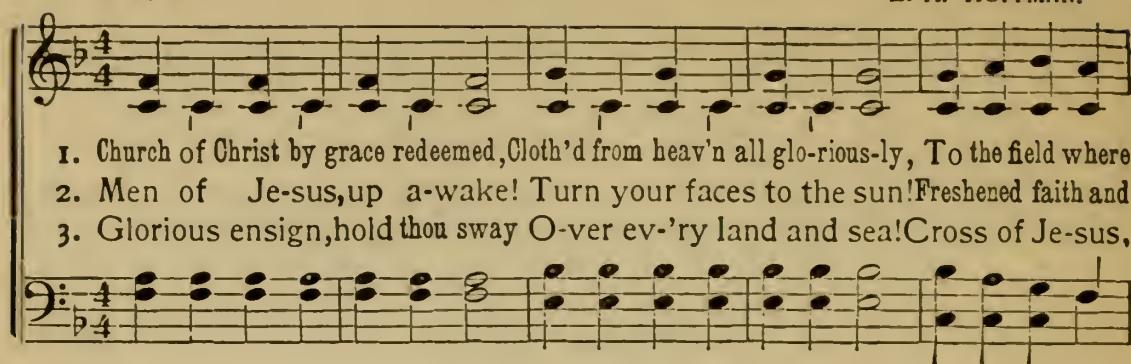
Take time for living while yet in life, Take time for the pure and true.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

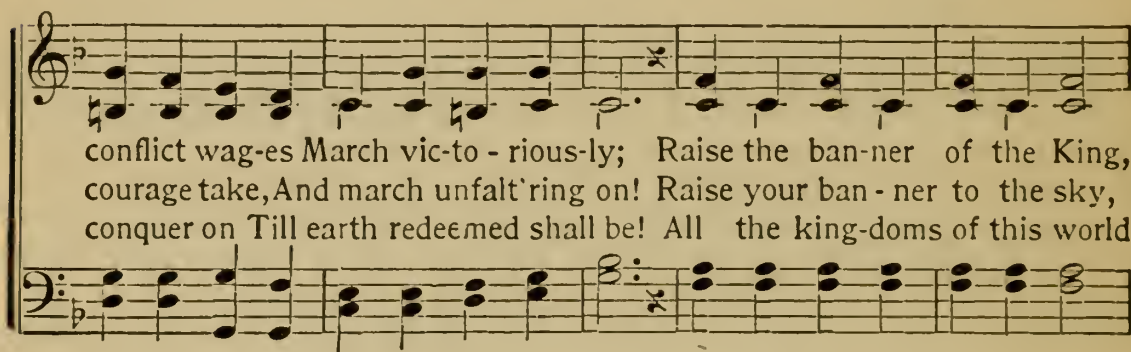
202 The Cross the Pledge of Victory.

E. A. H.

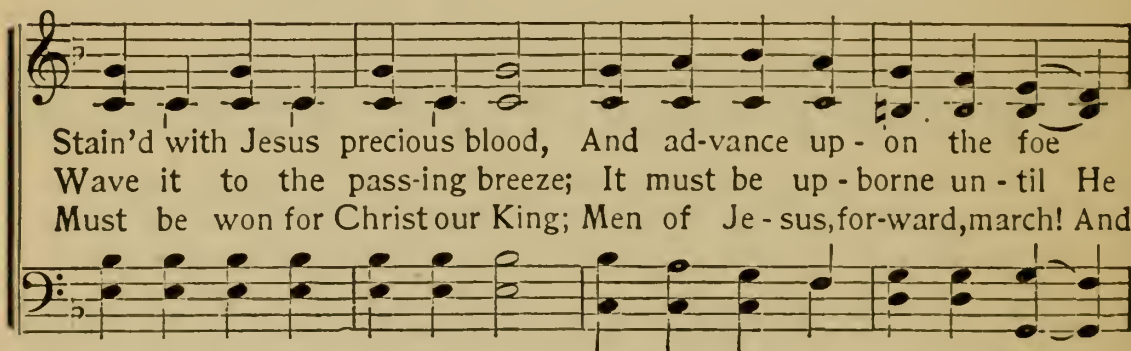
E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Church of Christ by grace redeemed, Cloth'd from heav'n all glo-rious-ly, To the field where
 2. Men of Je-sus, up a-wake! Turn your faces to the sun! Freshened faith and
 3. Glorious ensign, hold thou sway O-ver ev-'ry land and sea! Cross of Je-sus,

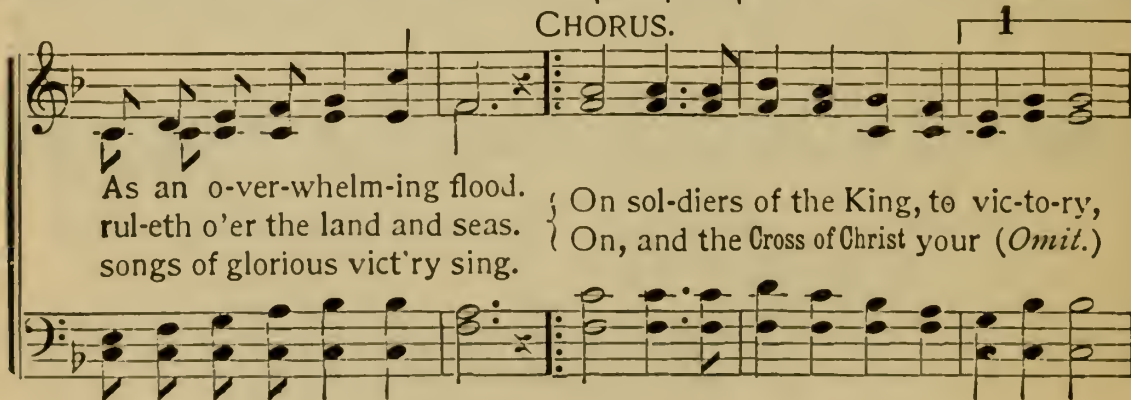


conflict wag-es March vic-to-riously; Raise the ban-ner of the King,
 courage take, And march unfalt'ring on! Raise your ban-ner to the sky,
 conquer on Till earth redeemed shall be! All the king-doms of this world

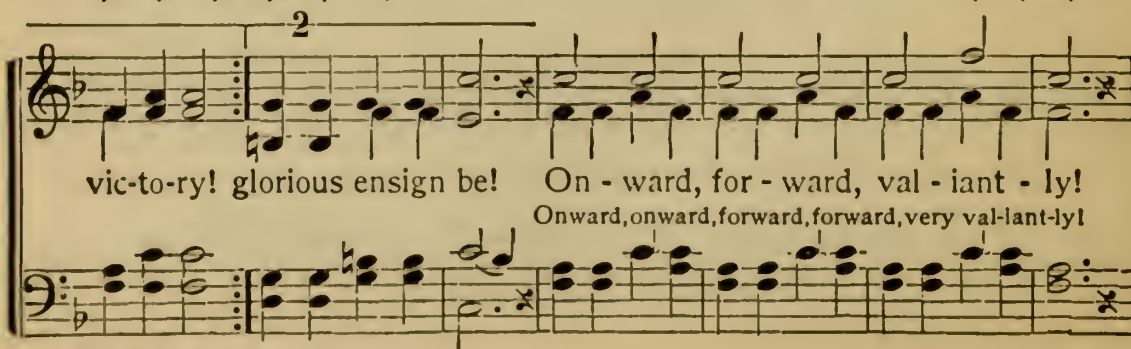


Stain'd with Jesus precious blood, And ad-vance up-on the foe
 Wave it to the pass-ing breeze; It must be up-borne un-til He
 Must be won for Christ our King; Men of Je-sus, for-ward, march! And

CHORUS.

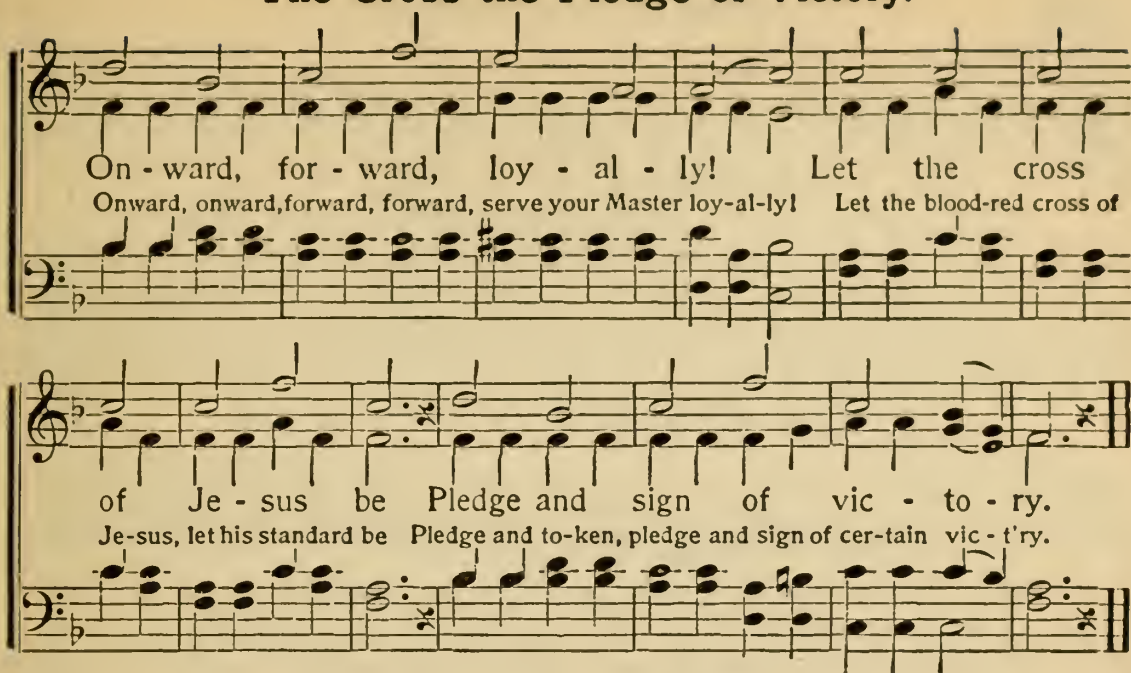


As an o-ver-whelm-ing flood. } On sol-diers of the King, to vic-to-ry,
 rul-eth o'er the land and seas. } On, and the Cross of Christ your (*Omit.*)
 songs of glorious vict'ry sing.



vic-to-ry! glorious ensign be! On-ward, for-ward, val-iant-ly!
 Onward, onward, forward, forward, very val-lant-ly!

The Cross the Pledge of Victory.



On - ward, for - ward, loy - al - ly! Let the cross
 Onward, onward, forward, forward, serve your Master loy-al-ly! Let the blood-red cross of
 of Je - sus be Pledge and sign of vic - to - ry.
 Je-sus, let his standard be Pledge and to-ken, pledge and sign of cer-tain vic - t'ry.

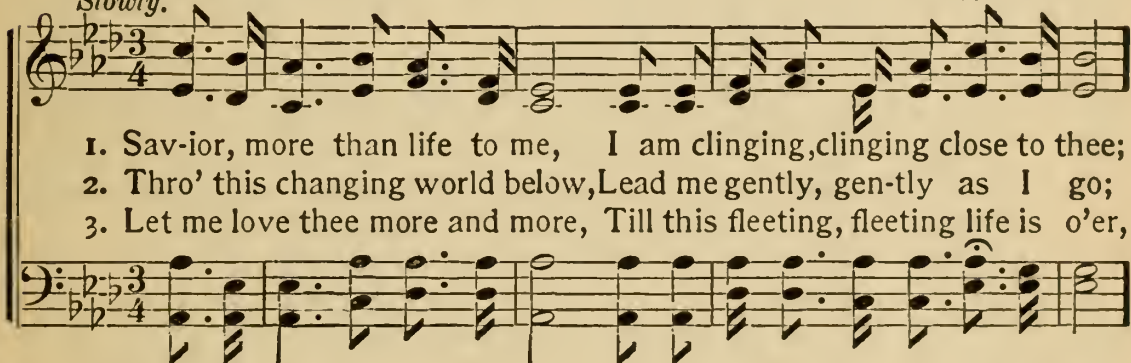
203

Every Day and Hour

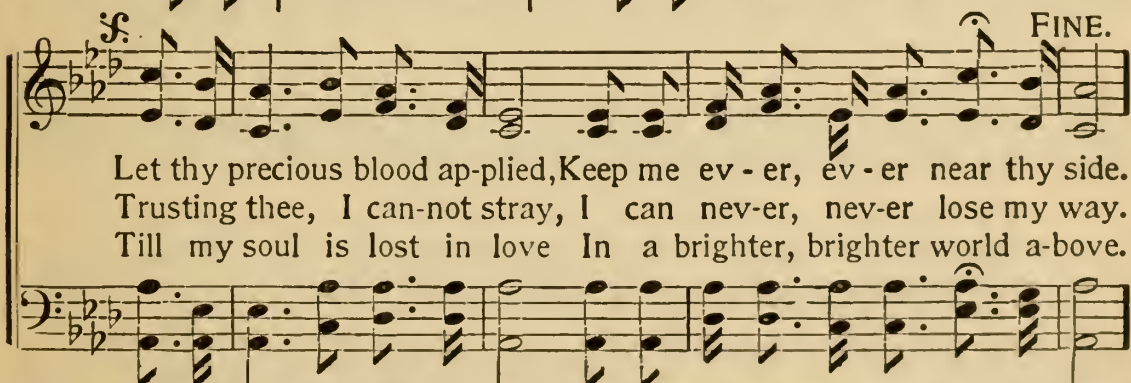
FANNIE J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.



1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
 2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gen-tly as I go;
 3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,

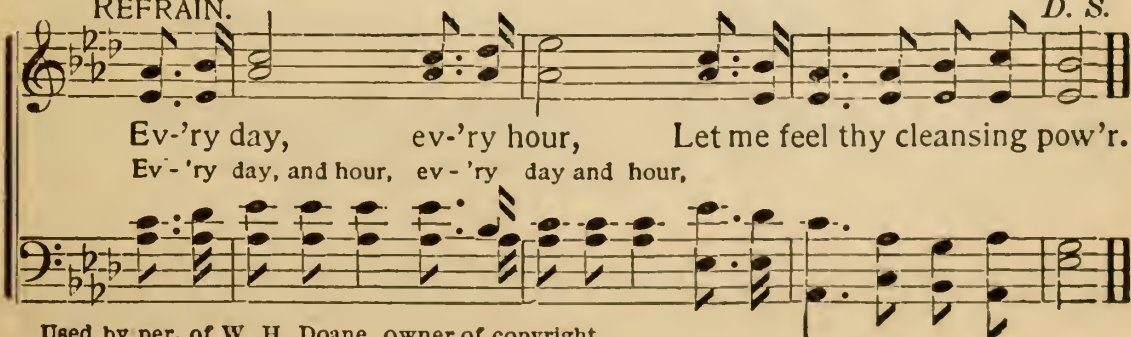


Let thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near thy side.
 Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
 Till my soul is lost in love In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

D. S.—May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.

REFRAIN.

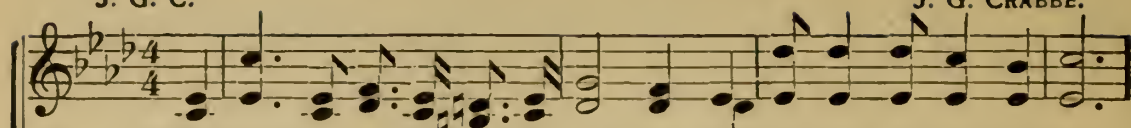
D. S.



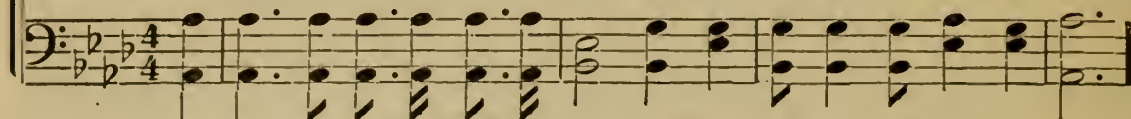
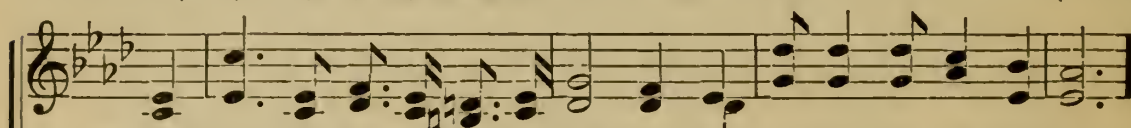
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r.
 Ev-'ry day, and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

J. G. C.

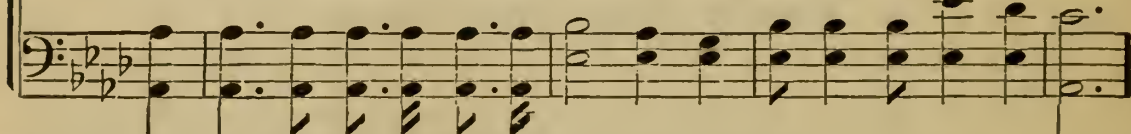
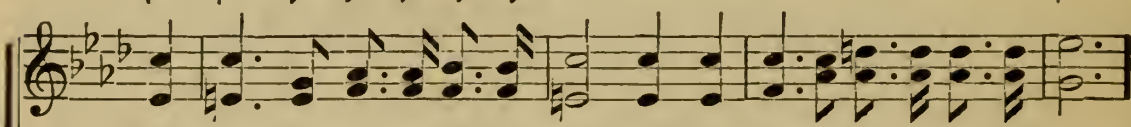
J. G. CRABBE.



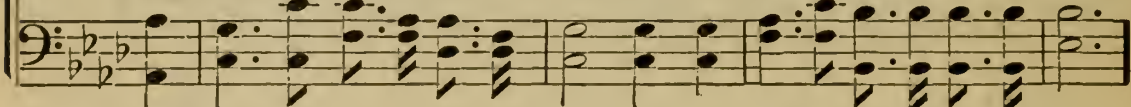
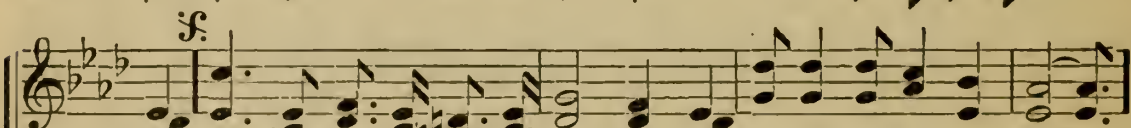
1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spirit a-bides with-in,
 2. I sing the love of God, my Sav-ior, Who suffered up-on the tree,
 3. I sing the beau-ty of the Gospel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs,

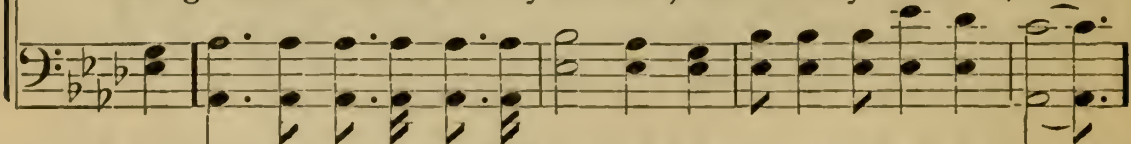
Who changes all my grief to glad-ness, And pardons me all my sin.
 That, in the se-cret of his presence, My bondage might freedom be.
 That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams Wher-ev-er are lone-ly hours.

Tho' clouds may lower, dark and dreary, Yet he has promised to be near;
 He comes "to bind the broken-hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
 The "garment of his praise" it of-fers For "heav-i-ness of spirit" drear;

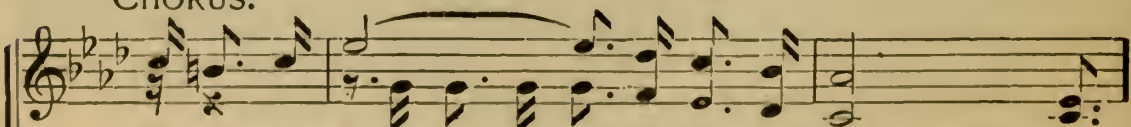



He gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ashes," here.
 He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beauty for ashes," here.
 It gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ashes," here.

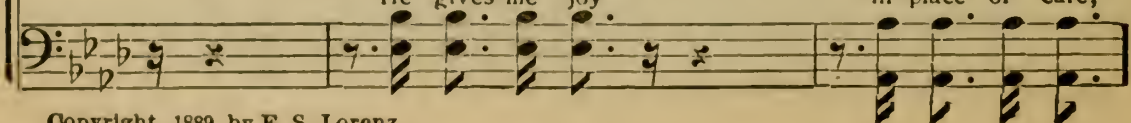


D. S. gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ashes," here.

CHORUS.



He gives me joy in place of sor - row;
 He gives me joy in place of care;



Beauty for Ashes. Concluded.

D. S.

He gives me love . . . that casts out fear; He
He gives me love that casts out fear;

205 Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. H. C. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray,
4. Some saints of thine are in dis - tress, And for de - liv - rance pray;
5. What - ev - er er - rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

In - spire each tho't and prompt each word And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me to win them from their sins And make me a blessing to-day.
Help me to win them back to thee, And make me a blessing to-day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to-day.

CHORUS.

Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message con-vey;

Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day.

W. J. KENNEDY.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. On the mount-ains of sin once I wan-der'd, I was
 2. But a voice in my heart kept en - treat - ing, Come, "poor
 3. Sweet and low were the tones of his plead - ing, "Soul, will

far a - way from my God; Then my time and my tal-ents I
 soul, O come to thy God!" That sweet voice was for-ev - er re-
 you not come un - to me? All the bless-ings thy sad life is

CHORUS.

squander'd, And in sin's broad pathway I trod.
 peat - ing, "O will you not trust in my blood?" O such won - der-ful
 need - ing I free - ly will give un - to thee."

love, when he came from a - bove And stood in the poor sin-ner's
 And stood in the

place! From the mount - ains of sin he
 poor sin-ner's place! From the mount-ains of sin, he gath-ered me in, he

Wonderful Grace.

gath - ered me in, O won-der-ful, won-der-ful grace!
 gath-ered me in, he gath-ered me in,

207

Weighed and Wanting.

F. E. B.
Slow.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. When the Judge shall weigh our motives For e - ter - nal gain or loss,
 2. Shall we hear the glad words spoken, "Faithful servant," and "Well done,"
 3. Shall we heed the Spir-it's plead-ing, While for mer-cy we may call,

Shall we stand as gold be - fore him, Or as vile and worthless dross?
 Or the dread and aw - ful sentence, "Thou art wanting," sinful one?
 Or de - lay till God's hand-writ-ing Seals the fi - nal doom of all?

REFRAIN.

Weigh'd in the bal-ance of the Lord, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting;

Weigh'd by the standard of his word, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting.

The Song of the Reapers.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

{ Hear the song the happy reapers sing As in the harvest field they
There their hands a-weary often grow Of toil-ing in the sun, of

each a sick-le wield; Late and ear - ly hear the echoes ring From
la - bor just be-gun, Tho' their steps unsteady be, and slow, Yet

broad and yellow fields of ripe and golden grain: }
still we hear the (*Omit.*) } echoes of their sweet refrain.

{ Fainting with the heat, Sorting the briers from the wheat, Casting out the tares and
You shall have reward! Rest in the promise of the Lord, Ev'ry sheaf a star to

thistles, one by one, Piling up the leaves, Binding the bright and golden sheaves,
glisten in your crown; Thrust the sickle in, Gather the sheaves from the fields of sin;

The Song of the Reapers.

cres.

Faithful reapers, you shall rejoice when day is done.
Be thou patient, the burden (*Omit*) } will be soon laid down.

{ Oh, ye idle ones, there is so much to do! Hark! the Master of the
Will you go all empty handed to the King, With but leaves and briers

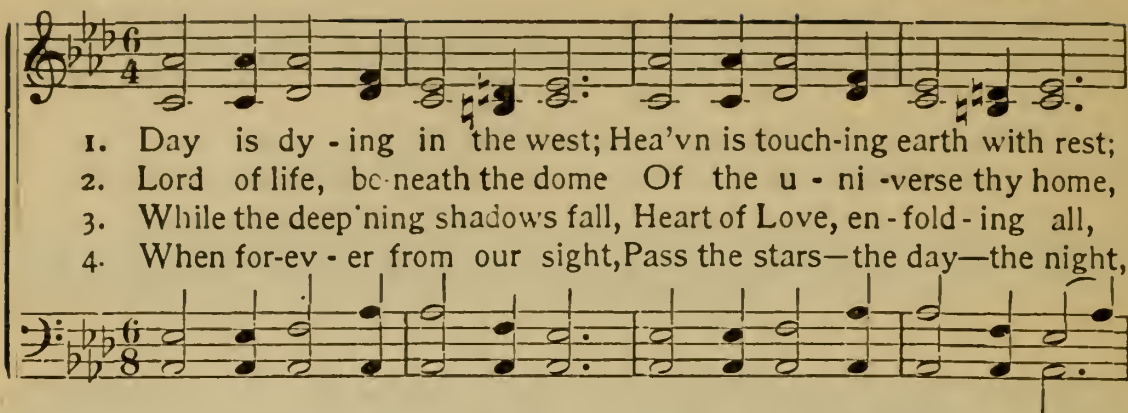
harvest calls for you; Take the rusty sickle down and hasten to the field, For
as your of-fer - ing? (*Omit.*)

there is need of reapers; Look, the fields are white; Why }
bend-ing fields are white; } Now the call o-

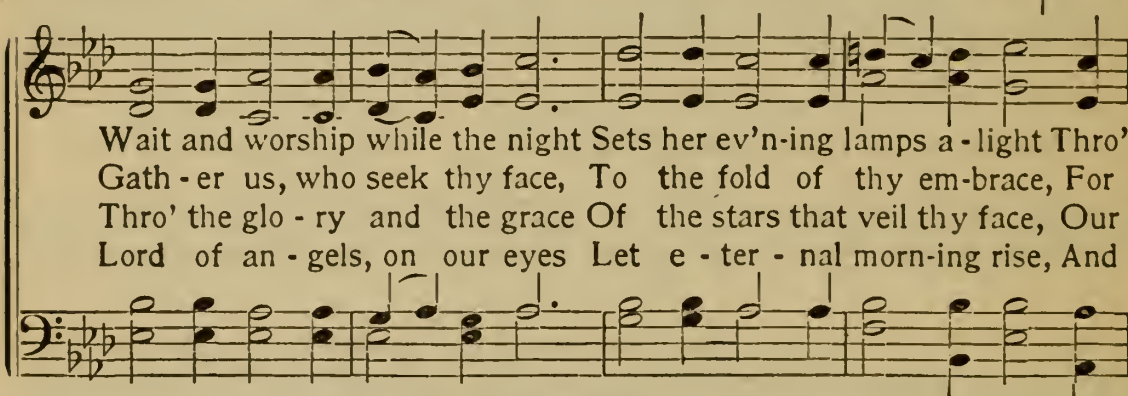
bey! go labor while you may, For, lo! the day is dying, and there cometh night.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

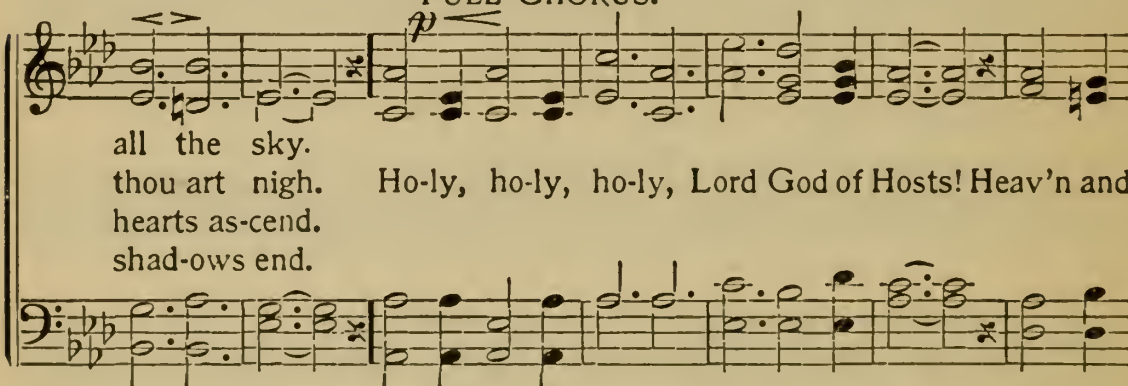


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Hea'vn is touch-ing earth with rest;
 2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse thy home,
 3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
 4. When for-ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,

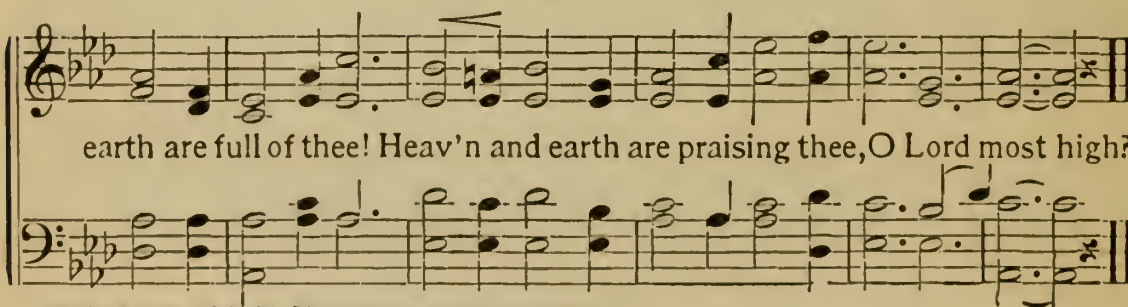


Wait and worship while the night Sets her ev'n-ing lamps a - light Thro'
 Gath - er us, who seek thy face, To the fold of thy em-brace, For
 Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face, Our
 Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And

FULL CHORUS.



all the sky.
 thou art nigh. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
 hearts as-cend.
 shad-ows end.



earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high?

Used by per. of J. H. Vincent, owner of copyright,

Tune—Old Hundred. L. M.

To be sung before and after meals.

Blessings Invoked.

Be present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored;
 These mercies bless, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with thee.

Thanks Returned.

We thank thee Lord, for this, our food,
 For life and health, and every good;
 Let manna to our souls be given—
 The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. MACKAY.

Rest. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep;
 2. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet;
 3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;
 4. A-sleep in Je-sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
 With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That manifests the Sav-ior's pow'r.
 But thine is still a blessed sleep From which none ever wake to weep!

I'm A Pilgrim.

Anon.

P. M.

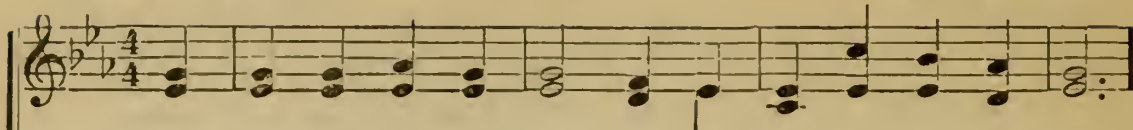
1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can
 D. C. I'm a pil-grim, &c.

tar-ry but a night! { Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing }
 { To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing: }

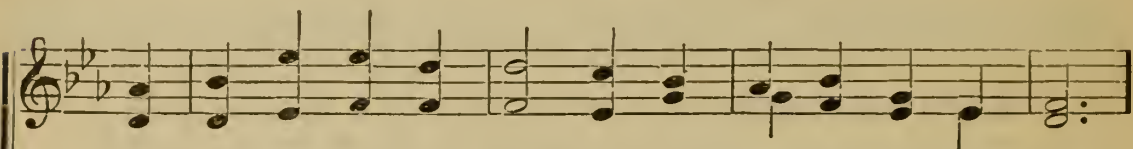
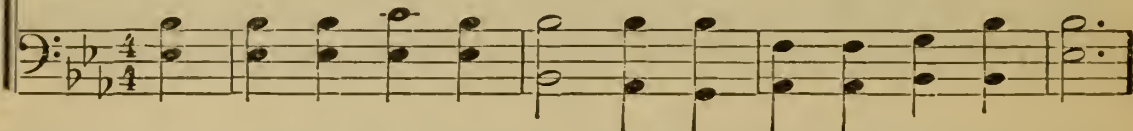
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 There the glory is ever shining!
 Oh, my longing heart, my longing
 heart is there!
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary;
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.</p> | <p>3 There's the city to which I journey;
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its
 light!
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

WM. C. DIX.

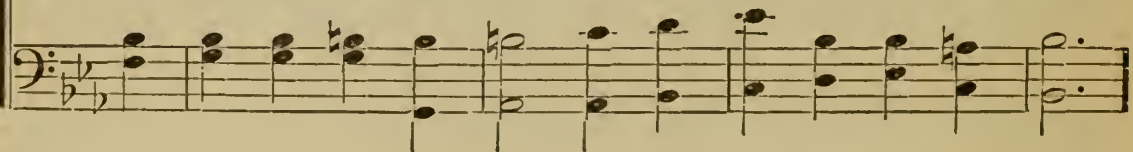
SAM'L S. WESLEY.



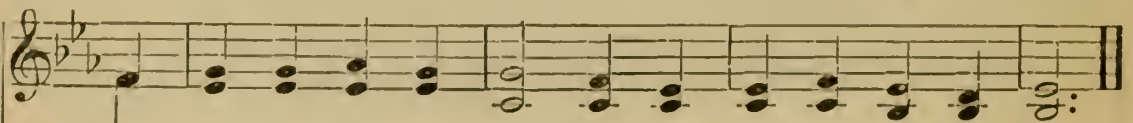
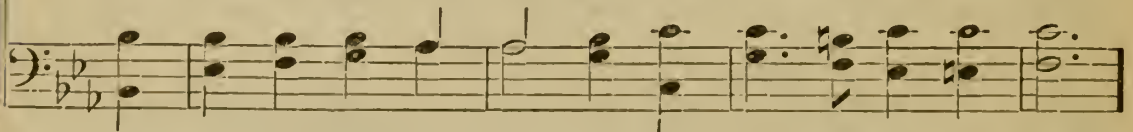
1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest,"
2. "Come un - to Me, ye wand'ers, And I will give you light,"
3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint-ing, And I will give you life."
4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth, I will not cast him out,"



O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
 O lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!
 O cheer - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to aid the strife!
 O wel - come voice of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt!



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don grace and peace;
 Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight will not be long,
 Which calls us ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy tho' we be



Of joy that has no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.
 But he has bro't us glad - ness, And songs at break of day.
 But thou hast made us might - y, And strong - er than the strong.
 Of love so free and bound - less, To come, O Lord, to thee.



ISAAC WATTS.

Tune—Burnham. S. M.

JOEL THORNE.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
 2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way,
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine,
 4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den thou didst bear,
 5. Be - liev - ing we re - joice To see the curse re - move;

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
 A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
 While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
 When hang - ing on the accurs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing his bleed - ing love.

H. W. BAKER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. The King of love my shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er;
 2. Where streams of living wa - ter flow My ransomed soul he lead - eth,
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I stray'd, But yet in love he sought me,
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, be - side me.
 5. And so thro' all the length of days Thy goodness fail - eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am his And he is mine for - ev - er.
 And where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 And on his shoulder gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise With - in thy house for - ev - er.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day: Earth's joys grow
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

deep-ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thy - self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,

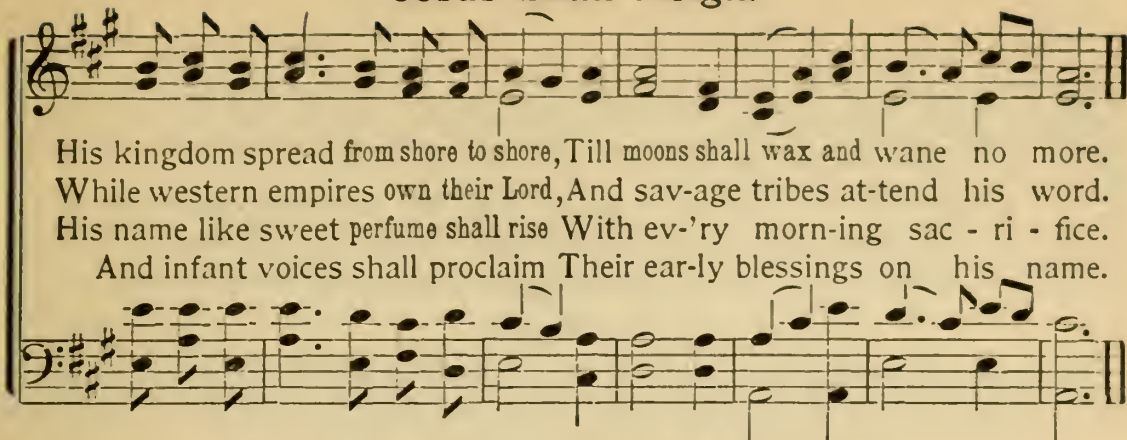
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 grave, thy vic - to - ry! I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune:—MIGDOL. L. M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run;
 2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;
 3. To him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown his head;
 4. People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song,

Jesus Shall Reign.

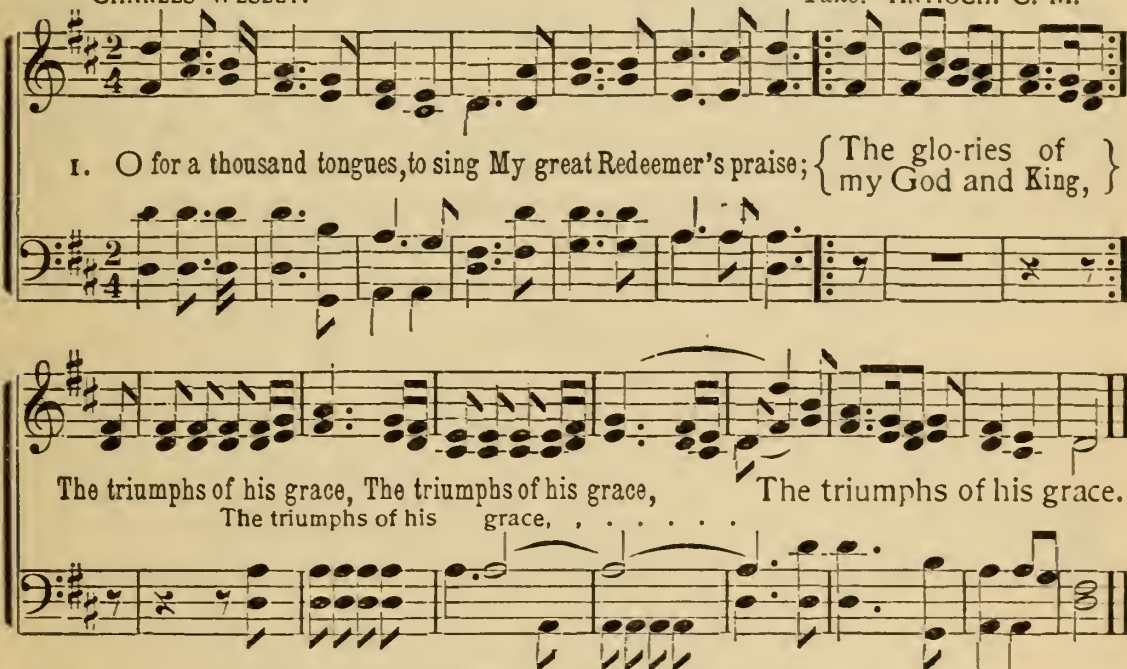


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend his word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And infant voices shall proclaim Their ear-ly blessings on his name.

218 O For a Thousand Tongues

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—ANTIOCH. C. M.



1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; { The glo-ries of
my God and King, }

The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.
The triumphs of his grace,

The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace,

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;

Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

219 Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

Jesus, I My Cross.

H. F. LYTE.

Tune:—ELLESDE 8, 7. D.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta-ken, All to leave and fol-low thee;
 2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Savior too;
 3. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;

FINE.
 Na-ked, poor, de-spised, for-sa-ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
 D. S. Yet, how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
 Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not like them un-true;
 D. S. Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
 Life with tri-als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest;
 D. S. Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.

D. S.
 Per - ish ev-'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 And while thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love and might,
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

221 Love for All! and Can It Be?

S. LONGFELLOW.

Tune:—HORTON. 7.

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me—
 2. I, the dis - o - be - dient child, Way-ward, pas-sion-ate and wild;
 3. I, who spurned his loving hold; I, who would not be controlled;
 4. To my Fa - ther can I go? At his feet my-self I'll throw;
 5. See! my Fa - ther wait-ing stands; See! he reach-es out his hands:

Love for All! and Can It Be?

I, who strayed so long a - go; Strayed so far, and fell so low?
 I, who left my Fa-ther's home, In for-bid-den ways to roam;
 I, who would not hear his call; I, the wil-ful prod-i-gal.
 In his house there yet may be Place—a servant's place—for me.
 God is love; I know, I see, Love for me—yes, e - ven me.

222

Workman of God!

F. W. FABER.

Tune:—ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. Workman of God! O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;
2. Thrice blest is he to whom is giv'n The in-stinct that can tell
2. Blest too is he who can di-vine Where real right doth lie,
4. Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;

And in the dark-est bat-tle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.
 That God is on the field, when he Is most in - vis - i - ble.
 And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blind-fold eye.
 For Jesus won the world thro' shame, And beck-ons thee his road.

223 Oh, for a Faith.

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;—

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;—

3 A faith, that keeps the narrow way
 Till lifes last hour has fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

W. H. Rathurst.

224 Come, Said Jesus.

Tune—HORTON, on opposite page.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my path your choice;
 I will guide you to your home;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn—

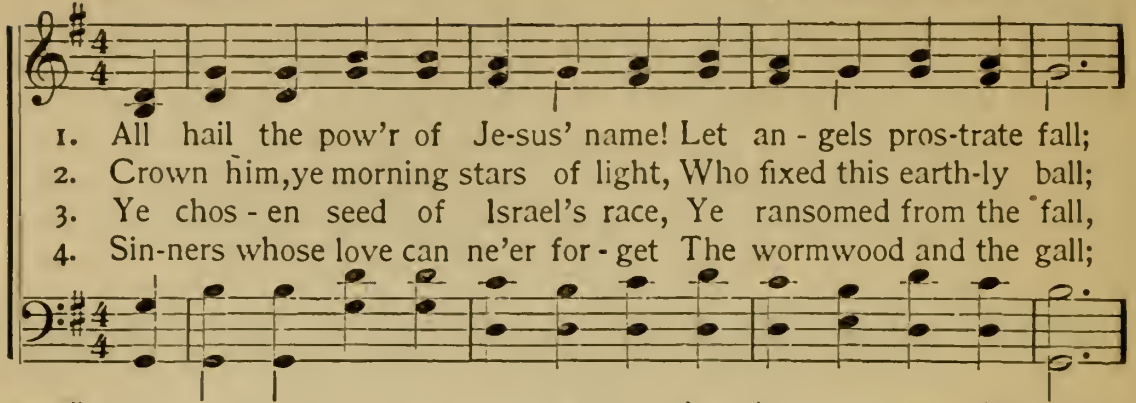
4 Hither come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound,
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld.

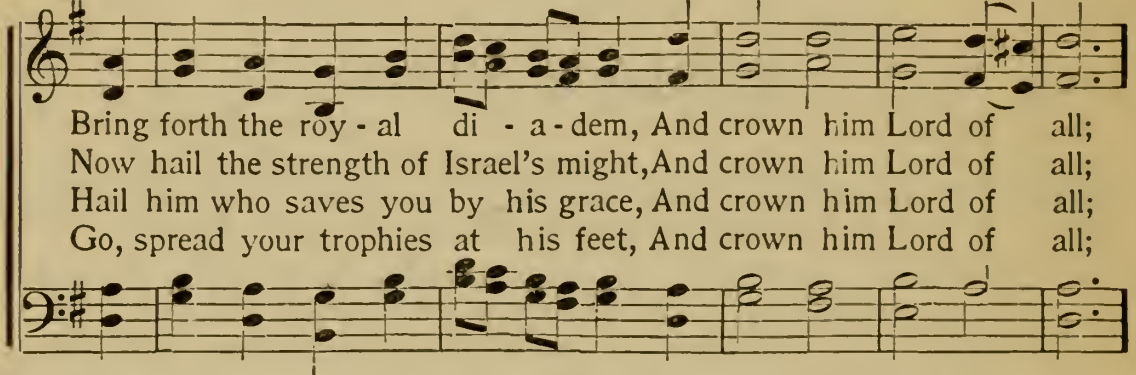
225 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDW. PERRONET.

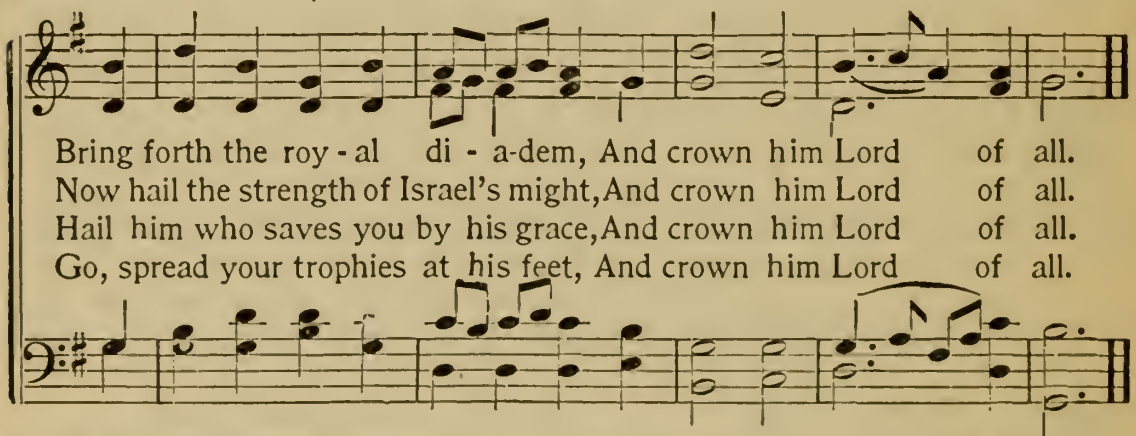
Tune:—CORONATION. C. M.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
 3. Ye chos - en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the "fall,
 4. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

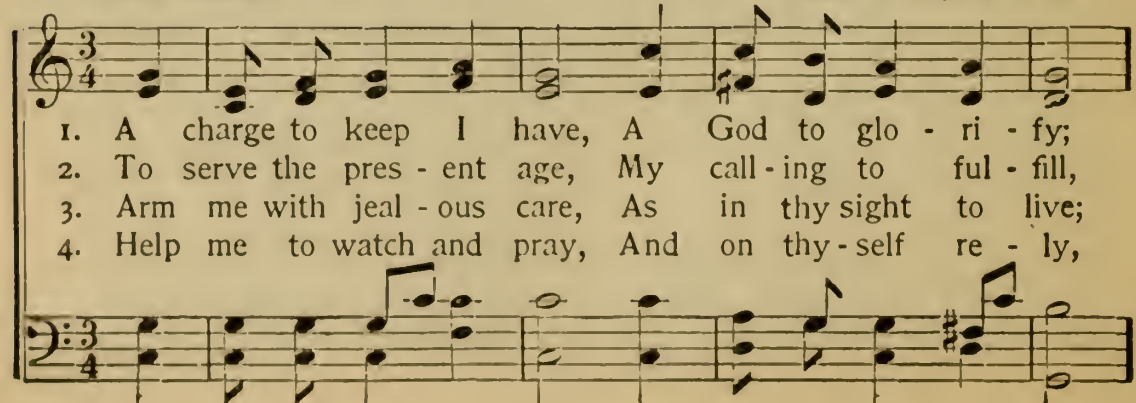
5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 ||: To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.:||

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 ||: We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.:||

226 A Charge to Keep I Have.

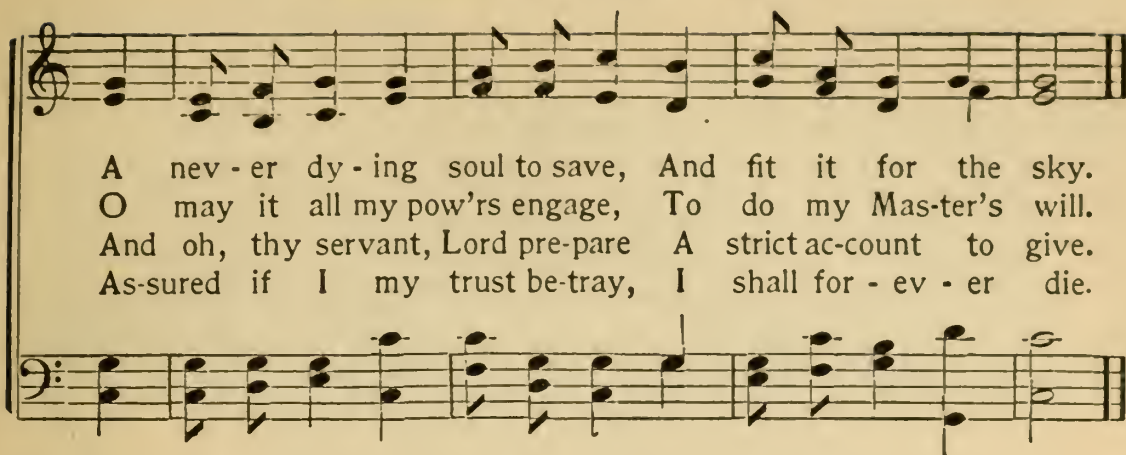
CHAS. WESLEY.

Tune:—BOYLSTON. S. M



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly,

A Charge to Keep I Have.



A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
And oh, thy servant, Lord pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

227 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

- 1 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.
J. Montgomery.

228 Sow in the Morn.

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,

The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout "Harvest home!"
James Montgomery.

229 O Blessed Paraclete

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

- 1 O blessed Paraclete,
Assert thine inward sway;
My body make the temple meet,
For thy perpetual stay.
- 2 Too long this house of thine
By alien loves possessed,
Has shut from thee its inner shrine,
Kept thee a slighted guest.
- 3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
The veil of my poor heart;
Enter thy long forbidden rest,
And nevermore depart.
- 4 Oh, to be filled with thee!
I ask not aught beside;
For all unholy guests must flee,
If thou in me abide.

A. J. Cordon. By per

230 Evils of Intemperance.

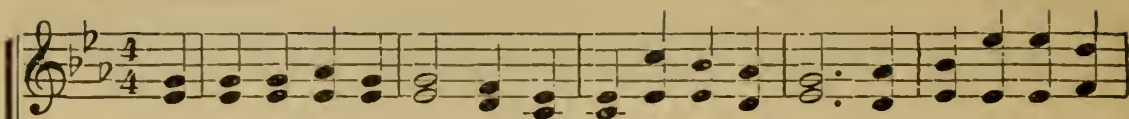
Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

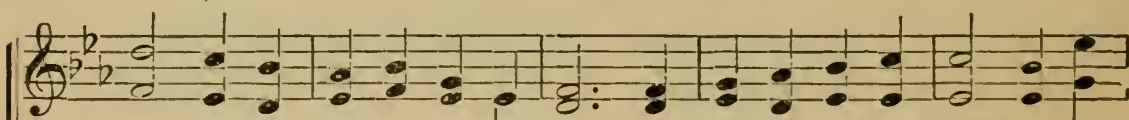
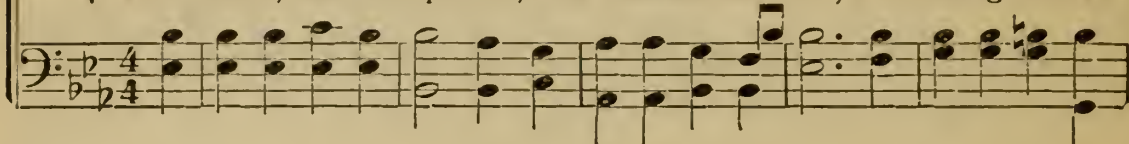
231 Live Out Thy Life Within Me.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

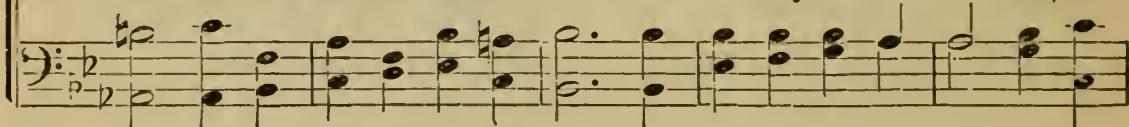
Tune:—AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.



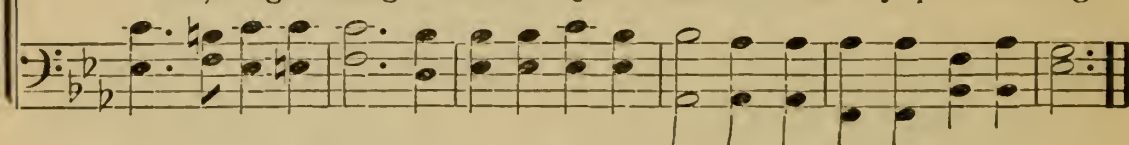
1. Live out thy life within me, O Jesus, King of kings! Be thou thy-self the
2. The temple has been yielded, And pu-ri-fied of sin; Let thy Shekinah
3. Its members ev-'ry moment Held subject to thy call; Read-y to have thee
4. But restful, calm and pli-ant, From bend and bias free, Permitting thee to



an-swer To all my questionings; Live out thy life with-in me, In
glo - ry Now flash forth from within. And all the earth keep silence, The
use them, Or not be used at all. Held without restless long-ing, Or
set - tle When thou hast need of me. Live out thy life with - in me, O



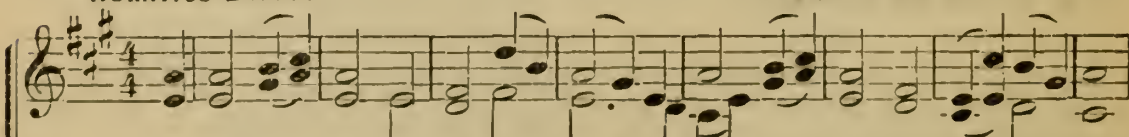
all things have thy way! I, the transparent medium Thy glo-ry to dis-play.
bod - y henceforth be Thy silent, docile servant, Moved on-ly as by thee.
strain, or stress, or fret, Or chafings at thy dealings, Or thoughts of vain re-gret.
Je-sus, King of Kings! Be thou the glorious answer To all my ques-tion-ings.



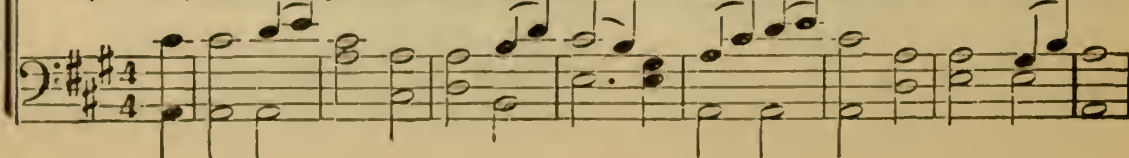
232 Go, Labor on, While it is Day.

HORATIUS BONAR.

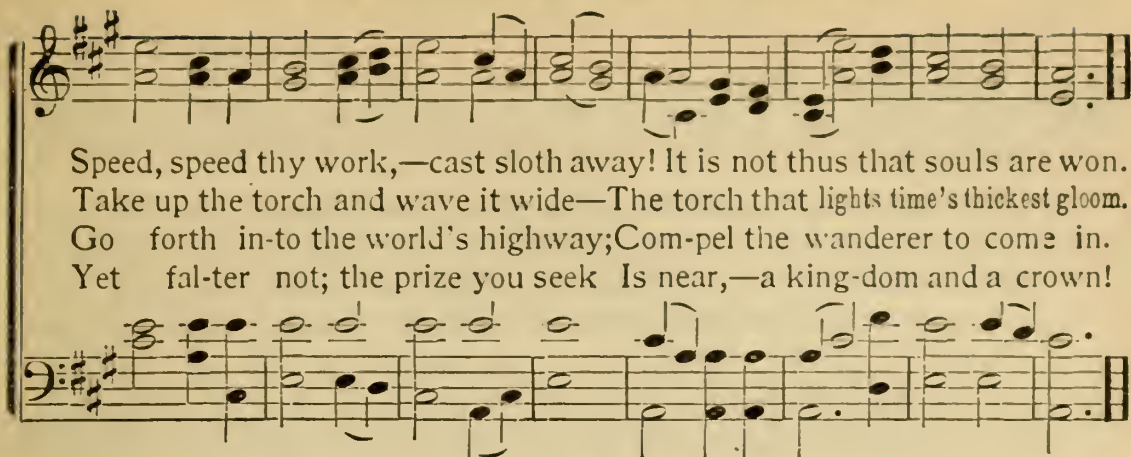
Tune:—WIMBORNE. L. M.



1. Go, la-bor on, while it is day; The world's dark night is hastening on;
2. Men die in darkness at your side, With-out a hope to cheer the tomb;
3. Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray! Be wise the err-ing soul to win;
4. Go, labor on; your hands are weak, Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,



Go, Labor on, While it is Day.

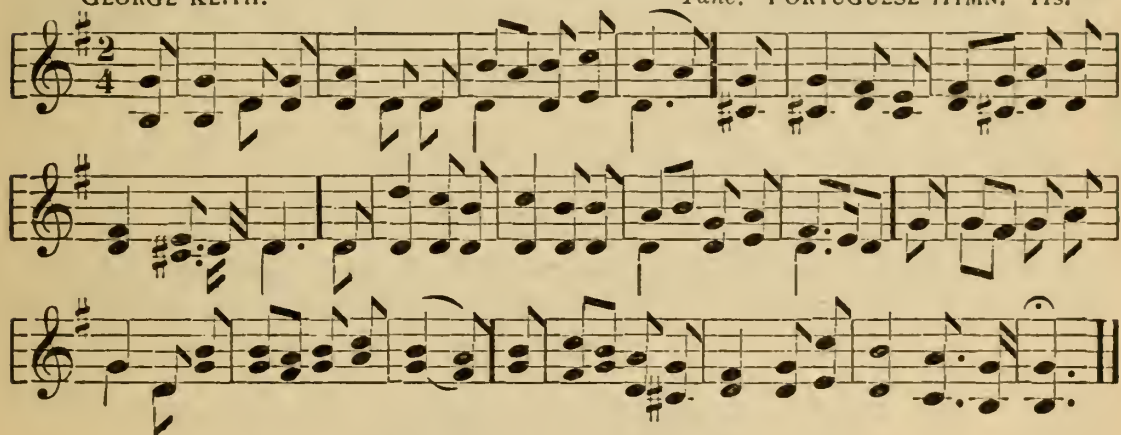


Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away! It is not thus that souls are won.
Take up the torch and wave it wide—The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
Go forth in-to the world's highway; Com-pel the wanderer to come in.
Yet fal-ter not; the prize you seek Is near,—a king-dom and a crown!

233 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

Tune:—PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
||: To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? :||
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
||: Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand. :||
- 3 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
||: I'll never—no never—no never forsake." :||

234 Lord, How Secure.

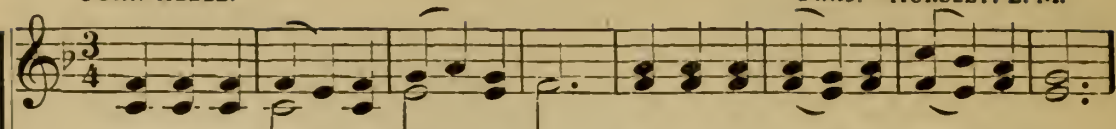
Tune—WIMBORNE. No. 232.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within. 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move. 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away: | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be. 4 How oft they look to the heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow! 5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight. |
|--|--|

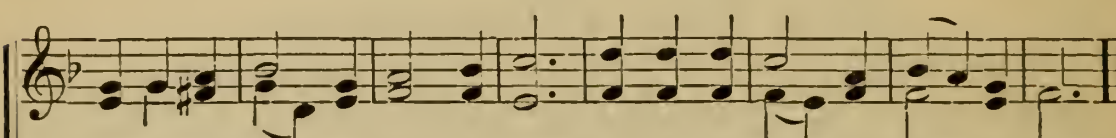
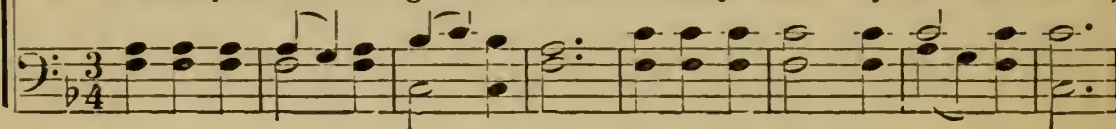
Isaac Watts.

JOHN KEBLE.

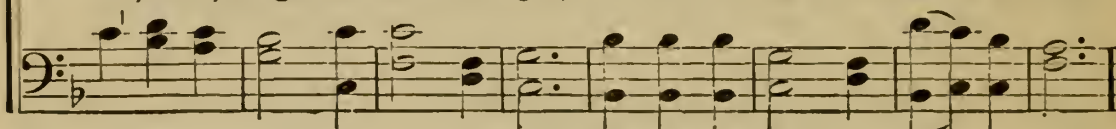
Tune:—HURSLEY. L. M.



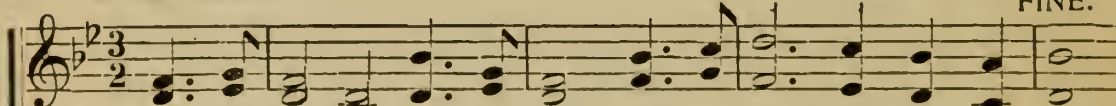
1. Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen - tly steep,
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine,



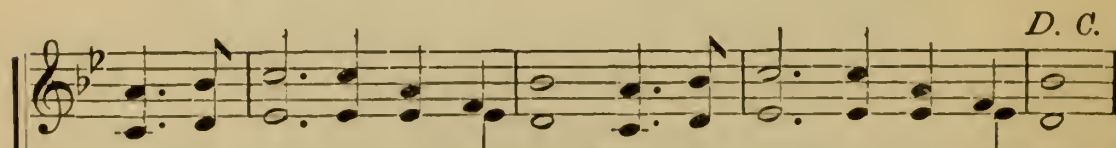
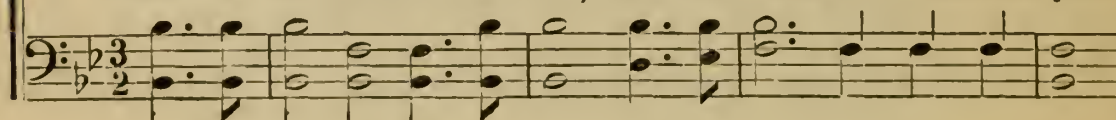
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Savior's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.



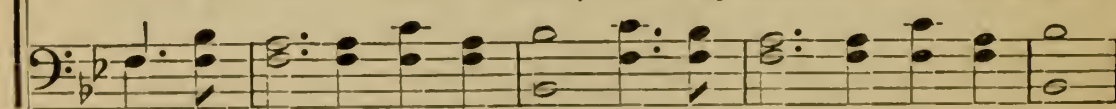
A. M. TOPLADY.

Tune:—TOPLADY. 7s.
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee:
- D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd.

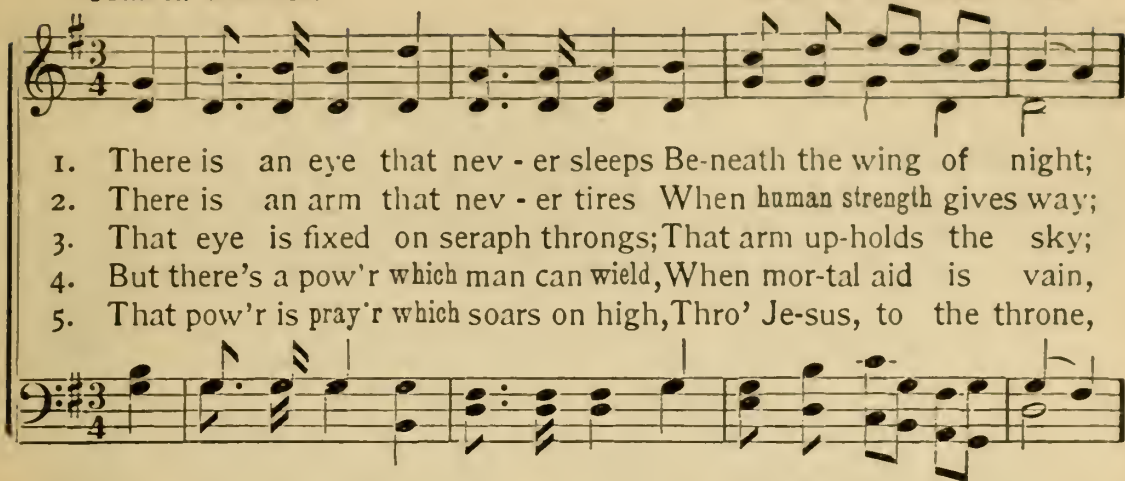


- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

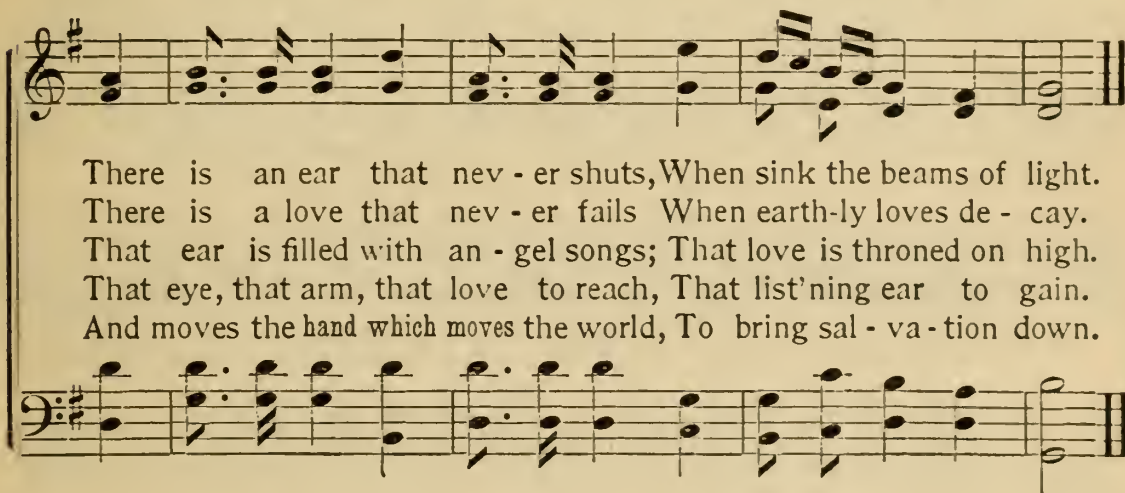
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

JOHN A. WALLACE.

Tune:—WOODSTOCK. C. M.



1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be-neath the wing of night;
2. There is an arm that nev - er tires When human strength gives way;
3. That eye is fixed on seraph throngs; That arm up-holds the sky;
4. But there's a pow'r which man can wield, When mor-tal aid is vain,
5. That pow'r is pray'r which soars on high, Thro' Je-sus, to the throne,



There is an ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light.
 There is a love that nev - er fails When earth-ly loves de - cay.
 That ear is filled with an - gel songs; That love is throned on high.
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach, That list'ning ear to gain.
 And moves the hand which moves the world, To bring sal - va - tion down.

238 The Soul's Sincere Desire.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!
James Montgomery.

239 Prayer is the Breath of God.

- 1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!

Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

Used by per.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer,
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

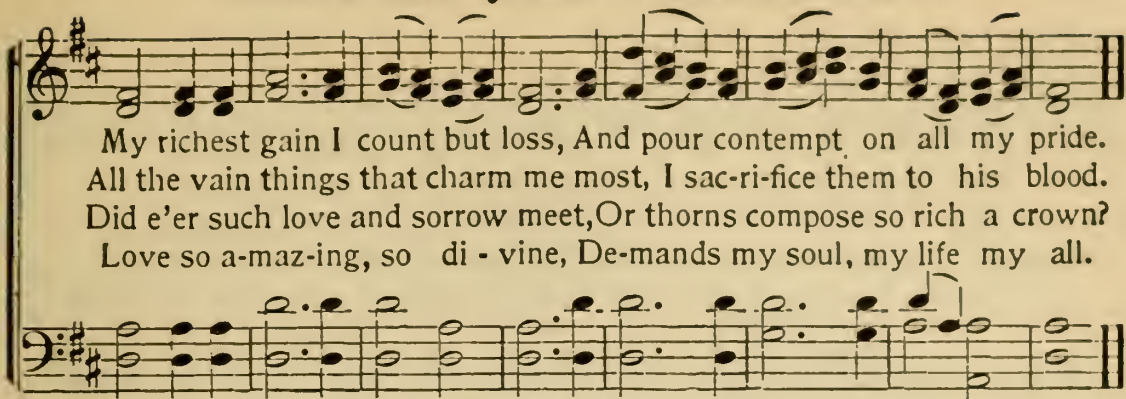
241 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune:—EUCCHARIST. L. M.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.



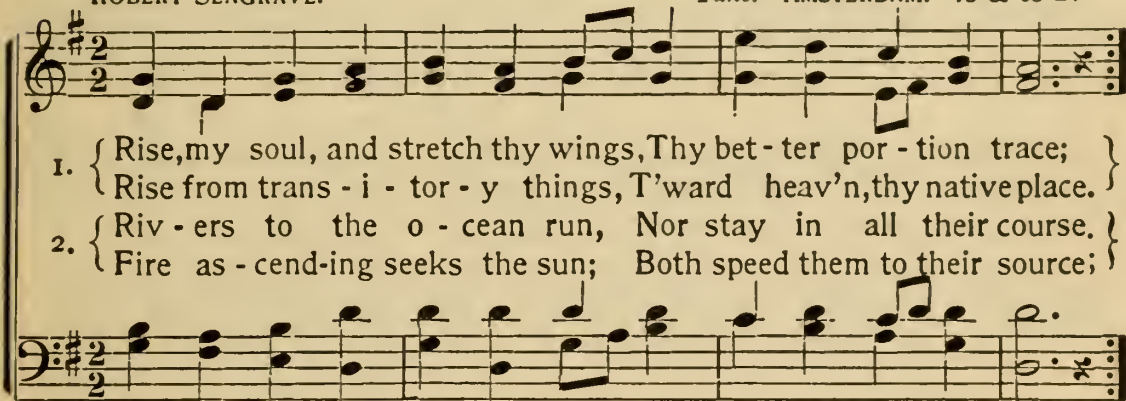
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt, on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life my all.

242

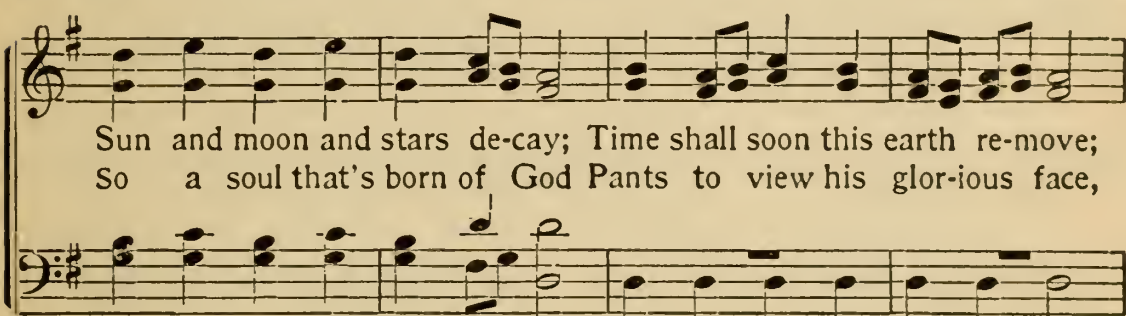
Rise, My Soul.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

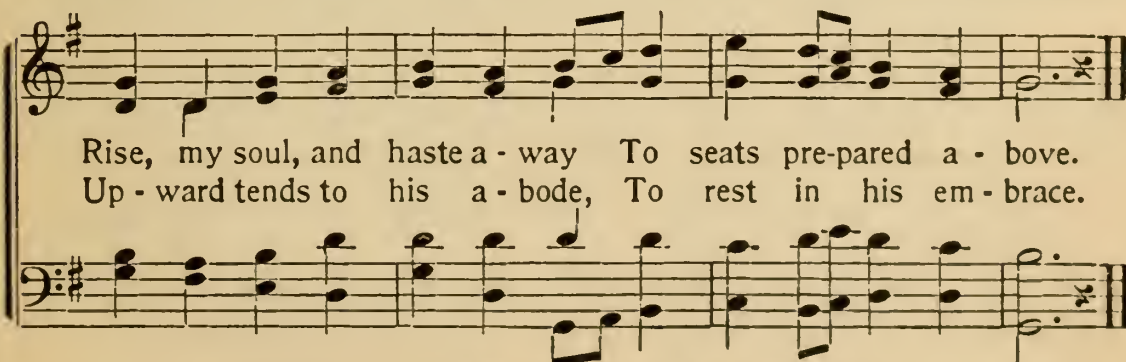
Tune:—AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s D.



1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
Rise from trans-i-tor-y things, T'ward heav'n, thy native place. }
2. { Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course. }
Fire as-cend-ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source; }



Sun and moon and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth re-move;
So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glor-ious face,



Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.
Up-ward tends to his a-bode, To rest in his em-brace.

243

Time is Winging Us Away.

John Burton.

Tune above.

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to bat-tle, See, his banners go!
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr.

Tune:—WEBB.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; }
 { Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not (Omit.) } suf - fer loss;

D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished and Christ is (Omit.) Lord indeed.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

246 The Morning Light is Breaking.

Tune above.

1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way,
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay.
 Stay not till all the lowly,
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

SAMUEL SMITH.

247 Reapers of Life's Harvest.

Tune above.

1 Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade;
 Why stand ye idly waiting,
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain;
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again;
 The Master calls for reapers,
 And shall he call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
 In morning's ruddy glow,
 Nor wait until the dial
 Points to the noon below,
 And come with stronger sinews
 Nor faint in heat or cold,
 And pause not till the evening
 Draws round its wealth of gold.

J. B. WOODBURY.

RAY PALMER.

Tune:—OLIVET. 6. 4.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sull-en stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in-spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be thou my Guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
 love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

1. Come, thou Al - mighty - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
 2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 3. To thee, great One in Three, The high-est prais - es be;

Come Thou Almighty King.

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
In this glad hour. Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence, ev - er - more; Thy sovereign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

250

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.

D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue;

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus,

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
 2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
 3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
 4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
 ly a-bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in;
 I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made complete;

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;*

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo-ry to his name. Glory to his name, Glo-ry to his name;
Glo-ry to his name!
 Used by per.

C. WORDSWORTH.

Tune:—MENDEBRAS. 7, 5.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright; }
 2. { To - day on wea-ry na-tions The heav'nly man - na falls; }
 { To ho - ly con - vo - ca-tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls, }
 3. { New grac - es ev - er gain-ing From this our day of rest, }
 { We reach the rest re - main-ing To spir - its of the blest; }

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Where gos-pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;

Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh - ing streams.
The Church her voice up - rais - es To thee, blest Three in One.

253

There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Tune:—FOUNTAIN. C. M.

I. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, *Omit.* }
D.C.—*And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Omit.*

2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

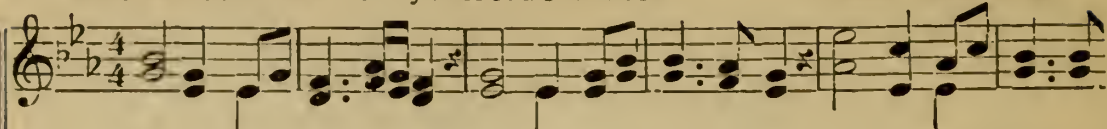
3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

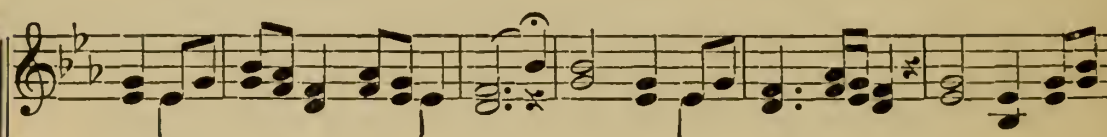
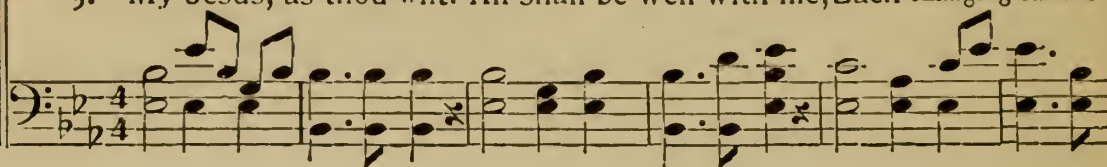
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

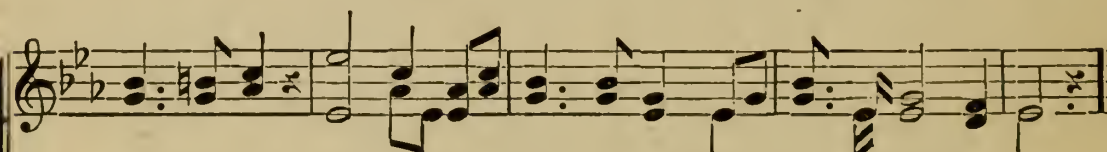
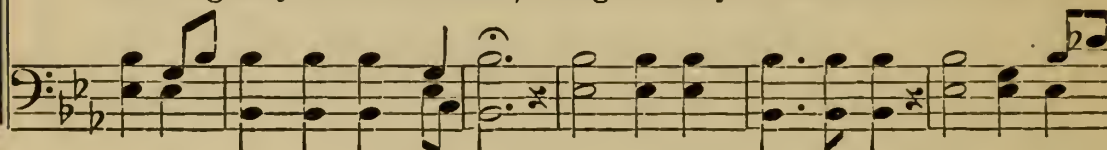
Tune:—JEWETT. 6s.



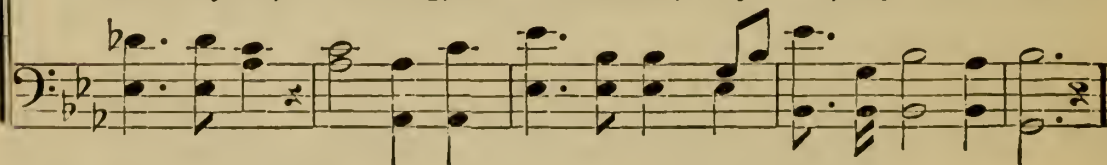
1. My Jesus, as thou wilt! O, may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of
2. My Jesus, as thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of
3. My Jesus, as thou wilt! All shall be well with me, Each changing fu-ture



love I would my all re-sign; Thro' sor-row or thro' joy, Conduct me
 hope Grow dim or disappear; Since thou on earth hast wept And sorrow'd
 scene I gladly trust with thee; Straight to my home a-bove I trav-el



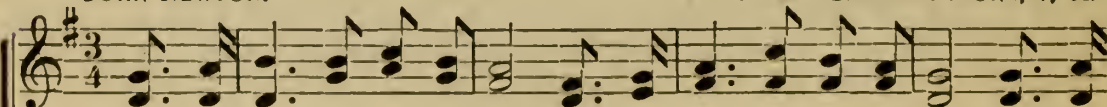
as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."



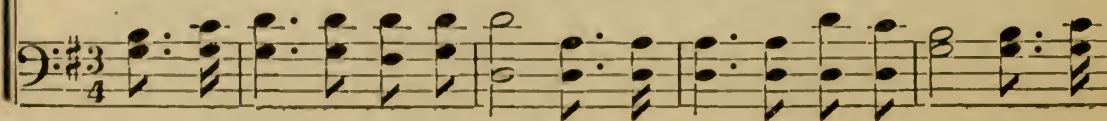
255 Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

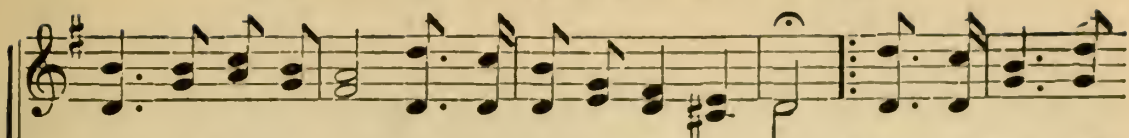
Tune:--SABBATH MORN, 7, 61.



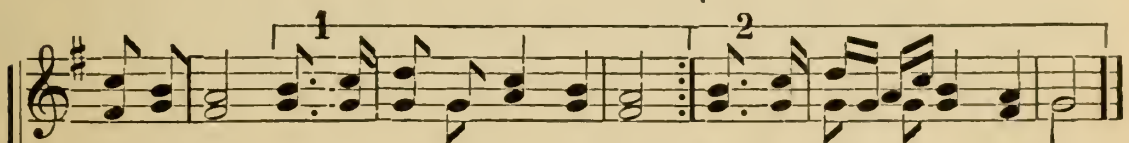
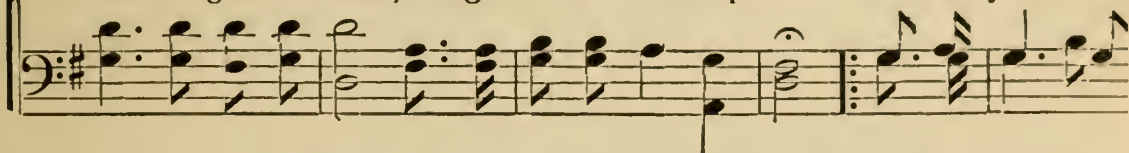
1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy
3. Here we come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near: May thy
4. May the gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the



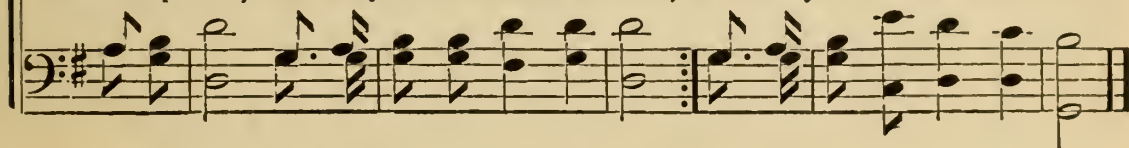
Safely Through Another Week.



now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day; Day of all the
rec - on - cil - ed face, Take away our sin and shame; From our worldly
glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house appear; Here af-ford us
fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all com-plaints: Thus may all our



week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest, Em-blem of e - ter-nal rest.
cares set free, May we rest this day in thee, May we rest this day in thee.
Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast, Of our ev - er-last-ing feast.
Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove, Till we join the Church a-bove.

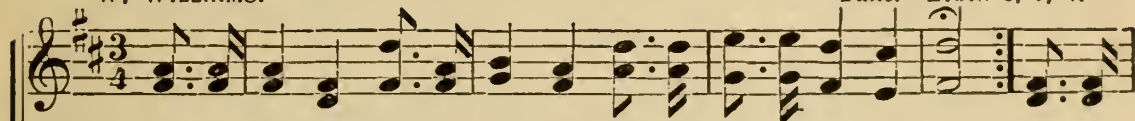


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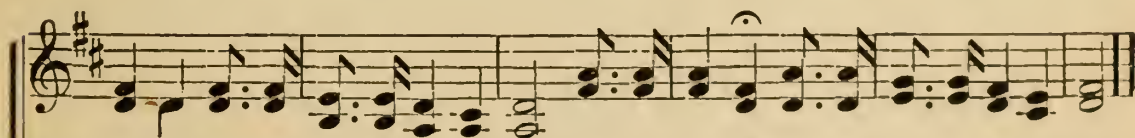
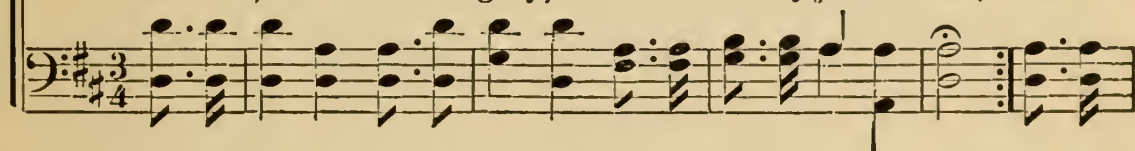
Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS.

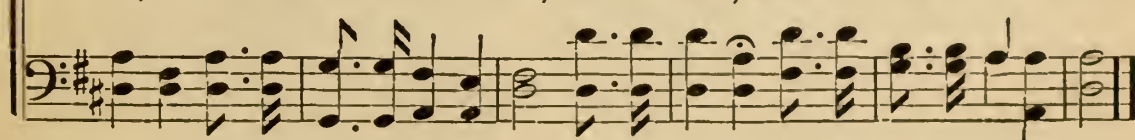
Tune:—ZION. 8, 7, 4.



I. { Guide me, oh, thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand; } Bread of



heav'n, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav'n, Feed me till I want no more.



2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
||: Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.:||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
||: Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.:||

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;

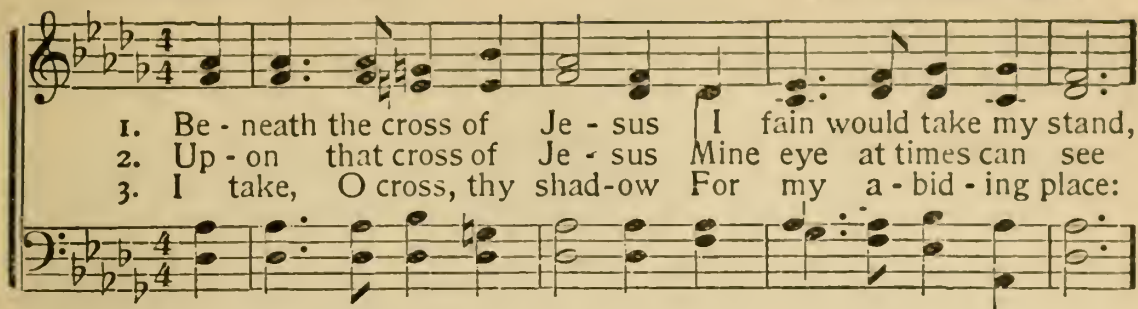
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Used by per.

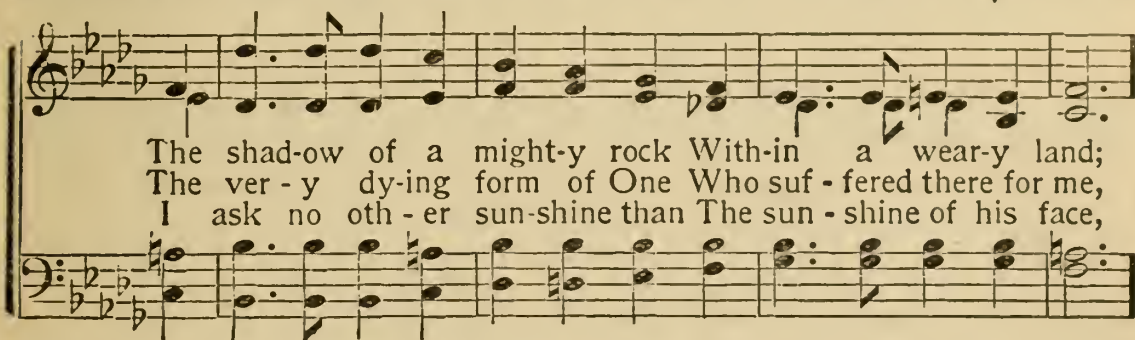
FINE. D.C.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

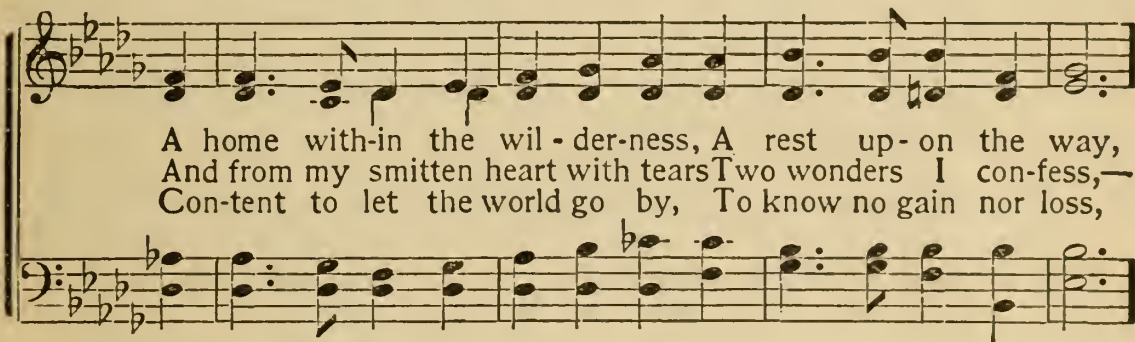
Tune:—ST. CHRISTOPHER



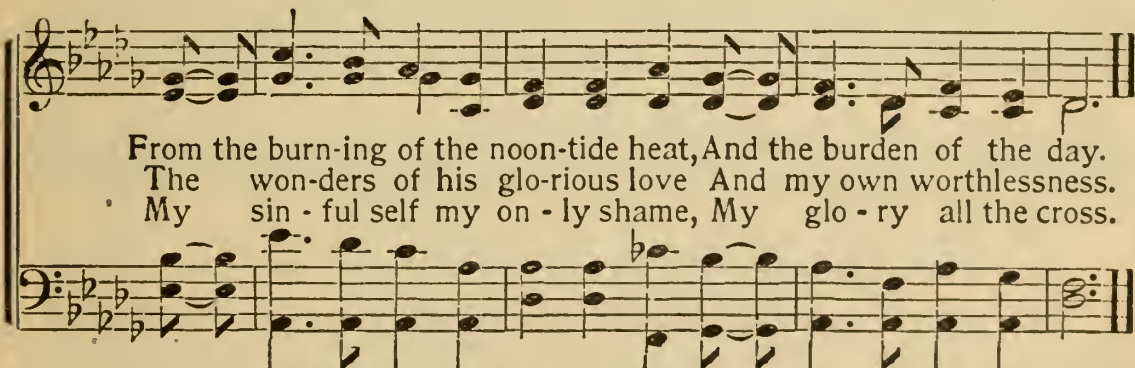
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place:



The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wear - y land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me,
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of his face,



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smitten heart with tears Two wonders I con - fess,—
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the burden of the day.
 The won - ders of his glo - rious love And my own worthlessness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

260 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

HENRY ALFORD.

Tune:—Above.

1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light:
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin:
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

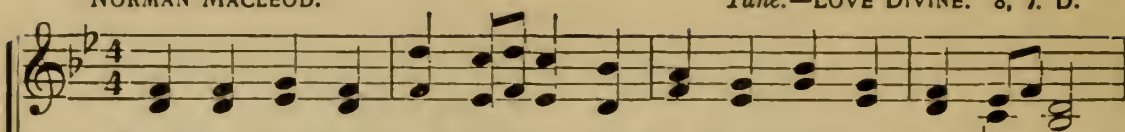
O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late,
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

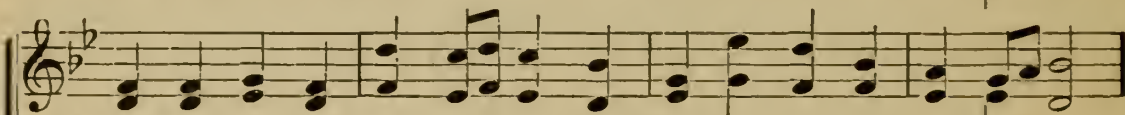
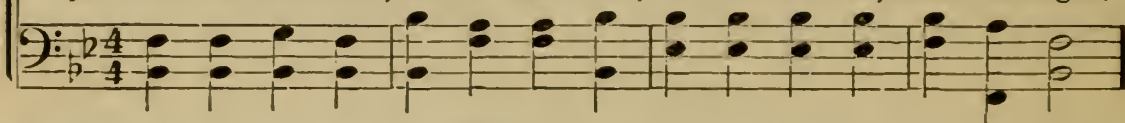
261 Courage, Brother! do not Stumble.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

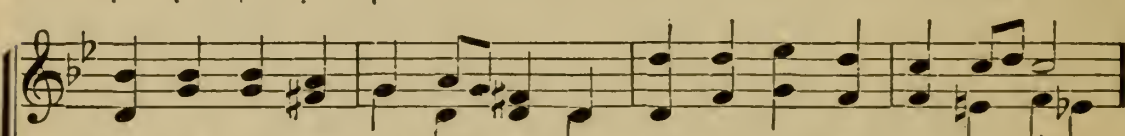
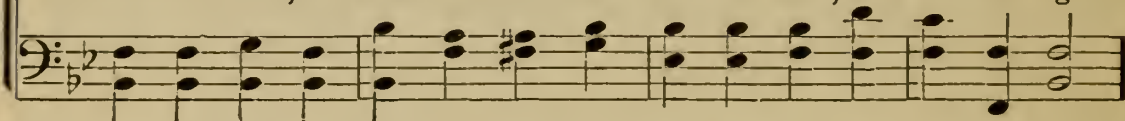
Tune:—LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, D.



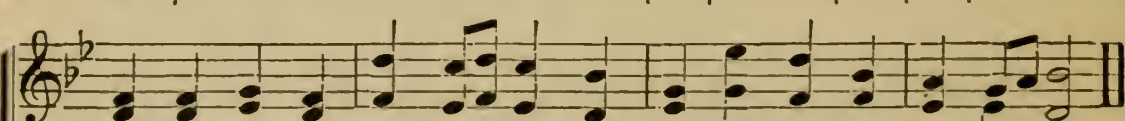
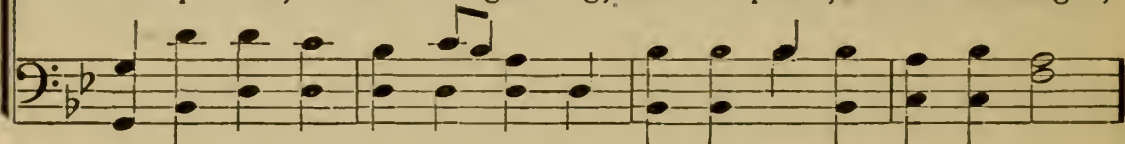
1. Cour-age, brother! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
2. Per - ish pol - i - cy and cunning, Per - ish all that fears the light!
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight;



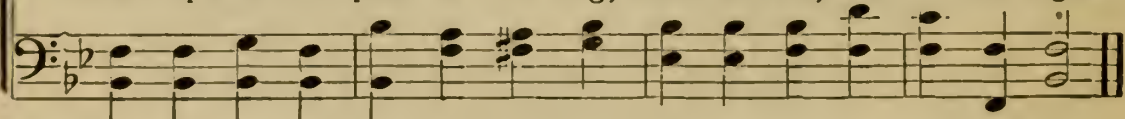
There's a star to guide the humb-le; Trust in God, and do the right.
Wheth - er los - ing, wheth - er winning, Trust in God, and do the right.
Cease from man, and look a - bove thee: Trust in God, and do the right.



Let the road be rough and drear-y, And its end far out of sight,
Trust no love-ly forms of pas-sion,—Fiends may look like angels bright;
Sim - ple rule, and saf - est guid-ing, In-ward peace, and in-ward might,



Foot it brave-ly; strong or wea - ry, Trust in God, and do the right.
Trust no cus-tom, school, or fash - ion; Trust in God, and do the right.
Star up - on our path a - bid - ing, Trust in God, and do the right.



262 Now, the Sowing and the Weeping.

Tund:—LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, D.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.
Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.</p> | <p>2 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.
Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.</p> |
|--|--|

Frances R. Havergal,

S. F. SMITH.

Tune:—AMERICA.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

cres.
 pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

264 Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

Tune on opposite page.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Speedily return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love. .

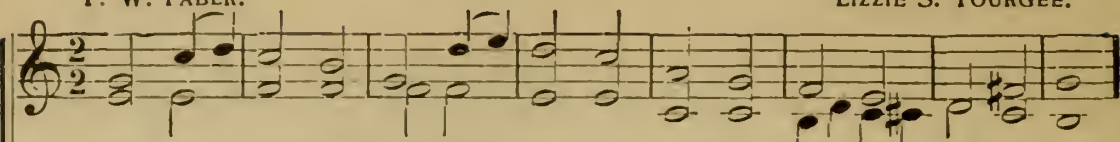
4 Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

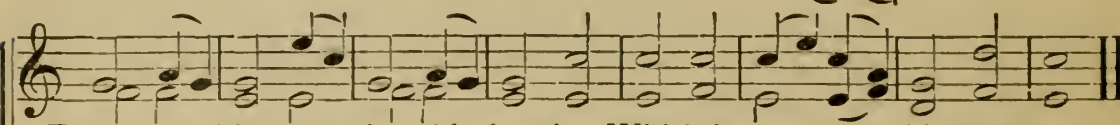
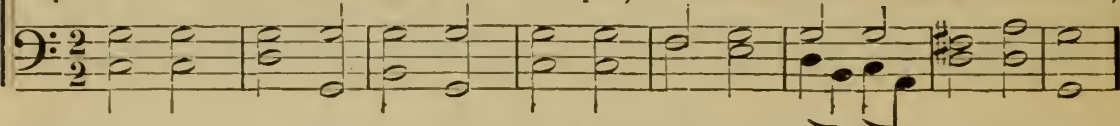
265 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

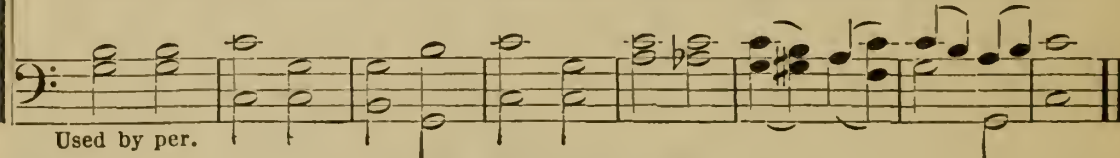
LIZZIE S. TOURGEE.



1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take him at his word;



There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal-ing in his blood.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal, Is most won-der-ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

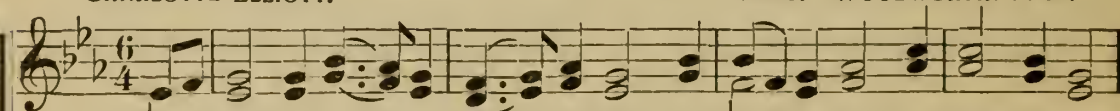


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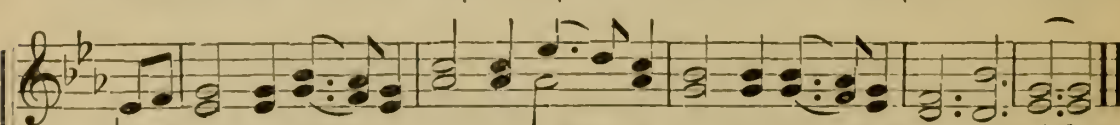
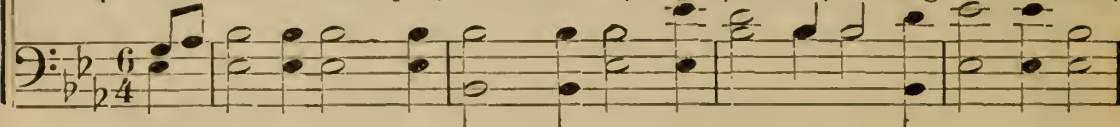
266 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

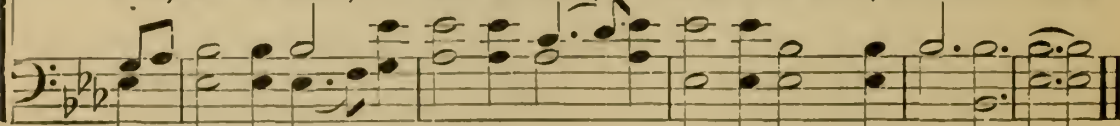
Tune:—WOODWORTH. L. M.



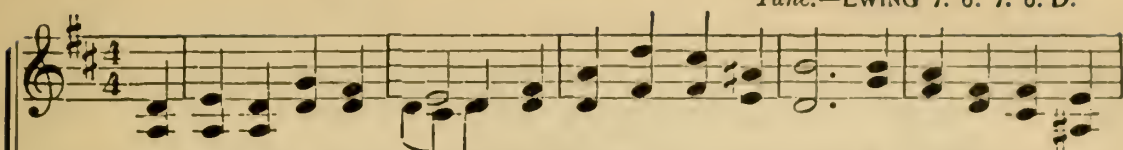
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,



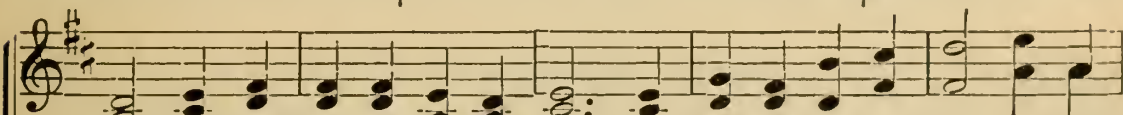
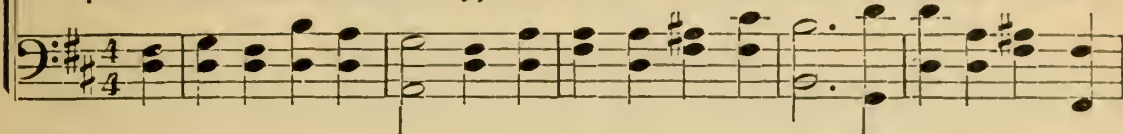
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings within and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



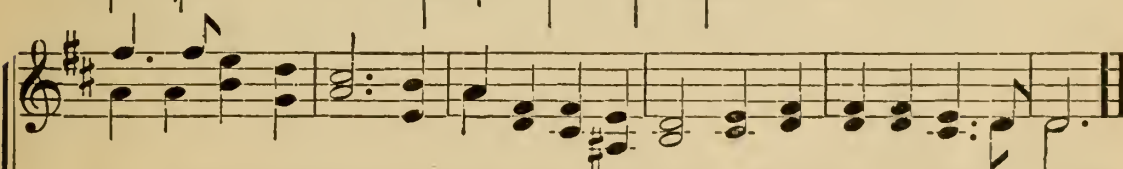
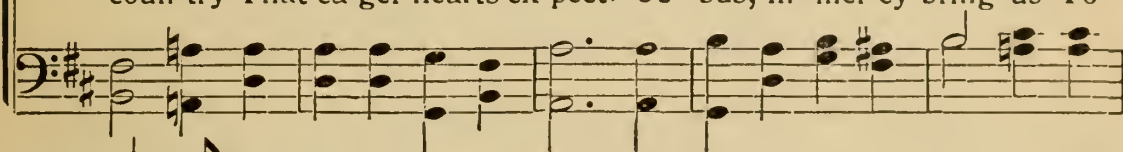
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!</p> | <p>6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!</p> |
|--|---|



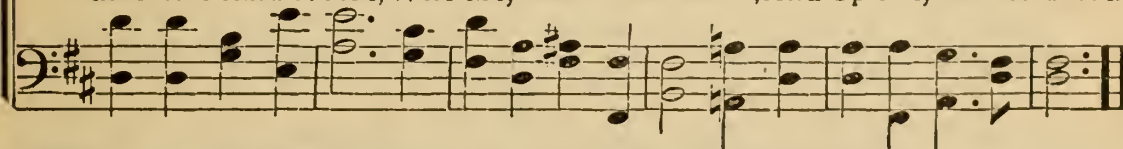
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest! Be - neath thy con - tem -
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that
4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless - ed



pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not What
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The
triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Leader Have
coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To



joys a - wait us there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare.
day - light is se - rene; The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glor - ious sheen.
conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.



1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown tomorrow.
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig - tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

REGINALD HEBER.

Tune:—NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim
 sin - ful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho - ly!
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

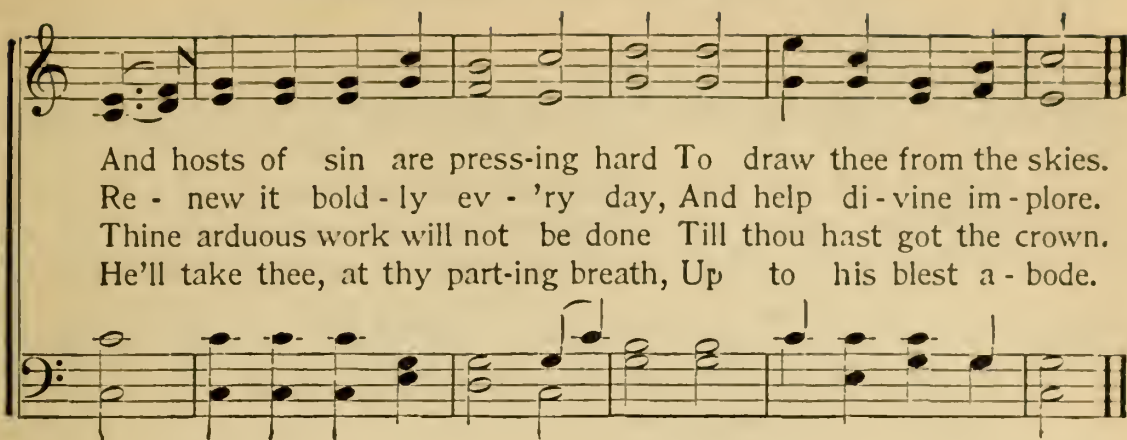
mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 fall-ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 there is none beside thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

GEORGE HEATH.

Tune:—LABAN. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise,
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er-give o'er,
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.



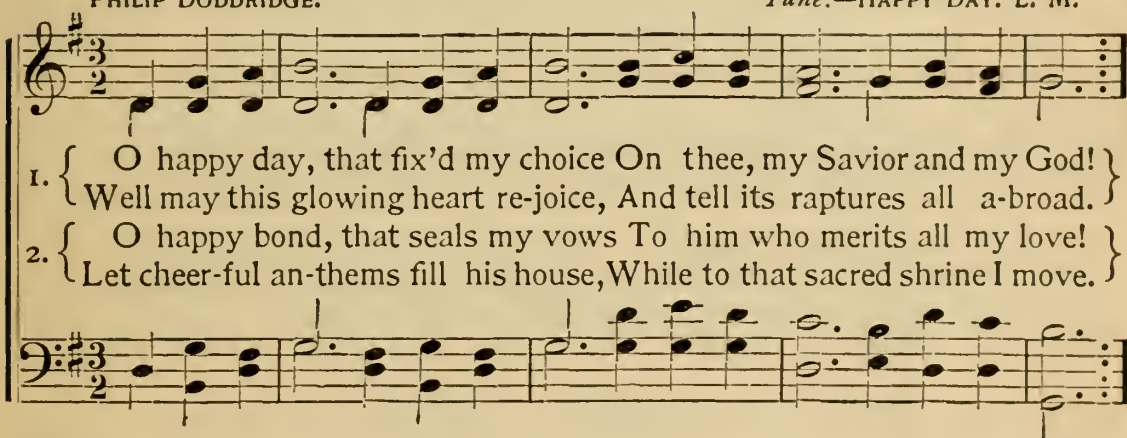
And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 Thine arduous work will not be done Till thou hast got the crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, Up to his blest a - bode.

271

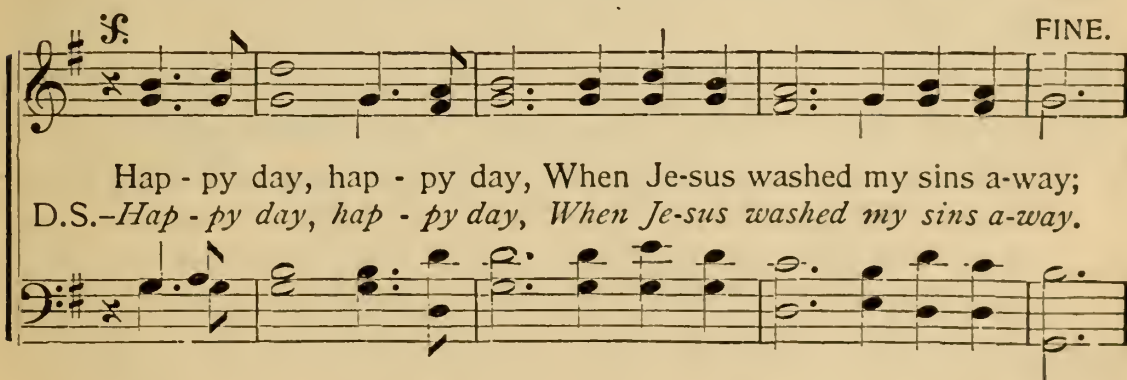
O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Tune:—HAPPY DAY. L. M.

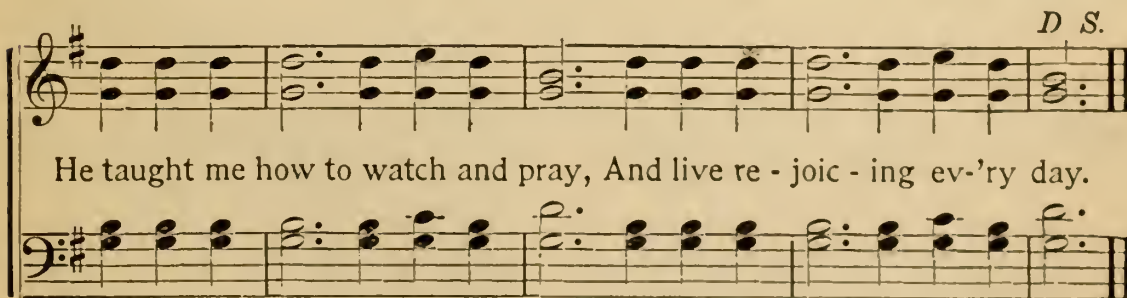


1. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Savior and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
 2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheer-ful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }



FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
 D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.



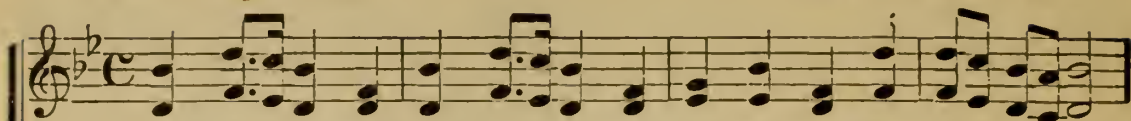
D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day.

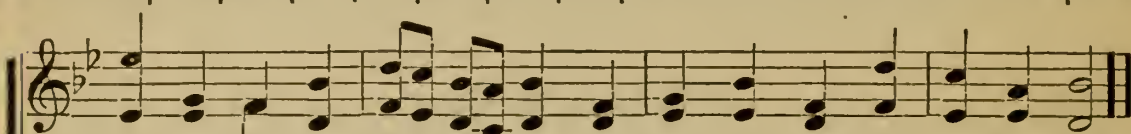
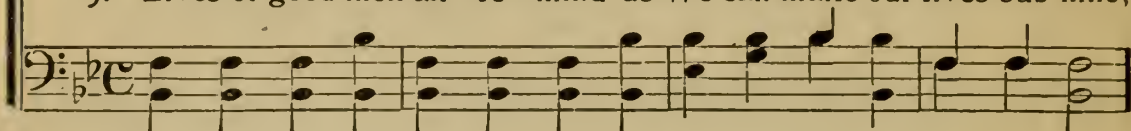
<p>3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p>	<p>4 Now rest, my long divided heart, Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart, With him of every good possessed.</p>
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H. W. LONGFELLOW.

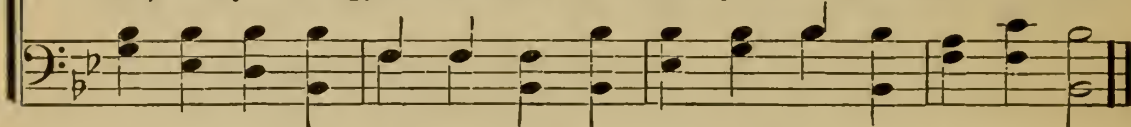
Tune:--WILMOT. 8, 7.



1. Life is re - al, life is earn - est, And the grave is not its goal;
2. Not en - joy - ment, and not sor - row, Is our des - tined end or way;
3. Lives of good men all re - mind us We can make our lives sub - lime;



"Dust thou art, to dust re - turn - est," Was not spok - en of the soul.
But to act, that each to - mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day.
And, de - part - ing, leave be - hind us Foot - prints on the sands of time:

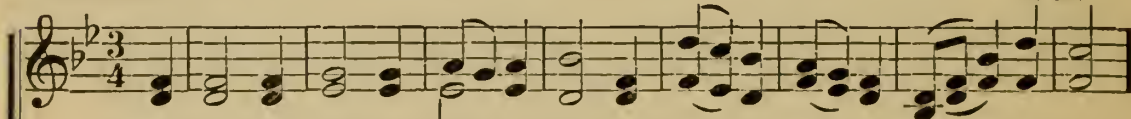


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.</p> | <p>4 Let us then be up and doing,
Nor our onward course abate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.</p> |
|---|---|

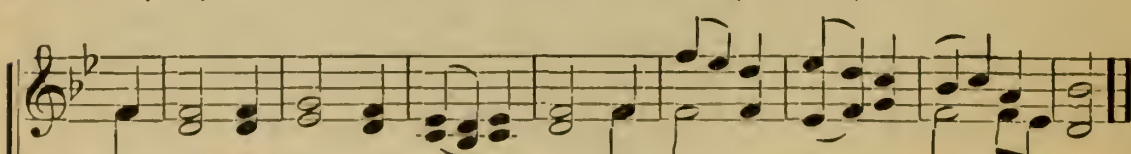
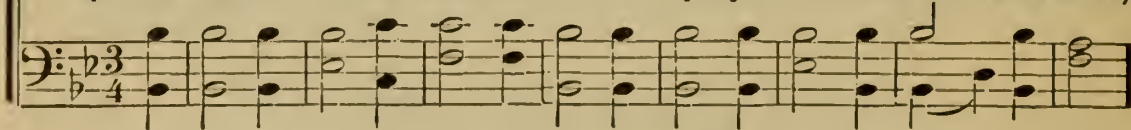
273 My God, My Father, While I Stray.

C. ELLIOTT.

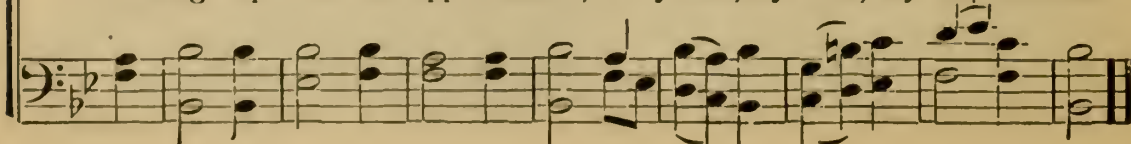
L. M.



1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. If thou shouldst call me to re - sign What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
3. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with thine, and take away
4. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before,



Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will, my God, thy will be done."
I on - ly yield thee what is thine: "Thy will, my God, thy will be done."
All that now makes it hard to say—"Thy will, my God, thy will be done."
I'll sing up - on a happier shore, "Thy will, my God, thy will be done."

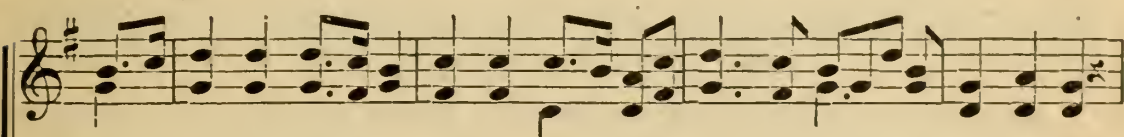
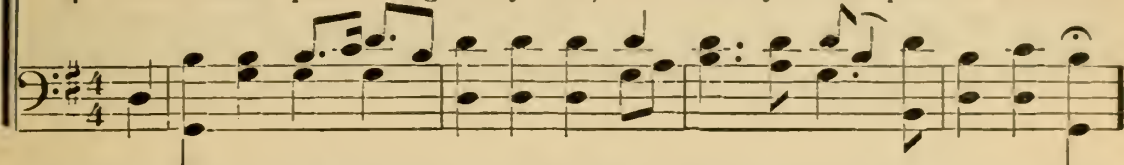


SAMUEL MEDLEY.

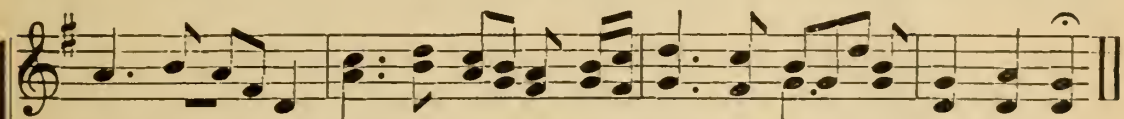
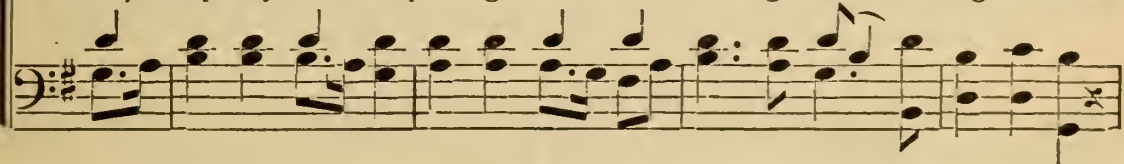
Tune:—LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



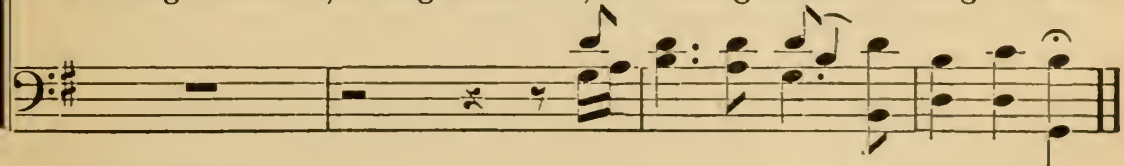
1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thundered loud,
4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale; Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail:



He just - ly claims a song from me: His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
 He saved me from my lost es - tate: His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
 Oh, may my last ex-pir-ing breath His loving-kindness sing in death!



Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness sing in death!



275 Savior, While my Heart is Tender.

Tune:—WILMOT, on opposite page.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Savior, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine, and only thine, to be. 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
Let my youthful heart be thine:
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine. 3 Send me Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way; | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> May thy grace thro' life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey. 4 Let me do thy will or bear it,
I would know no will but thine;
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign. 5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never,
Seal thine image on my heart. |
|--|---|

John Burton. Jr.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
 3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un - der the sun-set skies; While their bright

dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
 hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev-'ry fly - ing min - ute,
 tints are glowing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fadeth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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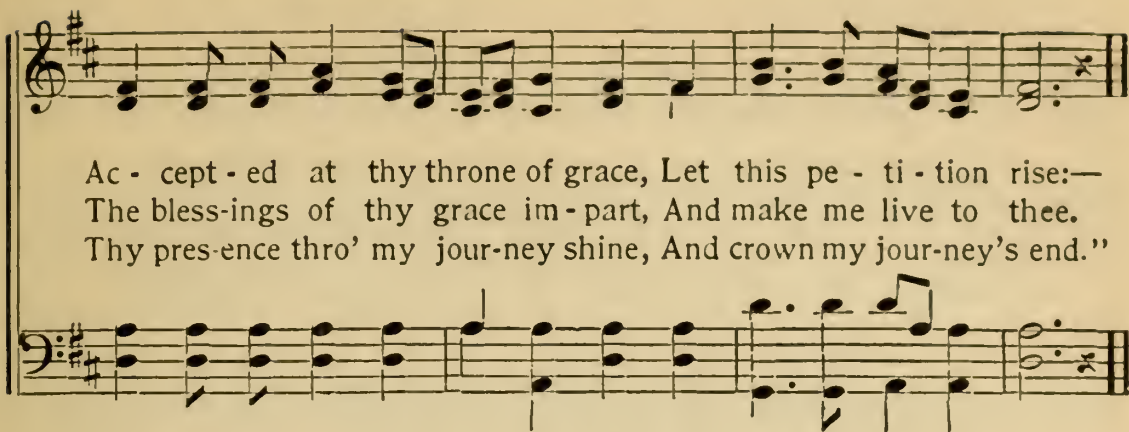
277 Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

ANNA STEELE, Alt.

Tune:—NAOMI. C. M.

1. Fa-ther! what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies,
 2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
 3. "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.



278 When All Thy Mercies.

Tune:—NAOMI, on Opposite Page.

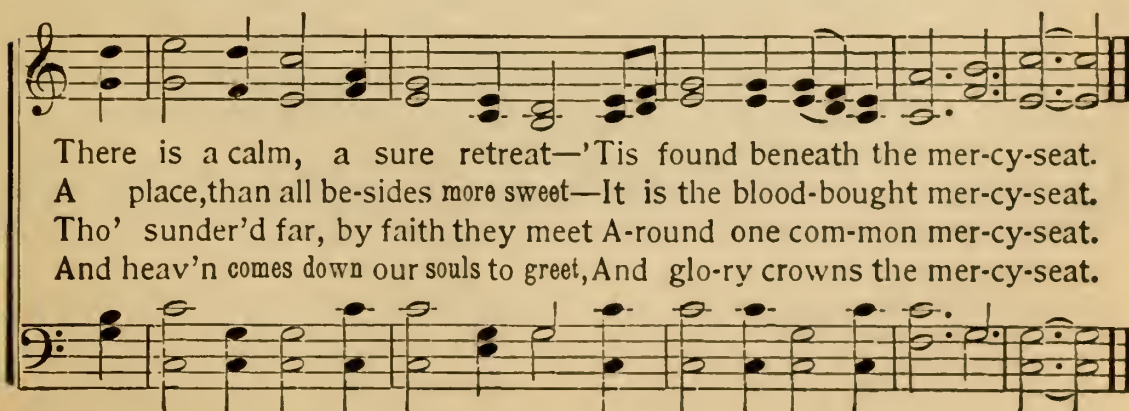
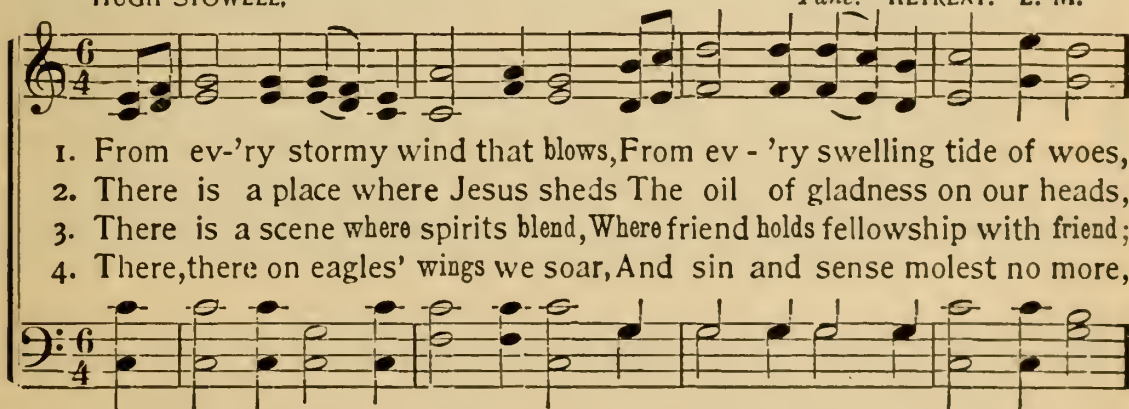
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.</p> <p>2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.</p> <p>3 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;</p> | <p>Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.</p> <p>4 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.</p> <p>5 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!</p> |
|---|---|

Joseph Addison.

279 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

HUGH STOWELL,

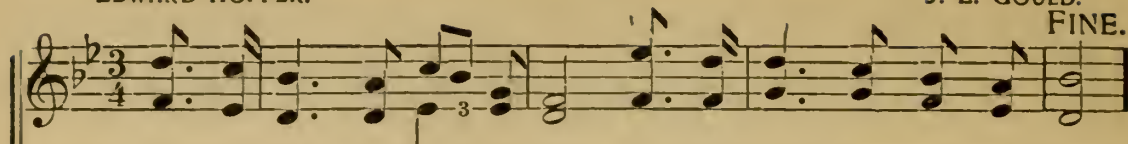
Tune:—RETREAT. L. M.



EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

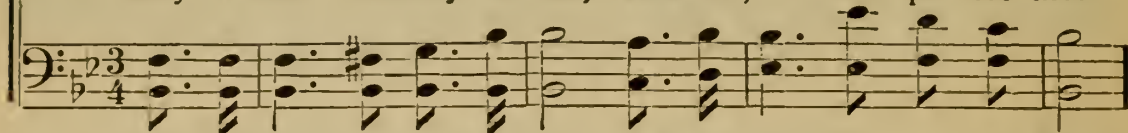
FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
D.C.—Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

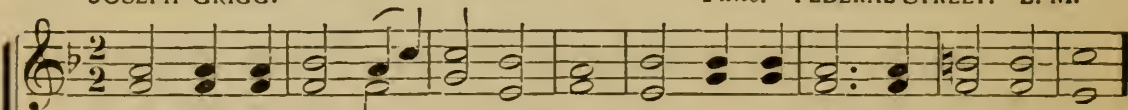


Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,



JOSEPH GRIGG.

Tune:--FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

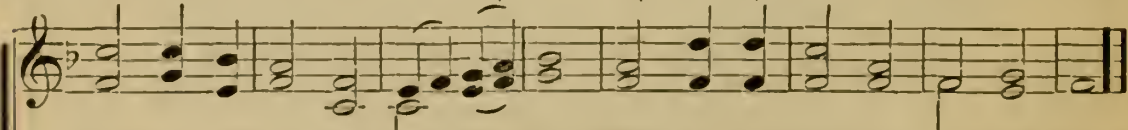
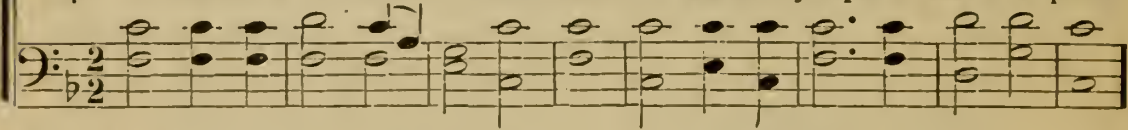


1. Je-sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee?

2. Ashamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star:

3. Ashamed of Je-sus! just as soon Let mid-night be ashamed of noon:

4. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!

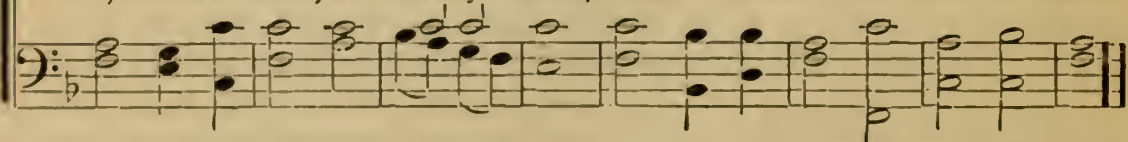


Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

He sheds the beams of light Di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.

'Tis mid-night with my soul till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.



5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

282 Jesus, the Very Tho't of Thee.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX. 1140.

Tune:—ST. AGNES. C. M.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
 3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
 4. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
 A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind!
 To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek.
 Je - sus! be thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

283 All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je-sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs:
 { All my thot's and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
 2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
 { Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise;

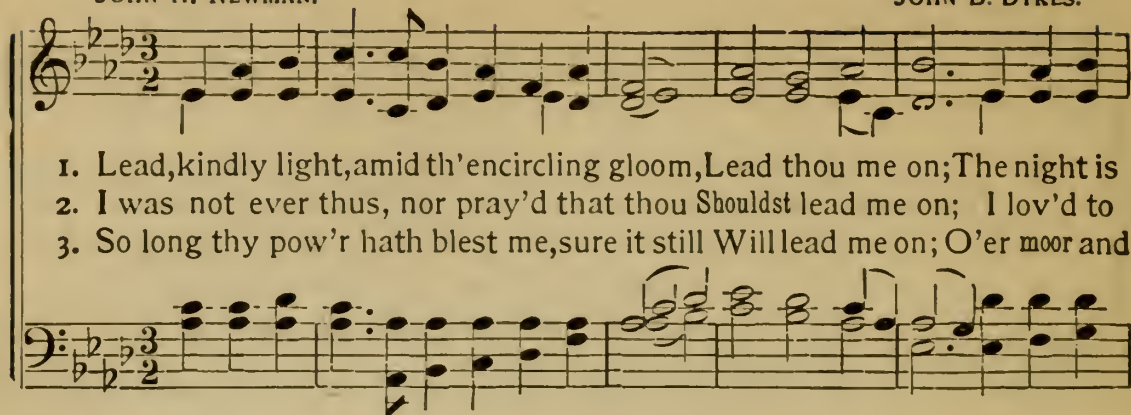
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours,
 All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside;
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the Crucified,
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Looking at the Crucified.:||

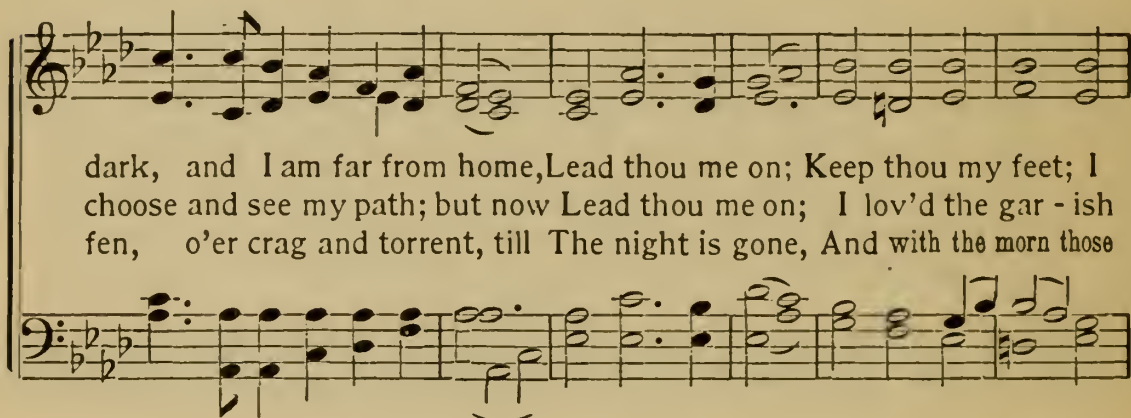
4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings—
 Deigns to call me his beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath his wings.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath his wings.:||

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

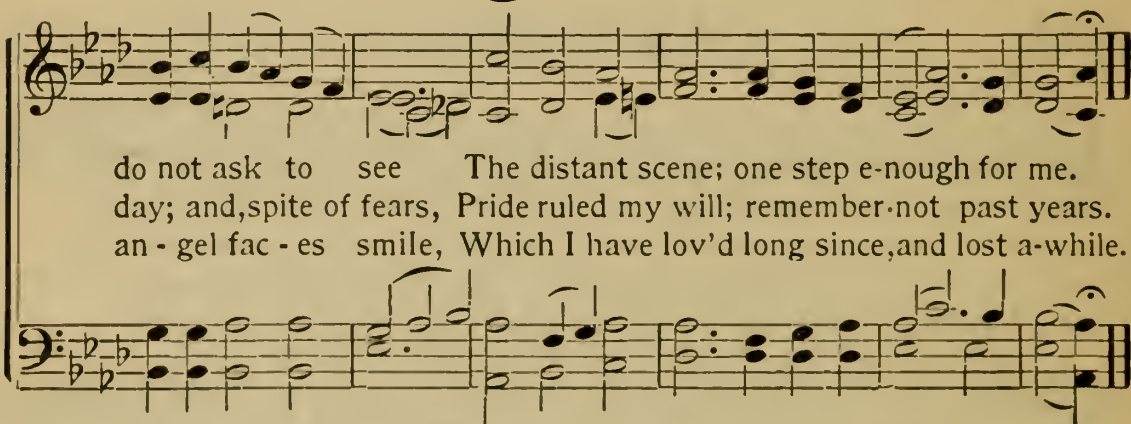
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

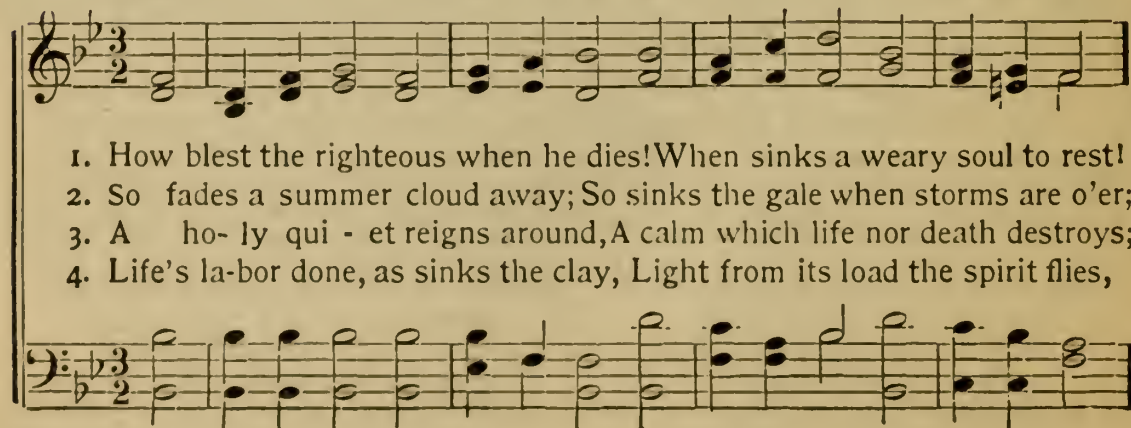


do not ask to see The distant scene; one step e-nough for me. day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years. an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.

BARBAULD.

Tune—HEBRON. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest!
2. So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns around, A calm which life nor death destroys;
4. Life's la - bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies,

How Blest the Righteous.

How mild-ly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the expiring breast!
So gen-tly shuts the eyes of day; So dies the wave along the shore.
And naught disturbs the peace profound Which his unfettered soul en-joys.
While heav'n and earth combine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies."

286

Prince of Peace.

MARY A. S. BARBER.

Tune:—ALETTA. 7.

1. Prince of peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, Opened wide the gate to God:
3. May thy will, not mine, be done; May thy will and mine be one:
4. Sav - ior, at thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All!

Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart; Now thy per - fect peace im - part.
Let thy hap - py ser - vant be One for ev - er - more with thee.

287

Never Further than Thy Cross.

1 Never further than thy cross:
Never higher than thy feet:
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus, our sins we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus:
Sin, which laid the cross on thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

4 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Thro' thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

Tune:—MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
 4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown, Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear name re-peat.
 Ye an-gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.'

I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

D. C.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C.

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
 Soul and bod - y thine to be,—Wholly thine for - ev - er - more.

Humbly at thy Cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied:
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
 Perfected in him I am;
 I am every whit made whole:
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

SABINE BARING—GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee;
 4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May thine an - gels spread
 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

291 Lo, He Comes.

Tune—ZION. No. 256.

1. Lo, he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train;
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.
2. Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
3. Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne:
 Savior, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 Oh, come quickly,
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

Charles Wesley, alt.

292 To the Front.

Tune—ZION. No. 256.

1. To the front, ye Christian workers!
 In your blessed Master's name,
 Stand and nobly, bravely battle;
 Win eternal, fadeless fame,
 Looking upward,
 Till your hearts are all aflame!

2. To the front, ye Christian workers!
 See the dying everywhere;
 Cursed by sin, and bruised by Satan,
 How they need your help and care!
 Lifting upward,
 In their rescue have a share.
3. To the front, ye Christian workers!
 God has much for you to do;
 Hear his calls, and do his bidding,
 Prove yourselves his servants true;
 Look up, lift up,
 Till the crown is given you!

T. C. Neal.

293 What Ruin.

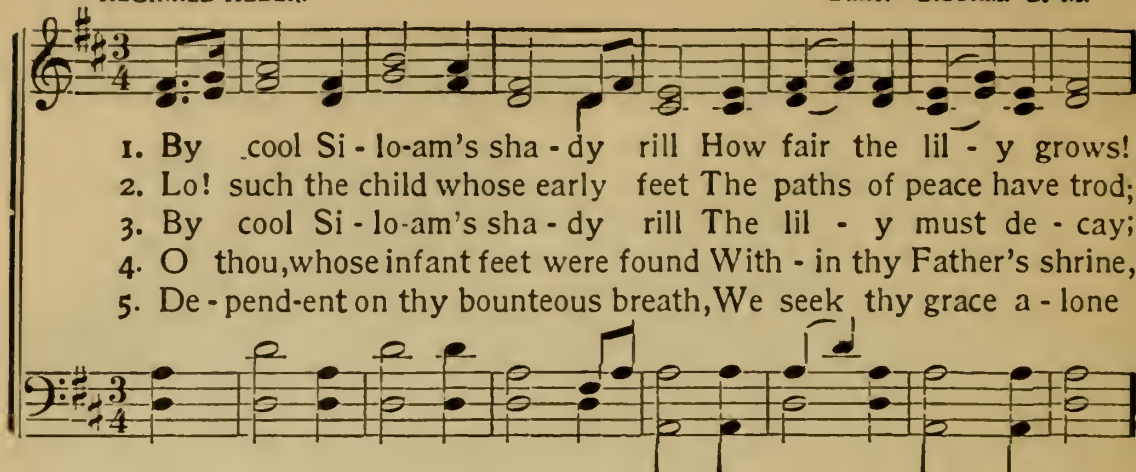
Tune—AZMON. No. 296.

1. What ruin hath intemperance wro't!
 How widely roll its waves!
 How many myriads hath it brought
 To fill dishonored graves!
2. Stretch forth thy hand, O God our King,
 And break the galling chain;
 Deliverance to the captive bring,
 And end the usurper's reign.
3. The cause of temperance is thine own;
 Our plans and efforts bless;
 We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
 To crown them with success.

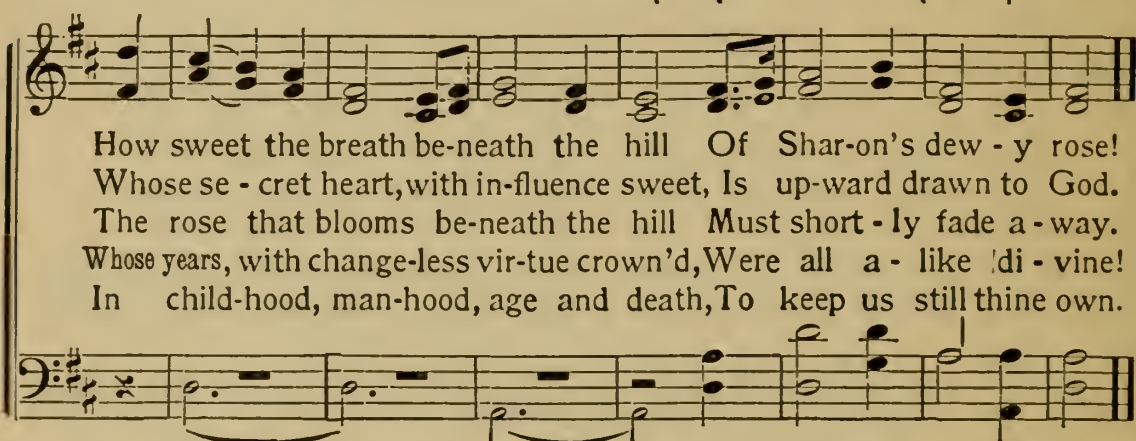
By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

REGINALD HEBER.

Tune:—SILOAM. C. M.



1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How fair the lil-y grows!
 2. Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod;
 3. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill The lil-y must de-cay;
 4. O thou, whose infant feet were found With-in thy Father's shrine,
 5. De-pend-ent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace a-lone

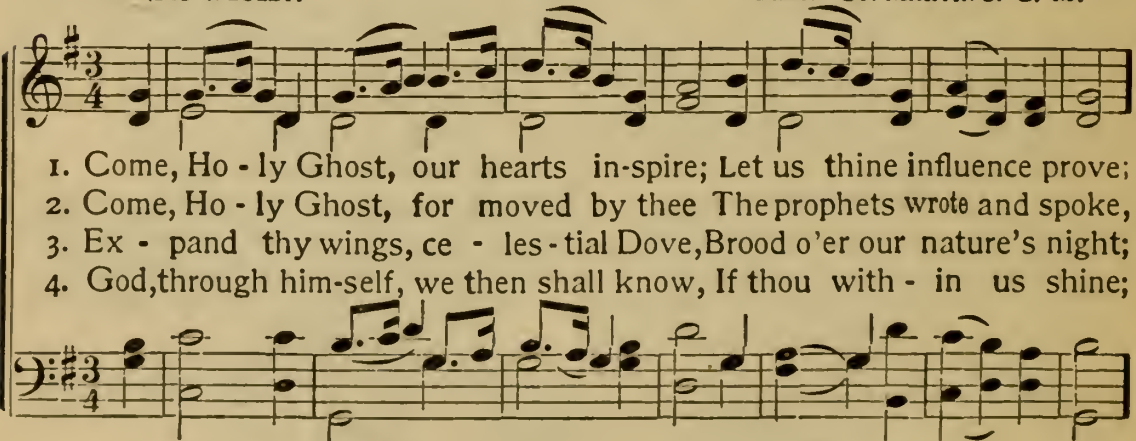


How sweet the breath be-neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew-y rose!
 Whose se-cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
 The rose that blooms be-neath the hill Must short-ly fade a-way.
 Whose years, with change-less vir-tue crown'd, Were all a-like di-vine!
 In child-hood, man-hood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

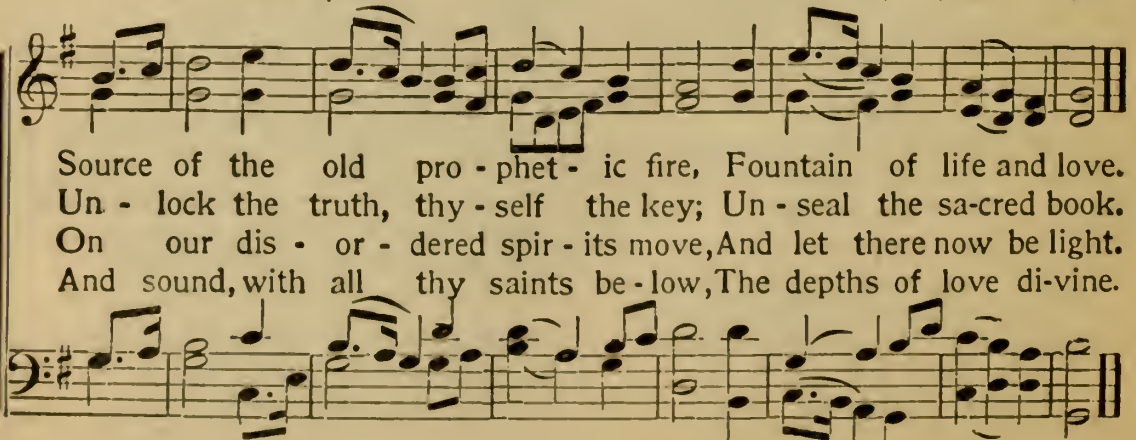
Come, Holy Ghost.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our hearts in-spire; Let us thine influence prove;
 2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for moved by thee The prophets wrote and spoke,
 3. Ex-pand thy wings, ce-les-tial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night;
 4. God, through him-self, we then shall know, If thou with-in us shine;

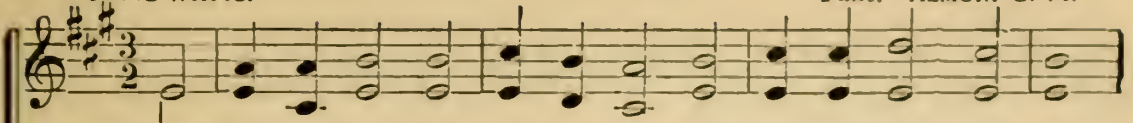


Source of the old pro-phet-ic fire, Fountain of life and love.
 Un-lock the truth, thy-self the key; Un-seal the sa-cred book.
 On our dis-or-dered spir-its move, And let there now be light.
 And sound, with all thy saints be-low, The depths of love di-vine.

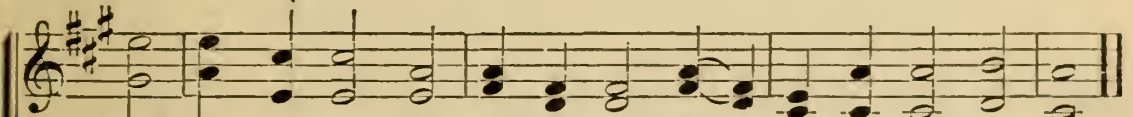
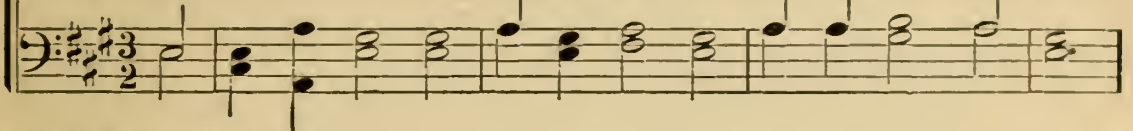
296 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

ISAAC WATTS.

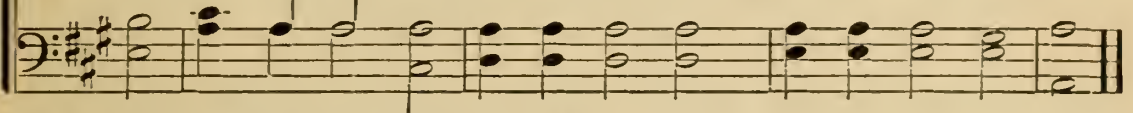
Tune:—AZMON. C. M.



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,



- Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 "Wor - thy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For he was slain for us."
 And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine!
 Con - spire to lift thy glo - ries high, And speak thine endless praise.



297 A Closer Walk with God.

Tune above.

- 1 Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Cowper.

298 How Sweet the Name.

Tune, above.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing-treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

John Newton.

299 All-Victorious Love.

Tune, ST. MARTIN'S, No. 295.

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 4 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

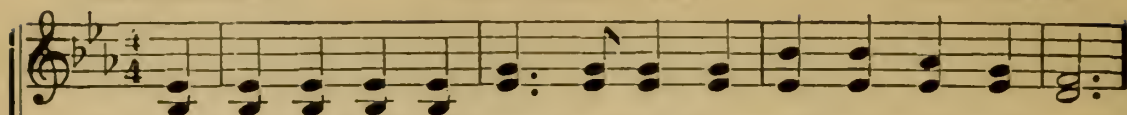
Isaac Watts.

300 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

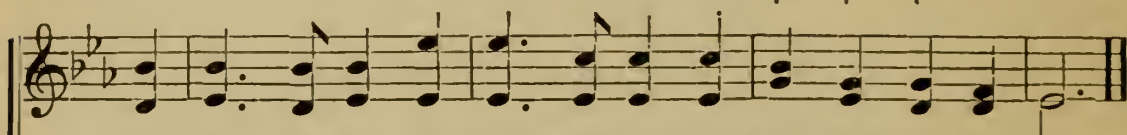
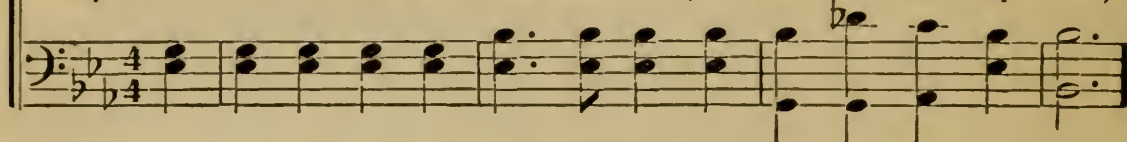
ISAAC WATTS.

Tune—Pisgah. C. M.

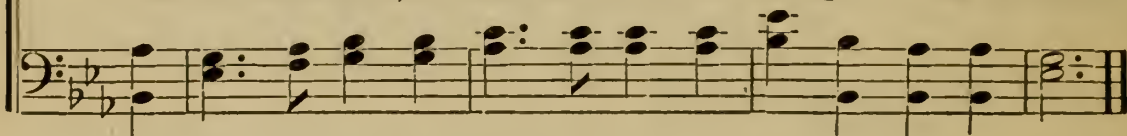
JOEL THORNE.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,



In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavn'ly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

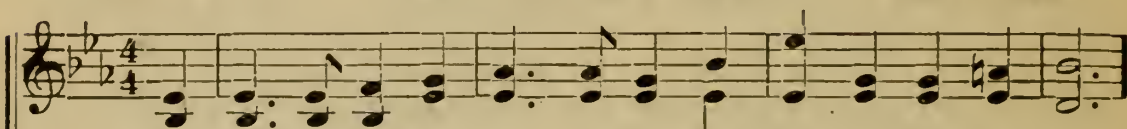


301 Our Blessed Redeemer.

HARRIET AUBER.

Tune—St. Cuthbert. 8. 6. 8. 4.

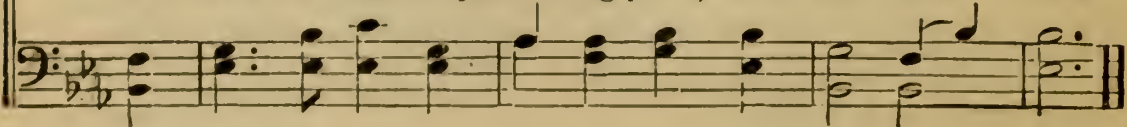
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His tend - er last fare-well,
2. He came in semblance of a dove, With shelt'ring wings outspread,
3. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest,
4. And his that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
5. Spir - it of pu - ri - ty and grace, Our weakness, pitying see:



A Guest, a Com-fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
The ho - ly balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
While he can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.
That checks each tho't, and calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.
O make our hearts thy dwell-ing-place, And wor - thier thee.



P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed."
 2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
 3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
 turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

go thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day, On thee I'll call."
 ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail, "Al-most," but lost.

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RICHARD VENTING.

Tune—Victoria.

G. JENNINGS BURNETT.

1. Savior, thy dying love, I've felt it was for me That Jesus died; It caused my
 2. In sweetest strains of love Speak to my sinful heart, Let light shine in; It was for
 3. Inspire my tho't and tongue To tell and sing thy grace, For all he died; Kindle a

tears to flow, But how I thirst to know The Savior's cleansing blood, Was shed for me.
 me he died; O precious crimson tide, Wash ev'ry guilty stain In Jesus' blood.
 fire within, Expel desire for sin, Till in the realms of light, Like Christ I'll be.

T. C. O'KANE.

Theme from T. E. PERKINS.

1. Come, needy sinners, Je - sus is waiting, Waiting to give you peace within;
 2. Come, come to Je - sus, Angels are waiting, Waiting to bear the news a - bove;
 3. Come, come to Jesus, Dear friends are waiting, Waiting to greet you in their throng;
 4. Come, come to Je - sus, All things are ready, Read - y for your re - turn to - day;

Haste to the Sav - ior, Trust in his mer - cy, Taste all the joys of pardoned sin.
 Sinners are coming, Wand'ers returning, Seeking a - gain a Fa - ther's love.
 Hap - py in Jesus, Sharing their rapture, Singing with them the glad, new song.
 Time fast is fleeting, Judgment is hast'ning, Come, find salvation while you may.

D.S. - linger no longer, Come now to Je - sus, Je - sus will save you, save just now.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Linger no longer, Come now to Jesus, Low at his footstool humbly bow; O

Used by per.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now, Just now come to

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you.
3. He is able.
4. Call upon him.
5. He will hear you.
6. He'll forgive you.
7. He will cleanse you.
8. Jesus loves you.
9. Don't reject him.
10. Only trust him.

Responsive Readings.

306

Psalm 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

307

Psalm 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

308

Psalm 23.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

309

Psalm 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Responsive Readings.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

310

Psalm 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

311

Psalm 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and

my flesh crieth out for the living God

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

312

Psalm 103.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after

Responsive Readings.

our sins; nor reward us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

313

Psalm 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

314

Eccl. 12.

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed,

or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

315

Isaiah 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy, eat; Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and

Responsive Readings.

be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

316

Matt. 5: 1-12.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

317

John 14: 11-21.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

19 Yet a little while, and the world

seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

20 At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

21 He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

John 16: 7-15.

7 Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

8 And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

9 Of sin, because they believe not on me;

10 Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

11 Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

12 I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

13 Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

14 He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

15 All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

John 15: 26-27.

26 But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.

27 And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

318

John 15: 11-15

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word

Responsive Readings.

which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

12 This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14 Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

15 Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

16 Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

17 These things I command you, that ye love one another.

319

Romans 8: 31-39.

31 What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

32 He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

33 Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.

34 Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

35 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

36 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

37 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

38 For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

39 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

320

1 Cor. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Responsive Readings.

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

321

Eph 3: 14-21.

14 For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

15 Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

16 That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;

17 That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love,

18 May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;

19 And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.

20 Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

21 Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

322

Eph. 6: 10-18.

10 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

11 Put on the whole armour of God,

that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

14 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

15 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

16 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

18 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

323

1 John 1: 3-10.

3 That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

4 And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

5 This then is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

6 If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:

7 But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

8 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

9 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

10 If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.

Orders of Service

For the Sunday School.

324

1. Song—No. 78. Take the World for Jesus.
2. Invocation.
3. Chant—The Lord's Prayer, No. 333.
4. *Supt.*—Say not ye, there are yet four months and then cometh harvest? Behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.
School—And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.
Supt.—Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.
School—I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.
5. Song—No. 72. Working in the Vineyard.
6. *Supt.*—And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.
School—Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:
Supt.—Teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you:
School—And, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.
7. Song—No. 58. Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.
8. Announcements—marking class books, etc.
9. Reading of the Lesson.
10. Teaching of the Lesson.
11. Song—No. 10. Share Your Blessings.
12. *Supt.*—Give and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, shall men give unto your bosom.
School—The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.
13. Gathering of missionary offerings.

14. Song—No. 164. Are You Helping Somewhere?
15. Reports of Sec. and Treas.
16. Short prayer.
17. Closing Song.—No. 48. I Love to Scatter Sunshine.
18. Dismission.

325

1. Song Service.
2. Bell for silence and attention.
3. Second Bell—school rises.
4. Song—No. 85. Make me Holy.
5. Prayer—followed by chant, The Lord's Prayer, No. 333.
(*School is seated.*)
6. Song—No. 160. Help to Set the World Rejoicing.
7. Repeat the Twenty-third Psalm in concert.
8. Announcements—marking of class books, etc.
9. Lesson Study.
10. Bell for attention.
11. Secretary's report.
12. Song—selected.
13. Response.
Supt.—The Lord shall keep thee from all evil; he shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and forevermore.
School—The Lord is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation.
Supt.—(or pastor). The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.
14. Gloria Patri—No. 335.
15. Bell for dismissal.

326

1. Opening Song—No. 180. Hail! Glorious Army.
2. Prayer—followed by the Lord's Prayer in concert.
3. Gloria Patri.—No. 335.
4. The Beatitudes, No. 316, or Ten

Orders of Service.

Commandments, No. 332, repeated in concert or responsively.

5. **Song**—No. 166. In the Days of Thy Youth.
6. **Superintendent** calls for lesson topic, bible reference, and golden text.
7. **Reading** of lesson.
8. **Song**—selected.
9. **Marking** attendance, etc.
10. **Lesson Study**.
11. **Song** appropriate to the lesson.
12. **Superintendent's** review.
13. **Business**.
14. **Closing Song**—No. 342.
15. **Benediction in Concert**—The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another.

327

1. **One Bell**—perfect quiet.
2. **Two Bells**—all rise and sing Gloria Patri, No. 335.
3. *Supt.*—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.
- School*—Enter into his gates with praise, be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
4. **Song**—No. 255. Safely through Another Week.
5. **One Bell**—school is seated with heads bowed.
6. **Prayer by Supt.**—closing with the Lord's Prayer repeated in concert or chanted (No. 333.)
7. **Song**—selected.
8. **Show of Bibles**.
Give subject of lesson.
Give book, chapter and verses.
Repeat golden text.
9. **Read** lesson alternately or in concert.
10. **Five minutes** for marking attendance, etc.
11. **One Bell**—study hour.
12. **Warning Bell**—five minutes before close of study hour.
13. **One Bell**—perfect attention.
14. **Song**—appropriate to the lesson.
15. **Review** or general bible exercise.
16. **Secretary's** report and announcements.
17. **Distribution** of books and papers.

18. **One Bell**—attention.
19. **Two Bells**—school rises.
20. **Closing Song**—No. 334. God Be with You.
21. **Benediction**.
Supt.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.
School—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.
All—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.
22. **Silence** for a moment before the closing bell.

328

1. **Warning Bell**—five minutes before opening time.
2. **One Bell**—Attention.
3. **Two Bells**—school rises and sings, No. 252. O Day of Rest and Gladness.
4. **Prayer**
5. **Concert Recitation**: — Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength and my redeemer.
6. **Bell**—school is seated.
7. **Song**—No. 159. Countless Blessings.
8. **Responsive** reading of lesson.
9. **Five minutes** for marking attendance, etc.
10. **Bell**—for lesson hour.
11. **Warning Bell**—five minutes before close of lesson hour.
12. **Bell**—for close of lesson hour.
13. **Song**—appropriate to the lesson.
14. **Superintendent** asks for lesson topic, golden text, central truth, etc.
15. **Five minutes** for business, secretary's report, etc.
16. **Benediction**:
Supt.—Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,
School—Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.
17. **Closing Song**—No. 334.

Orders of Service.

329

1. **Song** service of ten minutes.
2. **Bell**—school rises and repeats: The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.
3. **Silent Prayer**—followed by prayer by the superintendent.
4. **Song**—No. 269. Holy, Holy, Holy!
5. **School** repeats the Apostles' Creed.
6. **Bell**—school is seated.
7. **Song**—selected.
8. **Show** of Bibles and reading of lesson.
9. *Supt.*—So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
School—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.
Boys—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
Girls—And a light unto my path.
All—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.
10. **Song**—selected.
11. **Marking** class books, etc.
12. **Lesson Study**.
13. **Warning Bell**—(five minutes.)
14. **Bell** for attention.
15. **Song**—selected.
16. **Notices and Reports**.
17. **Distribution** of books and papers.
18. **Bell** for attention.
19. **Closing Song**—No. 337. Awake! Awake!
20. *Supt.*—Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ,
School—Who gave himself for our sins; that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father.
All—To him be glory both now and forever. Amen.
21. **Silence** for at least one half minute before closing bell.

330

1. **Song** service of ten minutes.
(*School rises at tap of bell.*)
2. **Song**—No. 74. Steadily Marching On.

3. **Recitation (in unison)**:—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

4. **Invocation**.

5. **Gloria Patri**.—No. 335.
(*School is seated.*)

6. **Responsive Reading**

Leader—I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

School—My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.

Leader—O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

School—I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

Leader—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them.

School—O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

7. **Song**—No. 40. Marching on to Victory.

8. **Announcements** and business.

9. **Song**—No. 70. You may Have the Joybells.

10. **Reading** of lesson.

11. **Study** of lesson.

12. **Song**—No. 150. Count your Mercies

13. **Review** of lesson.

14. **Reports**.

15. **Benediction**.

Leader—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

School—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

All—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

16. **Doxology**—No. 343.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead; I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Exodus xx, 3: 17.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

J. E. RANKIN,

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
 8. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet;

Till we meet till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

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Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
 2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gather will become a jew-el bright In the crown you
 3. Morning hours are passing, and the ev'ning follows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do?" Oh, how man-y loi-ter, while the
 hope to wear in yonder world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
 reap - ing will for - ev - er - more be past. Emp - ty handed to the Mas - ter

Mas - ter calls a - new — "Reapers! reapers! Who will work to - day?"
 pre - cious in his sight! "Reapers! reapers! Who will work to - day?"
 will you go at last? "Reapers! reapers! Who will work to - day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand
 Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y

Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all

Ripe and read - y for the will - ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
 Ripe and read - y for the will - ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,

Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

Reapers are Needed.

sleepers! Ye are needed as reapers! Who will be the first to answer, "Master, quick-ly

here am I?" Far and wide the ri-pened
 "Mas-ter, here am I?" O an-swer! Far and wide the ri - pened
 Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen - tly
 grain is bend - ing low, In breez-es, In the breez - es gen - tly
 grain bends low, and In the breeze waves

wav-ing to and fro. Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are needed as
 wav - ing to and fro. O rouse ye,
 to and fro. O

reap-ers, And the gold - en harvest days are swift-ly pass - ing by.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Awake, a-wake, put on thy strength, O Zi-on, Put on thy strength O

Zi-on, O Zi - on, Thy beau-ti-ful garments, O Je-ru-sa-lem!
put on thy strength, O Zi-on,

Arise, O captive daughter, and shake from thee the dust;

In God's own name shall be thy trust; Awake, awake, put on thy strength, thy

SOLO.
beau-ty, O Je-ru-sa-lem. Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice,

Awake! Awake!

CHORUS.

SOLO.

To - geth - er shall they sing; The des - ert plac - es shall re - joice

CHORUS.

SOLO.

In thine ex - alt - ed King. Break forth, break forth in songs of praise,

CHORUS.

SOLO.

Thy God doth com - fort thee; He leads thee in tri - umph - ant ways,

CHORUS.

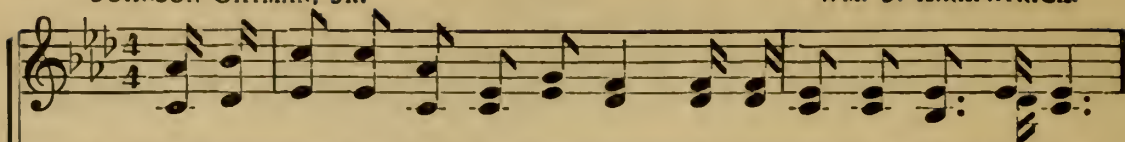
faster.

His people now are free. Glo-ry, glo-ry, be to the Fa-ther, and glo-ry to the

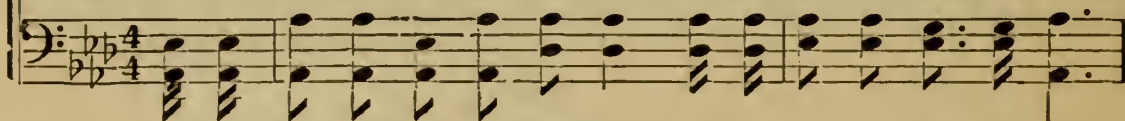
Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost, for-ev-er, ev - er - more. A - men.
to the Son,

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

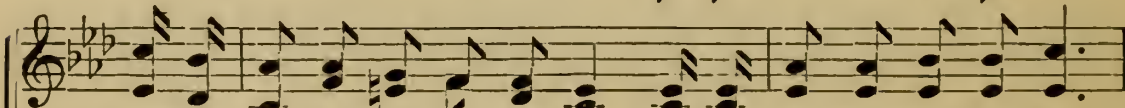
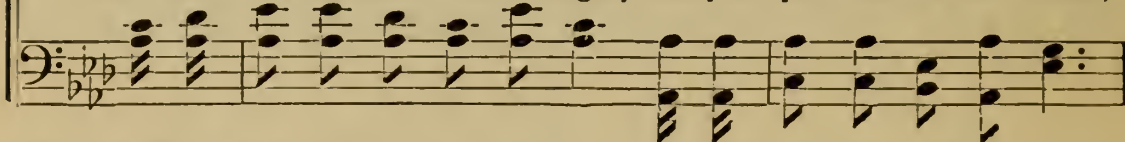
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



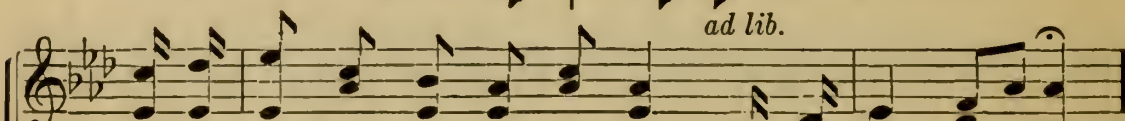
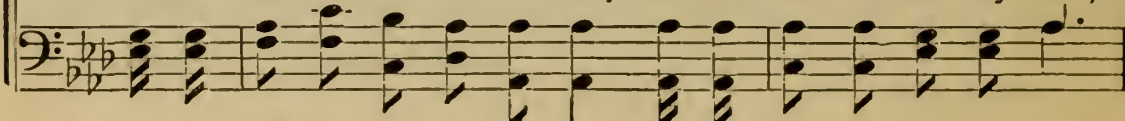
1. When the shadows fall a-round us, And the sun sinks in the west,
2. Here we have our night of tri - al, When we find that all the way
3. Here we have our night of sor-row, When we see our lov'd ones die;
4. So I'll work a lit - tle long - er, And will pray while here I roam,



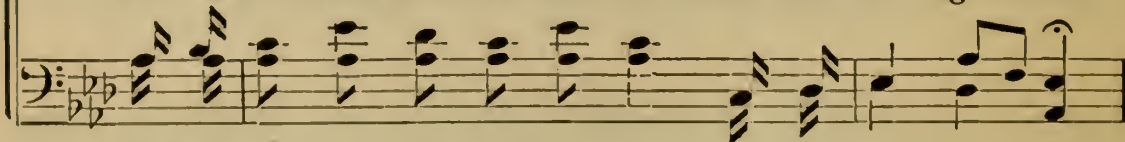
When life's stormy waves surround us, And we're borne up-on their crest;
 We must prac-tice self-de-ni-al Till the breaking of the day.
 We for-get that on the mor-row We will meet them in the sky.
 That the Lord will make me stronger, And pre-pare me for that home;



Then I love to read the sto-ry Of that land so bright and fair,
 But they tell me that in heav-en There will nev-er come a care;
 Yes, we ver-y soon shall meet them, Where the day is al-ways fair,
 Then no mat-ter what be-falls me, I will cast on him my care;

*ad lib.*

And to learn that up in glo-ry There'll be no night there.
 In that home that God has giv-en, There'll be no night there.
 In that land of light we'll greet them, There'll be no night there.
 For I know that where he calls me There'll be no night there.



CHORUS.



No dark days will ev-er come, When we reach that gold-en strand,



No Night There.

For the sun will nev - er set In that bright and happy land;

There the cit - y walls are jas - per, And its gates are jew - els rare,

ad lib.
And its light is Christ, my Sav - ior; There'll be no night there.

339

Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Tune:—DENNIS. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where the crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom,
 2. There the sav'd again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand;
 3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor-row more;

Where no chill - ing frost can fall, On flow'rs that sweet-ly bloom,
 Fa - thers, moth - ers, chil-dren dear, A - round the throne shall stand,
 Where no sick - ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r;

Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies,
 There no tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise,
 Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes,

FNIE. CHORUS.
 There, as end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-
 And in that e - ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
 All the sav'd shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes.

D.S. - While the end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

byes, No more good-byes, O blessed thought! No more good-
 No more good-byes, No more good-byes, O blessed thought!

No More Good-Byes.

D. S.

byes, Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be-yond the skies,

341

In That City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y There's a home for ev-'ry one,
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me years a - go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly cit - y, Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

Purchased with a price most costly; 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit - y God's built firm-ly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis-pers sweetly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.

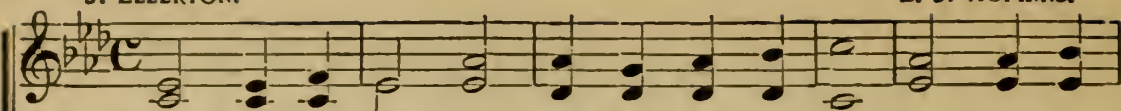
In that cit - y—bright cit - y, Soon with lov'd ones I shall be;

And with Je-sus live for-ev-er, In that cit - y beyond death's sea.

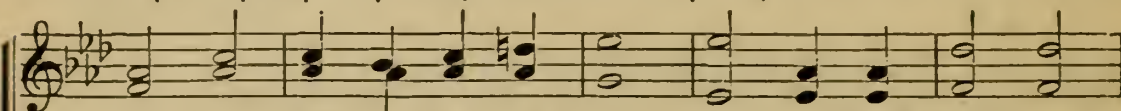
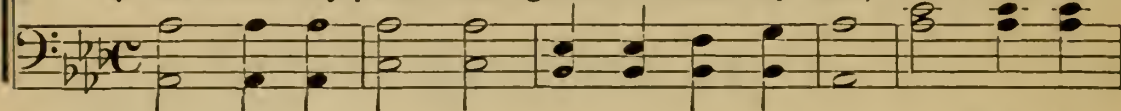
Parting Hymn.

J. ELLERTON.

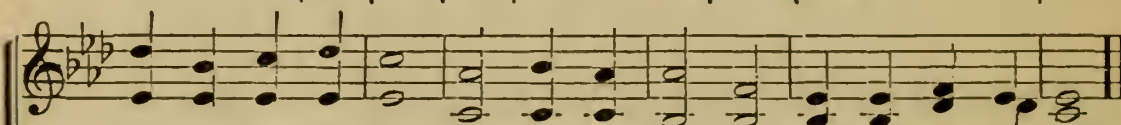
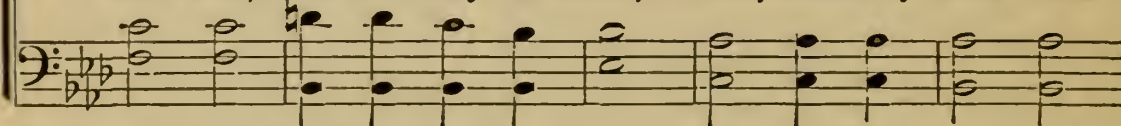
E. J. HOPKINS.



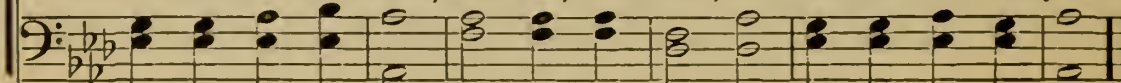
1. Sav - ior, a - gain to thy dear name we raise, With one ac -
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be -
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn thou for
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in



cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee,
 gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall



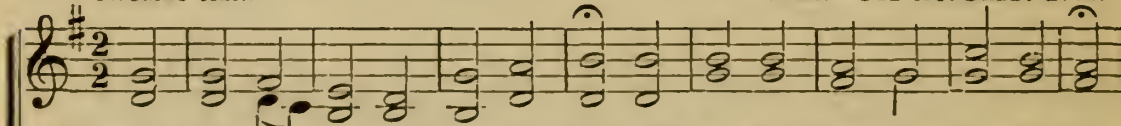
ere our worship cease, Then, low - ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon thy name.
 keep thy children free; For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
 bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.



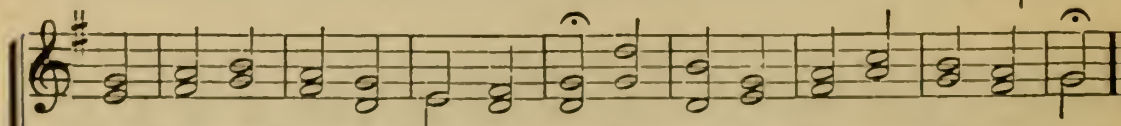
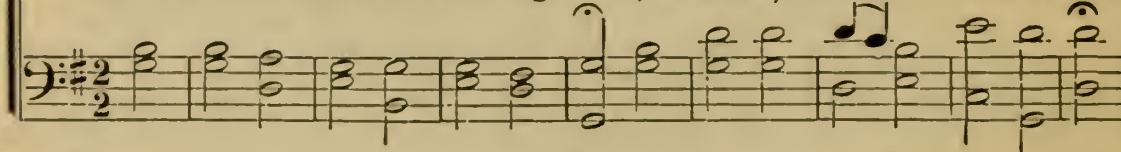
Praise God from Whom.

THOMAS KEN.

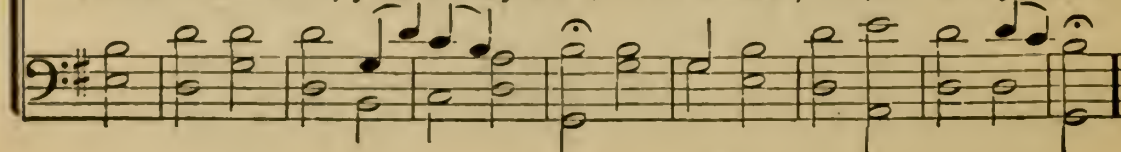
Tune:—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low;



Praise him a - bove, ye heav'ny host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



TOPICAL INDEX.

ASSURANCE.

	No.
Amid the trials which I...	91
Blessed Lily of the Valley..	44
God's abiding peace is in...	35
I know that my Redeemer	63
I know 'tis the voice.....	196
Jesus, the very thought...	282
Joys are flowing like a....	23
There is rest, there is.....	116
'Tis blessed to have Jesus.	65
When peace like a river...	7

ATONEMENT—SALVATION

All my life long	93
Everything under the....	136
I did not believe the story.	138
I hear the Savior say.....	55
In the blood from the cross	25
Is there a heart that is....	17
My sins are all taken away.	64
Not all the blood of beasts.	214
Oh! how wonderful.....	84
On the desert wild and....	46
That grand word.....	125
The great Physician.....	250
The story of redeeming...	42
There is a fountain filled..	143
There is a fountain filled..	253
There is pardon full and...	20
When I survey the.....	241
Would you be free?.....	108
Would you know why I...	197

CHRISTMAS.

Hark! the herald angels...	14
Joy to the world.....	219
Watchman, tell us of the..	111

CLOSING.

Blest be the tie that binds.	339
Day is dying in the west..	209
God be with you till.....	334
Now the day is over.....	290
One more day's work for..	33
Praise God from whom...	343
Savior, again to thy dear..	342

COMING OF CHRIST.

He will come, perhaps....	95
Lo, he comes.....	291
When the Bridegroom....	80
When the trump of.....	154

CONFESSION—TESTIMONY

	No.
All my life-long I had.....	93
Beneath the cross of Jesus.	259
God sent his mighty.....	147
Have thy affections been...	60
I am resolved no longer...	86
I can ne'er forget the day.	122
I have wandered very far.	66
I once was in the desert...	128
If I could tell of Jesus as I.	162
Jesus, and shall it ever be.	281
Never further than thy....	287
Oh! what would I do.....	190
The dear old story.....	36
The name of Jesus is so...	27
When Jesus calls for.....	96

CONSECRATION

All for Jesus.....	283
All to Jesus I surrender...	59
I do not ask to choose....	205
It may not be on the.....	104
Jesus, I my cross have....	220
Just as I am, thine own...	166
Just as I am, without one.	266
Just to trust in the Lord..	2
Leaving all to follow....	81
Live out thy life within...	231
My life, my love I give to..	119
My yielded heart says....	163
O Jesus Christ, most....	195
Savior, thy dying love....	67
Savior, while my heart is..	275

CROSS.

Beneath the cross of.....	129
Down at the cross.....	251
I am coming to the cross..	289
Must Jesus bear the cross.	288
Sweet the moments.....	133
When I survey the.....	241

DUETS.

All to Jesus I surrender...	59
Dear to the heart of the...	58
Have faith in God.....	57
I've been reading a.....	118
Just to trust in the Lord..	2
Seek ye first the kingdom.	94
Unanswered yet?.....	82
When the cares of life are.	54

EASTER—RESURRECTION

	No.
I know that my Redeemer	110
My Redeemer Lives	63
Ten thousand times ten...	260
When the trump of the...	154

FAITH—TRUST.

Are you heavy-laden?....	150
Father! whate'er of.....	277
Had we only sunshine....	165
Have faith in God.....	57
He will come perhaps at..	95
He will hear me when I...	5
I am on a shining pathway	161
Just lean upon Jesus.....	121
Naught was their gain....	173
Never will the Lord.....	124
There's a dark and a.....	28
Troubled art thou?.....	103
Watchman, tell us of the .	111
With my blind eyes I....	83
Workman of God!.....	222
You're groaning to-day...	32

FELLOWSHIP— COMMUNION.

Blest be the tie that binds.	339
I once was in the desert...	128
Is there anyone can help..	198
Jesus, Savior, thou who art	189
My Savior died that I....	120
Oh! for a closer walk with.	297
Speak to my soul.....	186
Sun of my soul.....	235
The King of love my.....	215
There is a friend.....	53
There's a vale of content ..	101
There's not a friend.....	131
There's only One.....	157
'Tis blessed to have Jesus.	65
'Tis the blessed hour of...	181
What a friend we have....	240
When on life's journey....	97

FUNERAL OCCASIONS

Abide with me.....	216
Asleep in Jesus.....	211
How blest the righteous...	285
I'm a pilgrim.....	212
Lead, kindly light.....	284
My Jesus, as thou wilt...	254

TOPICAL INDEX.

GRACE

	No.
Called unto holiness.....	52
God calling yet?.....	75
I was poor as the poorest..	51
Love for all! and can it be.	221
My Savior died that I.....	120
O the length and the.....	3
Oh! glad "whosoever"....	194
On the mountains of sin...	206
Savior, thy dying love....	303
Sing it o'er and o'er again.	127
Take the world but give..	15
There comes to my heart..	102
There's a wideness in God's	265
'Tis a sweet and tender...	178
Troubled art thou?.....	103
Who is this, who for our...	142

GUIDANCE

Christ will me his aid	113
Courage, brother! do not ..	261
From Egypt's cruel.....	19
He will hear me when I..	5
The night is dark.....	187
The way that leads us....	68
Thc' faint, yet pursuing...	29
Walk in the light the Lord.	71

HEAVEN

A land by faith I see.....	179
I am thinking to-day of...	4
Jerusalem the golden.....	267
Rise, my soul.....	242
Shall we meet beyond the.	107
Steer our bark away.....	18
There is a land of pure....	300
Time is winging us away..	243
When my life work is...	30
When the eares of life are.	54
When the curtains are....	158
When the shadows fall....	338
When the trumpet of the...	90

HOLY SPIRIT

Be filled with.....	182
Come, Holy Ghost.....	295
God sent his mighty.....	147
Joys are flowing.....	23
Lord, God, the Holy.....	227
Love divine.....	264
Oh! for a closer walk....	297
O blessed Paraclete.....	229
Our blest Redeemer.....	301
The power that fell.....	16
Ye are the temples.....	193

INVITATION

	No.
All things are ready.....	77
Almost persuaded.....	302
Close by your side.....	5
Come, burdened one.....	24
Come home! come home!..	49
Come, needy sinners.....	304
Come, said Jesus.....	224
Come to Jesus.....	305
Come unto me, ye weary..	213
Come, while God is.....	8
Dost thou know at thy....	185
God calling yet.....	75
Hear the gospel invitation.	12
I am resolved.....	86
If you are tired of the load.	73
I have wandered very far.	66
I hear the Savior say.....	55
I've a message from.....	37
Is there a heart that is...	17
Jesus bids you come.....	79
O do not let the word.....	13
O Jesus, thou art standing.	156
Oh, glad "whosoever"....	194
Once I heard a sound.....	9
Only a fond old.....	41
Only one step.....	145
Seek ye first.....	94
Sing it o'er and o'er.....	127
There is pardon.....	20
The Savior standing at...	144
Who'll be the next?.....	123
Why do you wait.....	155

JOY—SUNSHINE

Christ will me his aid	113
Do you know a heart.....	22
Glory to Jesus, my glad...	146
Has Jesus, the Savior.....	191
Help to set the world	160
How dear to my heart....	152
I am glad I found.....	43
I have a dear Savior.....	168
I heard the Lord Jehovah.	86
I love to share a sorrow...	48
I sing the love of God....	204
Live not amid the shadows	61
One day at a time.....	188
Sing it o'er and o'er again	127
Sometimes a light	208
The name of Jesus.....	27
Would you always	76
You may have the.....	70

LOVE

Amid the trials which I...	91
Dost thou know at thy....	185
How sweet the name.....	298

"I am the Vine".....	100
Jesus, the very tho't.....	282
There is a Friend	53
There is an eye that.....	237
When all thy mercies.....	278

LOYALTY—OBEDIENCE

A charge to keep I have...	226
Be filled with the Spirit...	182
Let us away.....	106
Loyalty unto Christ.....	170
Naught was their gain....	173
On the mountains of sin...	206
Speak a little word.....	192
Speak up boldly.....	148
Stand up, stand up.....	245
When Jesus calls for	96
Witnessing for Jesus.....	126

MISSIONS.

Dear to the heart of the...	58
Hark! a call for reapers...	99
Hear the song the happy..	208
Ho, reapers of life's.....	247
I love to share a sorrow...	48
Jesus shall reign.....	217
Jewel-gatherers for a crown	175
Lovingly, tenderly, bring.	149
Now, the sowing.....	262
Standing in the market...	336
Take the world for Jesus..	78
There are foes that must..	14
There's a call comes.....	87
The morning light is.....	246
You have heard the	10

OPENING

	No.
Glory be to the Father....	335
Holy, Holy, Holy!.....	269
O day of rest and gladness.	252
Our Father, who art.....	333
Safely thro' another week.	255
Sweet hour of prayer.....	39
There shall be showers ..	1
'Tis the blessed hour of...	181

PRAISE

All hail the power.....	225
At the cross I found.....	199
Awake! Awake!.....	237
Awake, my soul.....	274
Come, let us join.....	296
Come, thou Almighty....	249
Down at the cross.....	251
I have a dear Savior.....	168
I love to read of Christ...	98

TOPICAL INDEX.

	No.
I will sing of my Redeemer.	38
Joy to the world.....	299
No I cannot count them..	159
O for a thousand tongues..	218
O happy day.....	271
Oh! glad "whosoever"....	194
Praise ye the Lord.....	74
Sweet the moments.....	133
There will be no dark.....	172
We will sing the old, old...	105
When all thy mercies.....	278

PRAYER

Abide with me.....	216
Bending, Lord, before thee	69
Close, close to thee.....	184
Father, I would be made..	85
From every stormy wind..	279
Guide me, oh, thou great .	256
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit.	45
I need thee every hour....	117
Jesus, lover of my soul....	257
Jesus, Savior, pilot me....	280
Jesus, thine all-victorious.	299
Lead, kindly light.....	284
Lord, at thy mercy-seat...171	
Love divine.....	264
More about Jesus.....	141
More holiness give me....	153
My God, my Father.....	273
My Jesus, as thou wilt ...	254
Nearer, my God, to thee..	169
Nearer, still nearer.....	151
Oh, for a faith.....	223
Prayer is the breath of...239	
Prayer is the soul's sincere	238
Prince of Peace, control...286	
Rock of Ages.....	236
Savior, more than life....	203
Savior, thy dying love...303	
Speak to my soul.....	186

PURITY

Called unto holiness.....	52
Come, burdened one.....	24
Father, I would be.....	85
I am coming to the.....	289
I heard the Lord.....	88
In the blood.. ..	23
Jesus, thine all-victorious.	299

	No.
Let My Cleansing.....	69
Live out thy life.....	231
More holiness give me....	153
My yielded heart.. ..	163
Nearer, still nearer.....	151
Oh! for a closer walk ...	297
Prince of peace.....	286
Some one must struggle...183	
Ye are the temples.....	193

SABBATH

O day of rest and gladness.	252
Safely thou' another week.	255

SAFETY—SECURITY.

From every stormy wind .	279
Lord, how secure and....	234
Rock of Ages.....	236
There's a firm sheltering..	6
Tho' faint, yet pursuing...	29
Will your anchor hold?...135	

SPECIAL SONGS

Be present at our table...210	
By cool Siloam's.....	264
Dear brother, on life's ...	109
I never can forget the day.	47
If we only had the money.	200
Just as I am, thine own...166	
Life is real, life is earnest .	272
Mourn for the thousands..	230
My country, 'tis of thee ...	263
O let memory be a.....	56
Only a fond old father....	41
Some one must struggle...183	
What ruin hath.....	293
We thank thee, Lord,	210

TEMPERANCE

Mourn for the thousands..	230
You are drifting.....	132
What ruin hath.....	293

VICTORY—TRIUMPH

Have we learned the secret	89
I know that my Redeemer	110

	No
Jesus shall reign.....	217
Lo, he comes.....	291
Loyalty unto Christ.....	170
Marching on together.....	139
O let us rejoice.....	34
Ten thousand times ten...	260

WARFARE

Christ has called.....	180
Church of Christ.....	202
Conquering now, and still .	217
Do you slumber in your... 26	
In joyful bands.....	40
Marching on together.....	139
Onward, christian soldiers!	244
Stand up, stand up for....	245
To the front.....	292
Volunteers are wanted....	130

WARNING.

A ruler once came to Jesus	177
After the pleasures of life..	134
Dear brother, on life's....	109
Life is real, life is earnest..	272
My soul, be on thy guard..	270
There's a last day coming.	176
You are drifting.....	132
What are you doing?.....	112
When the harvest is past..	92
When the Judge shall....	207
Will our lamps be filled... 80	
Why do you wait.....	155

WORK—SERVICE.

Are you helping.....	164
Go, labor on.....	232
Hark! a call for reapers...	99
Help to set the world.....	160
Let us away.....	106
Lovingly, tenderly,.....	149
Move forward.....	129
Out in the breakers.....	137
Scattering seeds of hope..	174
Some one must struggle...183	
Sow in the morn.....	228
Standing in the market...336	
Take time for the tender..	201
What are you doing?	112
Work, for the night is....	276
Working in the Vineyard..	72

INDEX OF METRICAL TUNES.

	No.		No.
Aletta, 7s.....	286	Maitland, C. M.....	288
America, 6s, 4s.....	263	Martyn, 7s, D.....	252
Amsterdam, 7s, 6s, D.....	243	Mendebras, 7s, 6s, D.....	258
Antioch C. M.....	218	Migdol, L. M.....	217
Arlington, C. M.....	222		
Aurelia, 7s, 6s, D.....	231	Naomi, L. M.....	277
Azmon, C. M.....	296	Nicea, 11s, 12s, 10s.....	269
Bera, L. M.....	75	Old Hundred, L. M.....	343
Bethany, 6, 4, 6.....	169	Olivet, 6s, 4s.....	248
Boylston, S. M.....	226		
Bradbury, L. M.....	211	Pilot, 7s, 6l.....	280
Burnham, S. M.....	214	Pisgah, C. M.....	300
		Portuguese Hymn, 11s.....	233
Coronation, C. M.....	225		
		Refuge, 7s, D.....	257
Dennis, S. M.....	339	Retreat, L. M.....	279
Ellesdie, 8, 7, D.....	220	Sabbath Morn, 7s, 6l.....	255
Eucharist, L. M.....	241	St. Agnes, C. M.....	282
Eventide, 10s.....	216	St. Christopher, 7s, 6s, 8s.....	259
Ewing, 7, 6, 7, 6, D.....	267	St. Cuthbert, 8, 6, 8, 4,.....	301
		St. Gertrude 6, 5, 6, 5, 12l.....	244
Federal Street, L. M.....	281	St. Martins, C. M.....	295
Fountain, C. M.....	253	Siloam, C. M.....	294
Happy Day, L. M.....	271	Toplady, 7s, 6l.....	236
Hebron, L. M.....	285		
Herald, 7s, D.....	140	Victoria, 6s, 4s.....	303
Horton, 7s, D.....	221		
Hursley, L. M.....	235	Webb, L. M.....	245
		Wilmot, 8s, 7s.....	272
I'm a Pilgrim, P. M-.....	212	Wimborne, L. M.....	232
Italian Hymn, 6s, 4s.....	249	Woodstock, C. M.....	237
		Woodworth, L. M.....	266
Jewett, 6s.....	254		
		Zion, 8s, 7s 4.....	256
Laban, S. M.....	270		
Love Divine, 8, 7, D.....	261		
Loving-Kindness, L. M.....	274		

INDEX.

Titles in Small Caps; first lines in Roman.

	No.		No.
A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE....	226	Church of Christ, by grace.....	202
A land by faith I see.....	179	CLINGING TO JESUS ALONE.....	146
A LETTER FROM HOME.....	118	CLOSE, CLOSE TO THEE.....	184
A ruler once came to Jesus by..	177	Close by your side stands.....	5
ABIDE WITH ME.....	216	Come, burdened one, to Jesus..	24
After the pleasures of life are...	134	Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts..	295
ALL FOR JESUS.....	283	Come home! Come home!.....	49
ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS'	225	Come, let us join our cheerful...	296
All my life long I had panted...	93	Come, needy sinners.....	304
All things are ready.....	77	COME, SAID JESUS.....	224
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.....	55	COME THIS WAY.....	62
All to Jesus I surrender.....	59	COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING..	249
ALMOST PERSUADED.....	302	COME TO JESUS.....	305
"AMEN" TO JESUS.....	163	COME TO THE FEAST.....	77
Amid the trials which I meet...	91	COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY....	213
AN EYE THAT NEVER SLEEPS... 237		Come while God is calling.....	8
AN UNSEEN FRIEND.....	5	COMING ..	95
Are you heavy-laden and with..	150	Conquering now and still to....	21
ARE YOU HELPING SOMEWHERE? 164		COULD I TELL IT.....	162
ARE YOU READY?.....	176	COUNTLESS BLESSINGS.....	159
ASLEEP IN JESUS.....	211	COUNT YOUR MERCIES.....	150
AS FAR AS THE EAST.....	3	COURAGE, BROTHER! DO NOT... 261	
AT THE CROSS.....	20		
At the cross I found my Savior. 199		Day is dying in the west.....	209
AWAKE! AWAKE!.....	337	Dear brother, on life's.....	109
AWAKE, MY SOUL.....	274	DEAR TO THE HEART OF THE... 58	
		DEEPER YET.....	25
BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.... 182		DOING HIS WILL.....	2
BEAUTY FOR ASHES.....	204	Do you know a heart that.....	22
Bending, Lord, before thee.....	69	Do you slumber in your tent... 26	
BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS.. 259		Dost thou know at thy bolted.. 185	
Be present at our table, Lord... 210		Down at the cross where my.... 251	
Blessed "Lily of the Valley"... 44		Drifting away out on life's..... 167	
BLESSED SUNSHINE.....	199	DRIFTING DOWN.....	132
Blest be the tie that binds..... 339		DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE..... 109	
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 294			
		EVERY DAY AND HOUR.....	203
Called unto holiness, Church of. 52		EVERYTHING UNDER THE BLOOD 136	
Christ has called to service..... 180		EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE..... 230	
CHRIST IS ABLE.....	12		
CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN 127		Father, I would be made holy.. 85	
Christ will me his aid afford ... 113		FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTH-. 277	

INDEX.

	No		No
FILL ME NOW.....	45	HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!.....	269
FLING OUT THE LIFE LINE.....	167	HOLY QUIETNESS.....	23
From Egypt's cruel bondage...	19	Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit.....	45
FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.....	279	HOW BLEST THE RIGHTEOUS....	285
		How dear to my heart.....	152
GATHERING JEWELS.....	175	How do I know there's pardon..	114
GATHERING OUT OF TEARS.....	18	HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.....	233
GIVE ME JESUS.....	15	How sweet the name of Jesus...	298
GLORIA PATRI.....	335		
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.....	143	I AM COMING HOME.....	66
Glory be to the Father.....	336	I AM COMING TO THE CROSS....	289
GLORY TO HIS NAME.....	251	I am glad I found the Savior...	43
Glory to Jesus my glad heart...	146	I AM HIS.....	120
GO AND TELL JESUS.....	103	I am on a shining pathway....	161
Go, GATHER THEM IN.....	149	I AM RESOLVED.....	86
Go, LABOR ON.....	232	I AM THE VINE.....	100
GOD BE WITH YOU.....	334	I am thinking to-day of that...	4
GOD CALLING YET.....	75	I can ne'er forget the day.....	122
God sent his mighty power ...	147	I did not believe the story.....	138
God's abiding peace is in my...	35	I do not ask to choose my path.	205
GOD'S WAY IS BEST.....	83	I FOUND IT AT THE CROSS.....	138
GRACE... .	210	I have a dear Savior.....	168
GREAT PILOT OF THE SEA.....	187	I have wandered very far away .	66
GROWING BRIGHTER EVERY ...	122	I hear the Savior say.....	55
GUIDE ME.....	256	I heard the Lord Jehovah.....	88
		I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER...	110
Had we only sunshine.....	165	I know that my Redeemer lives	63
HAIL! GLORIOUS ARMY.....	180	I KNOW 'TIS THE VOICE.....	196
Hark! a call for reapers.....	99	I love to read of Christ, my Lord	98
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS...	140	I LOVE TO SCATTER SUNSHINE..	48
Has Jesus the Savior redeemed.	191	I love to share a sorrow.....	48
HAVE FAITH IN GOD.....	57	I'M A PILGRIM.....	212
Have thy affections been.....	60	I'LL BE ONE.....	96
Have we learned the secret of..	89	I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME.	104
HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY.	193	I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.....	119
Hear the Gospel invitation.....	12	I'll tarry at a promise.....	11
Hear the song the happy reapers	208	I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR....	117
HE IS MINE; I AM HIS.....	44	I never can forget the day.....	47
HE'S EVERYTHING TO ME.....	128	I once was in the desert.....	128
HE'S THE ONE.....	198	I sing the love of God, my.....	204
He will come, perhaps at dawn-.	91	I SURRENDER ALL.....	59
He will hear me when I call....	55	I've a message from the Lord...	37
HE WILL MEET ME AT THE.....	54	I've been reading a message...	118
He will mention them no more..	64	I WAS POOR AS THE POOREST...	31
HELP TO SET THE WORLD.....	160	I WHOLLY YIELD MYSELF.....	195
Ho, reapers of life's harvest...	247	I will sing of my Redeemer.....	38
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD"...	52	If I could tell of Jesus.....	162

INDEX.

	No.		No.
If we only had the money.....	200	LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR...	73
If you are tired of the load of...	73	LET MY CLEANSING BE.....	69
In joyful bands we're marching	40	LET THE BLESSED SUNSHINE IN.	76
IN THAT CITY.....	341	LET THE MASTER IN.....	9
In the blood from the cross.....	25	LET US ARISE.....	26
IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH....	166	LET US AWAY.....	106
IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE..	154	LIFE IS REAL, LIFE IS EARNEST.	272
Is there a heart that is waiting..	17	LINGER NO LONGER.....	304
Is there anyone can help us....	198	Live not 'mid the shadows.....	61
IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?	60	LIVE OUT THY LIFE WITHIN...	231
IT IS JESUS.....	142	Lo, He Comes.....	291
IT IS JUST LIKE JESUS.....	24	LOOK AND LIVE.....	37
IT IS MINE.....	35	Lord, at thy mercy seat,	171
IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.....	7	Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.....	227
It may not be on the mountain's	104	LORD, HOW SECURE.....	234
IT MUST BE TOLD.....	178	LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE.....	264
		LOVE FOR ALL! AND CAN IT BE?.	221
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.....	267	Lovingly, tenderly, bring in the.	149
JESUS AND I TALK THEM O'ER..	97	LOYALTY UNTO CHRIST.....	170
JESUS, AND SHALL IT EVER BE..	281	MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.	205
JESUS AT THE DOOR.....	144	MAKE ME HOLY.....	85
JESUS BIDS YOU COME.....	79	Marching on together in the....	139
JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN	220	MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.....	40
JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY....	17	MORE ABOUT JESUS.....	141
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.....	257	MORE HOLINESS GIVE ME.....	153
JESUS, MY ALL.....	171	Mourn for the thousands slain..	230
JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.....	280	MOVE FORWARD.....	129
Jesus, Savior, thou who art mine	189	Must Jesus bear the cross.....	288
JESUS SHALL REIGN.....	217	MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE....	263
JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD	189	MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE..	248
JESUS, THE VERY THO'T OF THEE	282	MY GOD, MY FATHER, WHILE I.	273
Jesus, thine all-victorious love	299	MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.....	254
JESUS, THOU ART STANDING....	156	My life, my love I give to thee..	119
Jewel-gath'ers for a crown,....	175	MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.....	47
JOY TO THE WORLD.....	219	MY REDEEMER.....	38
Joys are flowing like a river....	23	MY REDEEMER LIVES.....	63
JUST AS I AM.....	266	MY SAVIOR.....	51
"Just as I am", thine own to be.	166	My Savior died that I might....	120
JUST LEAN UPON JESUS.....	121	MY SAVIOR FACE TO FACE.....	43
Just to trust in the Lord.....	2	MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL.....	30
		MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.	64
KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE.....	28	MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD...	270
		My yielded heart says "Yes"...	163
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.....	284		
LEAVING ALL TO FOLLOW JESUS.	81	Naught was their gain.....	173
LET DOWN YOUR NETS.....	173	NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE....	169
LET GOD'S SUNSHINE IN.....	61	NEARER, STILL NEARER.....	151

INDEX.

	No.		No.
NEVER ALONE.....	68	PRaise GOD FROM WHOM.....	343
Never further than thy cross...	287	Praise ye the Lord.....	74
Never will the Lord forget his...	124	PRAYER IS THE BREATH OF....	239
No DYING THERE.....	179	Prayer is the soul's sincere.....	238
No, I cannot count them.....	159	PRINCE OF PEACE.....	286
No MORE GOOD-BYES.....	340	PRODIGAL CHILD.....	49
No NIGHT THERE.....	338		
No, NOT ONE.....	131	REAPERS ARE NEEDED.....	336
NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.	214	REAPERS ARE WANTED.....	99
NOW THE DAY IS OVER.....	290	REDEEMED ..	194
NOW, THE SOWING AND THE	262	RESPONSIVE READINGS....	306-323
		REST IN THE PROMISE.....	116
O BLESSED PARACLETE.....	229	RISE, MY SOUL.....	242
O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.	252	ROCK OF AGES.....	236
O do not let the word depart...	13		
O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES..	218	SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER....	255
O HAPPY DAY.....	271	SATISFIED ..	93
O HOW HE LOVES.....	53	SAVE ONE.....	137
O Jesus Christ, most wonderful.	195	Savior, again to thy dear name.	342
O Jesus, thou art standing.....	156	Savior, more than life to me....	203
O LET MEMORY BE A BLESSING.	56	Savior, thy dying love.....	67
O let us rejoice in the work.....	34	Savior, thy dying love.....	303
O the length and the breadth...	3	SAVIOR, WHILE MY HEART IS...	275
O to set the world rejoicing....	160	SCATTER SUNSHINE BY THE WAY	22
O WHY NOT Tò-NIGHT.....	13	SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM..	94
OH, FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH .	297	SEND THE LIGHT ..	87
OH, FOR A FAITH.....	223	SHALL WE MEET.....	107
Oh, glad "whosoever," the deed	194	SHARE YOUR BLESSINGS.....	10
OH, HOW WONDERFUL.....	84	Sing it o'er and o'er again.....	127
Oh, what would I do without...	190	SOLDIERS OF THE KING.....	139
On a desert wild and lonely....	46	SOMEBODY MUST.....	183
On the mountains of sin.....	206	Some one must struggle that...	183
ON TO VICTORY.....	14	SOMETHING FOR JESUS.....	67
Once I heard a sound at my....	9	SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.	268
ONE DAY AT A TIME.....	188	SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.....	82
ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR...	33	SOW IN THE MORN.....	228
Only a fond old father.....	41	Sowing seeds of hope, peace and	174
ONLY ONE STEP.....	145	SOWING THE SEED.....	174
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!.	244	Speak a little word for Jesus....	192
ORDERS OF SERVICE.....	324-330	SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.....	192
OUR BLESSED REDEEMER.....	301	SPEAK TO MY SOUL.....	186
Out in the breakers are perish-..	137	Speak up boldly, fellow soldier.	148
OUTSIDE THE DOOR.....	231	STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.	245
O'er death's sea.....	341	STANDING BY THE CROSS.....	133
OVER IN CANAAN.....	88	Standing in the market places..	336
PARTING HYMN.....	342	STEADILY MARCHING ON.....	74
PEACE THRO' THE BLOOD	8	Steer our bark away to the.....	18

INDEX.

	No.		No.
SUN OF MY SOUL.....	235	There is a fountain.....	143
SUNSHINE AND RAIN.....	165	THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.....	253
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.....	39	There is a friend, kind above...	53
SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF....	102	THERE IS A LAND OF PURE.....	300
Sweet the moments, rich in ...	133	There is an eye that never sleeps	237
SWEETER AS THE DAYS GO BY..	36	There is pardon full and free...	20
SWEETER THAN ALL.....	113	THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.	108
		There is rest ,there is peace in..	116
Take the world, but give me....	15	There's a call comes ringing o'er	87
TAKE THE WORLD FOR JESUS...	78	There's a dark and a troubled..	28
TAKE TIME.....	201	There's a firm sheltering Rock..	6
Take time for the tender word..	201	There's a last day coming.....	176
TELL THE SWEET STORY OF....	191	There's a vale of content.....	101
TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN....	260	THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S	265
THAT GRAND WORD,.....	125	There's not a friend like the....	131
THE APOSTLES' CREED.....	331	THERE'S ONLY ONE.....	157
THE CROSS, THE PLEDGE OF....	202	THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF..	1
The dear old story of a Savior's.	36	THERE WILL BE NO DARK.....	172
THE GOOD NEWS MUST BE TOLD	42	Tho' faint, yet pursuing.....	29
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.....	250	THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.	91
THE KEYS OF TOMORROW.....	32	TIME IS WINGING US AWAY....	243
THE KING OF LOVE.....	215	'Tis a sweet and tender story...	178
THE KNOCK OF THE NAIL.....	185	'Tis blessed to have Jesus with..	65
THE LATCH OF FATHER'S DOOR.	41	'TIS BURNING IN MY SOUL.....	147
THE LORD IS OUR LEADER.....	29	'TIS THE BLESSED HOUR OF....	181
THE LORD'S PRAYER.....	333	'TIS WRITTEN IN THE WORD....	114
THE MAN OF GALILEE.....	161	TO KNOW THAT HE KNOWS....	65
THE MONEY THAT BELONGETH..	200	TO THE FRONT.....	292
THE MORNING LIGHT IS.....	246	Troubled art thou? oh, be of....	103
THE NAME OF JESUS.....	27	TRUST ON, PRESS ON.....	124
The name of Jesus is so sweet...	27	TWILIGHT	209
The night is dark, and I am far.	187		
THE PENTECOSTAL POWER.....	16	Unanswered yet? the prayer...	82
The power that fell at Pentecost	16	UNSPEAKABLY PRECIOUS IS HE.	168
THE PRINCE OF KINGS.....	98		
THE PROMISE WAY.....	11	VICTORY ALL THE WAY ALONG..	89
The Savior, standing at thy door	144	VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.....	21
THE SHELTERING ROCK.....	6	VOLUNTEERS, TO THE FRONT!..	130
THE SONG OF THE REAPERS....	208	Volunteers are wanted!.....	130
THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE... 238			
The story of redeeming love....	42		
THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS	152	WALK IN THE LIGHT.....	71
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.....	332	WAS IT FOR ME?.....	303
THE VALE OF CONTENT.....	101	WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE...	111
The way that leads us.....	68	WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.....	135
There are foes that must be....	14	WE'RE ON THE WAY TO CANAAN'S	19
There comes to my heart.....	102	WE SHALL SEE HIS BLESSED ...	50

INDEX.

	No.		No.
We've a Glorious Hope	50	WHO GOES THERE?	148
We thank thee, Lord	210	Who is this, who for our sorrows	142
WE WILL SING THE OLD, OLD . . .	105	WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?	123
WEIGHED AND WANTING	207	WHOSOEVER WILL, MAY COME.	115
WHAT A FRIEND	240	WHY DO YOU WAIT?	155
WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR . . .	112	WHY I LOVE JESUS	197
What ruin hath intemperance . .	293	Will our lamps be filled?	80
WHAT THEN?	134	WILL THERE BE ANY STARS? . .	4
WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT . .	190	Will your anchor hold in the . .	135
WHEN ALL THY MERCIES	278	WINNING ITS WAY	34
WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS	241	With my blind eyes I cannot see	83
When Jesus calls for witnesses . .	96	Witnesses for Jesus, ye who . . .	126
When my life work is ended . . .	30	WITNESSING FOR JESUS	126
When on life's journey I weary .	97	WONDERFUL GRACE	206
When peace, like a river	7	WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS	276
WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMES	80	WORKING IN THE VINEYARD . . .	72
WHEN THE BURDEN BEARER . . .	46	WORKMAN OF GOD!	222
When the cares of life have	54	Would you always cheerful be? .	76
WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE	158	Would you be free from your . .	103
WHEN THE HARVEST IS PAST . . .	92	Would you know why I love . .	197
When the Judge shall weigh our	207		
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP .	90	Ye are the temples, Jesus hath . .	193
When the shadows fall around . .	338	YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN	177
When the trump of the great . . .	154	You are drifting far from shore .	132
When the trumpet of the Lord . .	90	You have heard the message . .	10
Where the crystal stream doth .	340	YOU MAY HAVE THE JOYBELLS .	70
While wandering afar from the .	62	You're groaning to-day 'neath . .	32

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